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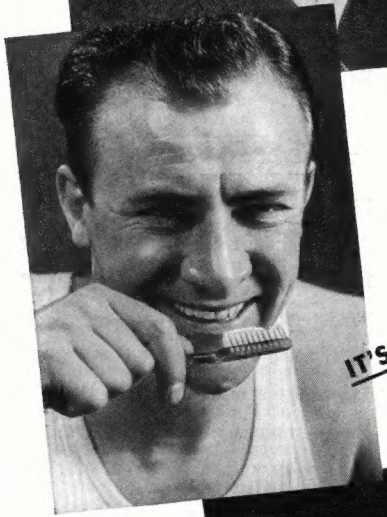

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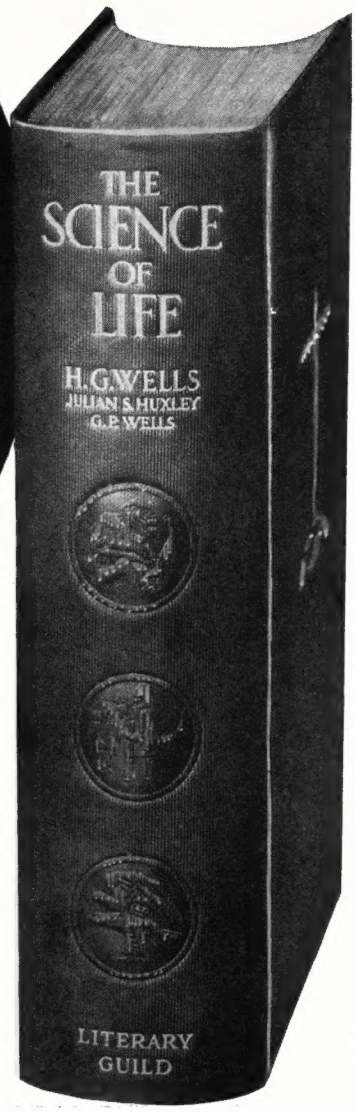

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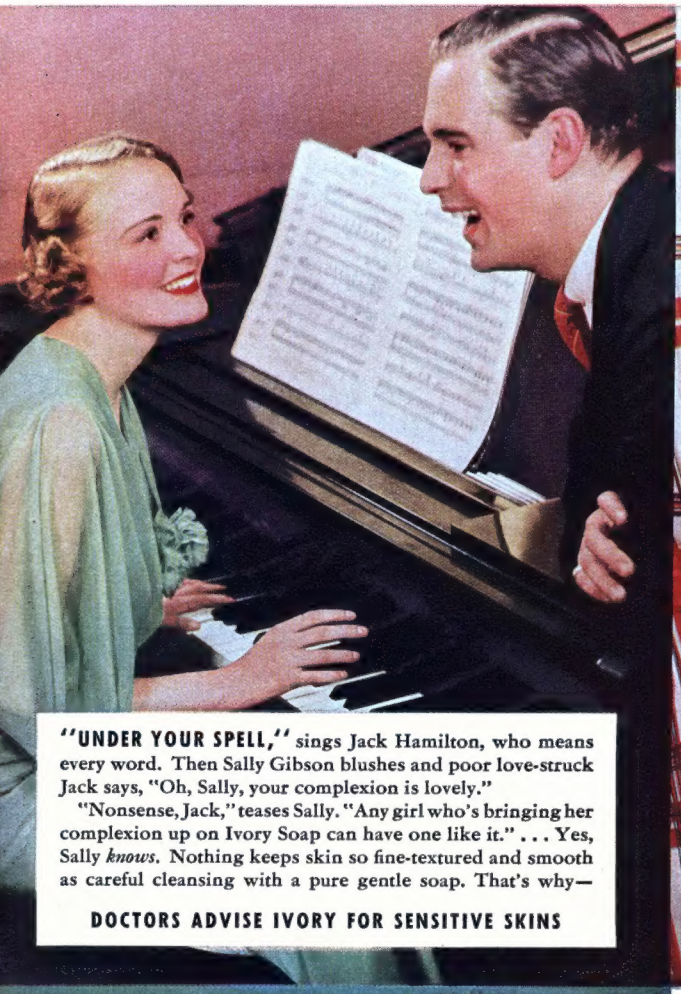

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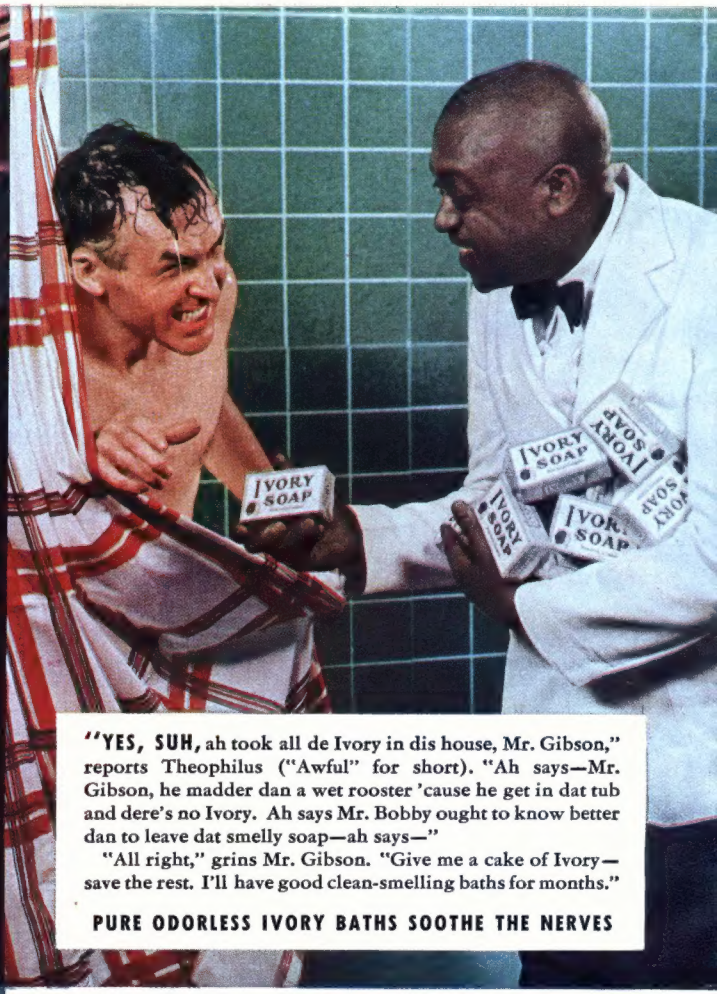

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"A DOCTOR'S CHILD," said her father, "should be more skeptical about promises. Soaps can't feed your skin with magic oils or ingredients. If you want a really good skin, don't eat so much between meals, my dear. And don't, I beg of you, tumble into bed without washing off your make-up with Ivory Soap. Your skin needs careful cleansing every night with a pure, non-irritating soap like Ivory."

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Drive

FEBRUARY · 1935

DREAMERS used to wish for the day when the lightning and the winds would be harnessed to the machines of men. A more important day than that has come. The passion, energy, and genius of Youth, so long wasted in futile dreams, are being harnessed to realities.

One of the most hopeful signs in the nation today is the beginning of the new movement of Youth back to things and to action.

A few years ago the lad who knew more words and longer words and delivered them with greater passion than his classmates was considered the brightest man in college. The old grads admired him. They believed that Youth had nothing to offer except impassioned words, so why not make them long ones? At the same time, they pitied him because they knew he was headed for a fall. He was preparing to enter a real world of science, industry, and statecraftiness, with nothing to recommend him but the duration of his spoken sentences.

THEN, suddenly, Youth of words and dreams, schooled in little that was real, found itself on the field of battle, bearing the brunt of the earth's most frightful reality—war. It cried out just for a while against this horrible stupidity—and grew older.

Here was planted the seed of the present Youth Movement. It was not long afterward that a young man just out of college invented a radio tube. Another lad, on the verge of dismissal from an institute because words bored him, invented the most accurate electric meter known at that time. Young men and young women began to write with distinction, questioning the meaningless phrases and taboos of their forefathers. Youth began to live in conformity with the world around it. Geniuses in their twenties were springing up. . . .

Then the stock market crashed. And Youth really went into action. Suddenly it found itself in a world hostile to its hopes. The doors of industry were closed. Youth faced realities and began to fight.

UP WENT the cry, "What's wrong with the world, with the system, with politics?" Youngsters who had been studying classical subjects turned to economics. Youngsters who had been talking of truth and beauty entered politics and began to talk about *things*. Men and women in their twenties, mere boys and girls, won important positions from the national administration and took prominent places in the New Deal. They took desks formerly occupied by elders with white hair and stuffed shirts. The nation wanted energy and bright minds, hope, enthusiasm, and honesty. Youth must be served? Youth could serve.

IN VARIOUS parts of the land Youth *en masse* is challenging the existing order. Thousands of young men and young women are banding together to battle against the barricades of social injustice, not with words, but with action, organization, work, and courage. The new Youth has imagination, but it is using the transformer of common sense to step it down to realities. It is honest, as anyone must be who is interested in facts and things. It has proved that it can think, even more effectively sometimes than we whose minds are cluttered with customs, or closed. Above all, it has hope, boundless energy, and immortal courage. It is America of tomorrow. Be not afraid.

J. W. STUDEBAKER
Guest Editorial Writer

Mr. Studebaker is the United States Commissioner of Education

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY DONALD TEAGUE

Never mind the Lady

By David Garth

ANYTHING could happen in Propionoire—that smelly port, with the incense of rotting copra and stagnant, dirty sea foam pervading its narrow streets and low, flat-topped houses. It was the birthplace of trouble, the refuge of gun runners, the feeding ground of sedition. And, withal, it was important enough to cause any government *pro tem* to squirm anxiously and foreign powers to develop headaches when trade concessions were guaranteed. The answer—coffee!

The Great God Coffee! You could see the huge warehouses on the docks crowded with tiers and tiers of coffee sacks; ships loading a hundred bags a minute, big, fat, hundred-and-thirty-pound bags going "bumpety-bump" into the hatches. Gangs of stubby, dirty natives running back and forth to chutes with bags on their backs, unloading from great caravans of wagons that waited in never-ending line to disgorge. Propionoire coffee!—the one great source of revenue to a government that swayed on a treacherous financial keel. And what a weapon that was to Propionoire—an added sting to a town that was already the scorpion of South America.

Days of sodden rain and days of

The girl was staring with slowly widening eyes. Her evening bag fell open at her feet and something suddenly roared from her hand

blinding heat—in a place where anything could happen. . . .

And into the agency office of the National Coffee Company, of a muggy and sweltering day, came a tall young man, unshaven of jaw, khaki breeches and cracked puttees garbing his long legs, a fairly white shirt open at his tanned throat, and a battered snapbrim pushed back on his head. Terry Willett—in a hurry.

He knocked briefly on the door of the manager's private office and entered immediately on the echo of his knock.

"Hello, Drake," he greeted the manager shortly, and dropped his weather-beaten hat on the desk.

The Englishman looked up, somewhat annoyed at first with this abrupt entrance. But Terry Willett had no time to bother with trivialities.

"I've got to get to the capital fast," he ripped out. "That additional equipment is a month overdue and if we wait much longer the whole camp will be down with fever. We've had sickness and desertion already."

DRAKE shrugged. He had regarded the National Coffee Company's project as ill-advised from the start, even though the government supported it. Dredging and widening the scummy, yellow Palva so that coffee shipments could be floated down from Santa Elisa was a fond, foolish dream. No sensible engineer would have tackled that job in a region pestilential with fever, he reflected. No, only a couple of grim-lipped Americans, Willett and his father, who, by some miracle, had bullied, cajoled, fought, and driven sulky natives and the flighty Coffee Company to the point where they had almost succeeded in performing the impossible.

"I've cabled the head office—" Drake began.

"Damn your cables!" swore the tall young man. "Do you think I've come down that stinking river to play hop-scotch with cable blanks? Listen, Drake, things are getting bad. Fever is breaking out, I tell you. Fever! Do you know what that means? It means we have to act faster than breathing."

HE PUSHED the heavy auburn hair back from his forehead with a quick, restless motion of his hand; his eyes were bright. Drake reflected that perhaps this young man had a touch of the dreaded fever himself.

"You look rather worn, Willett," he said sympathetically. "Take it easy for a few days. You've done wonders, your father and you—"

"Take it easy!" Terry said impatiently. "I've got to race sickness and desertion. I've got to get action out of this fool Coffee Company. That requisition has to go through, or the job will blow up. Dad's worked like ten men—it's getting him."

"I'll cable again," Drake said tonelessly.

Terry laughed mirthlessly.

"Sure," he advised. "Cable till you're dizzy. But I'm heading for the capital. I don't trust that shipping agent of yours, Hildez. And if he's been pulling any graft on me"—his eyes glinted—"I'll damn' well pull him apart." He nodded grimly. "Boat in two days, huh?"

"Yes," Drake nodded. "Willett"—he leaned forward suddenly—"take my tip and duck this job. There's revolution in the air. Revolution and fever—a white man can't buck them."

"That's just too bad," Terry said briefly. "But Dad's the boss. He says the job goes through, and as far as I'm concerned the job—goes—through."

"If you must, you must," the Englishman sighed. "Fox, at the American Embassy, might be able to help you," he added tentatively.

"George Fox is a pretty good man. Good enough to wave the old flag in their faces"—Terry looked at Drake satirically—"if they start hedging on their contract. Here come the marines and so forth." He took up his hat and arose. "Four days' run both ways, and I'll bring that requisition back with me. Dad's never let a job beat him yet and

he isn't going to start now. Wish me *bon voyage.*"

Drake watched the tall, erect figure swing through the outer office. His face was filled with wonder.

"That chap," he murmured, "is the very man to build a bridge over the river Styx."

Bridging the Styx. Willett would have tackled it. His life was measured in terms of rock and dynamite, blueprints and straining backs, the impossible and the achievement.

There was no even tenor of existence to Terry Willett. He lived, moved, and had his being to the wild rhythm of clashing cymbals and riveted drums—the roar of thousands of tons of rock dislodged from a mountain side, hurtling through space and shattering into a million individual engines of vengeful destruction—the sound of a great river as it thundered for the first time through puny man-made gates, lashing viciously at its new harness—the orchestration of the conqueror's score against a sweat-drenched background of pickaxes, mule trains, and profanity in six different languages.

HE HAD been around. Nearing twenty-seven, he had, before he was twenty, encircled most of the world. He had seen native gangs sweat their hearts out to raise a railroad trestle in the Andes. His life he'd once entrusted to a battered car, fleeing across a desert three jumps and a wheeze ahead of a yelling throng of marauding Riffs in Morocco. He had witnessed the death of his father's best friend, Sam Colton, knifed by a heat-and-drink-maddened peon in Mexico. And, to begin with—as it is most logical that he, like everything else, should have a beginning—he was born in China.

It had been Colton's death that shocked tight-mouthed, rangy Lawrence Willett into the man he had been before Vic Willett had smiled—and died, while a Chinese maidservant rose from her knees with a small bundle of humanity that its father could not see.

He became the maestro for his son—waving the baton of forgetfulness of a mass of auburn hair, a pair of fine gray-green eyes, a light laugh, by spurning an executive's chair and leaving behind him bridges, dams, and roads in all parts of the world, but never Memory. How could he, when the boy who kept pace with him had Vic's reddish golden hair and her eyes?

And then—

Sam Colton had been sent back to the States for burial. The friend of both, a second father to Terry.

"Terry," Lawrence said abruptly, "let's go home."

But it was too late.

"Home?" Terry said ironically, his lean, tanned face darkening. "You can head for the States if you want to, Dad. But I'm going to stick around and see that the louse who knifed Sam gets all that's coming to him."

And he had. That had been five years ago.

Vic—!

George Fox, of the American Foreign Service, held a position that, on the surface, could have been filled by one of a hundred young men whom the State Department sends out every year to start that hallowed and romantic calling, "a diplomatic career."

He wore his clothes with easy, athletic distinction, knew most of the right answers, and possessed, when he chose, a most excellent poker face.

But he was still within shouting distance of the days when he had called signals for Harvard and known the straight forward left jab and right cross of intercollegiate championship boxing. And by reason of these qualities he was bored stiff at the Legation Club Polo Ball even before the affair began.

Everybody was quite in the spirit of the occasion except—Fox. The orchestra was skillful enough to produce a jazz which, when the syncopated rhythm of the Latins was blended with American blare, became well balanced and saxophonically musical. The French doors on the terrace were open to permit a deeper consciousness of the golden-

"Listen to me, Drake," said Willett, "things are getting bad. Fever is breaking out. That means we have to act faster than breathing!"

threaded night, and a comfortable feeling prevailed that every guest was a most eligible dancing partner, no matter how diverse the individual standards maintained for such a qualification.

A great silver cup was on exhibition, gleaming from its mahogany pedestal in the middle of a tapestried table. The "Cup of the Americas," prized trophy that the American internationalists had won in the matches at Buenos Aires. They had ridden to glory again in Chile, and then swung north from Valparaiso en route home, both they and their party born to the swagger of international polo and the sparkle of Legation tributes.

Fox grunted. Enough material there for fifty tea-drinking, harmless young squirts of attachés.

Captain Dent, the military attaché of the American Legation, dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"If you're looking for the same person I am, George," he said with a grin, "don't bother. She has completely disappeared. And from what I hear of her she may bob up anywhere from Mexico City to São Paulo. Her mother tells me she started for Tuxedo Park one time and then turned up on bail from Hinsdale, Illinois, where she'd outraged some landing statute by setting her plane down on a golf course."

Fox thought of the girl who had been standing on a forward part of the boat deck when the Afghan Prince docked in from Valparaiso. Park Avenue and old Westbury, that girl—the wind whipping at a scarf around her throat, rustling tendrils of honey-colored hair under the small, tight-fitting black hat—leaning her arms on the rail and smiling a lovely smile.

"She's flying tomorrow," went on Dent, "with that Major—what's his name?—you know; the Spig with the half-pint movie mustache. First time since her crash two months ago. Read about it, Fox? The New York papers played it up big. The motor went four feet into the ground and she nearly went out for good."

Fox heard him as through a fog. He knew Allaire West. His circle in the States rotated close to hers. A stunning girl with eyes the deep blue-black of storm-tossed tropic water; engaged three times, but always moving on; living to the tune of roaring motors and steel-snapping speed—her motor had gone four feet into the ground.

He knew what was wrong with him now. He knew it the minute he saw Ray West go into the conservatory with a woman in a silver evening gown—Sue Thatcher, of the large, slanting oriental eyes, jet-black hair, tall, gliding, full lipped.

And West, tanned of face and jaw, trim and handsome in spite of his forty-odd years—the well-known sportsman. Fox smiled grimly. Everybody knew that when Ray and Eleanor West were married two great fortunes had merged. And everybody ought to have known by now that if it hadn't been too much trouble to unravel the estates they would have divorced each other a half-dozen times.

AND so Ray West did as he pleased, and his slim wife spent thousands on her beauty and did as she pleased, while their daughter, a girl with honey-colored hair and dark, stormy eyes, did—as she pleased.

Yes, Fox knew what was wrong with him now.

"Going to get some air," he told Dent suddenly.

He went out into the gardens and lit a cigarette. . . . Her motor had gone four feet into the ground.

He inhaled deeply and began to wander down the paths that twisted their way among the flower beds.

She had a habit of disappearing at any time. She loved both the hum of powerful motors and the satiny sinews in a leaping thoroughbred.

"The man from the Agency!"

He paused in amazement, his cigarette halfway to his lips, as the low, husky voice came out of nowhere, tinged with humorous mockery.

Hurrah for the glamour of the Foreign Service. "The man from the Agency!"

She was sitting on a marble bench, resting back on straight bare arms, a small curve to her mouth as she regarded him. Two heavy wings of honey-colored hair were a gleaming coronet against the background of low-cut dark evening gown.

"Oh," he said finally, "so this is where you've been, Allaire?"

She nodded (*Continued on page 122*)

Youth goes into action

They undertook to smash a powerful political machine. It was a losing battle from the beginning. But Joe Fennelly and his young storm troops in Kansas City have started something that youngsters all over the country are itching to finish

By Hubert Kelley

JOSEPH C. FENNELLY and his Youth Movement have just emerged from a losing battle with one of the oldest, most formidable and strongly entrenched political machines in the United States—the powerful Democratic organization of Kansas City, Mo., dominated by Big Tom Pendergast.

In that election, four citizens were killed in interfactional fights. Disorder was widespread. Joe Fennelly told me that at least 200 of his young workers were slugged, kicked, or beaten at the polls. He and his comrades are $11,000 in debt for election expenses. All of them lost weight in the campaign, and many of them lost their bank accounts. Worse than that, they received the most thorough drubbing Tom Pendergast had administered to political opponents in all the years of his experience.

WAS Youth crushed? Youth was triumphant! It had passed from the shadowland of words and dreams into the world of realities and action. Today it is a positive political force, not only in Missouri, but in the nation. Its triumphant failure has become famous. . . .

When I was twenty-one, I belonged to a youth movement. Our serious and erudite membership met on summer evenings, once a week, on the front porch of the leader's home, and there, for hours upon end, we passionately discussed truth and beauty. We condemned the world bitterly for its ugliness and men for dishonesty and soullessness. I do not remember what we said; it had nothing to do with anything. I do remember this:

The leader's father came out one night and said:

"Son, when are you going to paint that back fence? It's getting pretty shabby, and I can't afford to hire a painter. It hurts the whole place. I've asked you to do it five times now. Won't you try?"

Our leader was outraged. We sympathized with him, too. Couldn't his

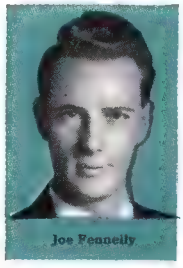
DRAWING BY
BOBT. FAWCETT

father see that he was in conference, discussing deep, spiritual, and intellectual things? Was it the proper time to bring up the drab matter of a shabby back fence? What a world! No respect for truth and beauty.

That incident remained in my mind, when I grew older, as a symbol of youth and youth movements. We were dedicated to beauty, but we saw no reason why our leader should paint his own back fence. We complained of the ugliness of the world, yet we wouldn't cut our own front lawns. We preferred to talk and dream.

I did not know that youth had changed so much until I met young Fennelly not long ago in Kansas City. I had observed that an unusual number of men in their twenties were becoming scientists of international reputation, that many young women were writing novels, breaking athletic records, and holding men's jobs with distinction. But I did not know that a new order of youth had come—a new youth movement, concerned with things and with action, not with words and dreams.

Joe Fennelly and his comrades are attempting to change their own municipal government—painting their own back fence, not trying to recolor the world by emptying a bucket of paint on the North Pole, as we used to do.



Joe Fennelly

Four years ago, Fennelly was merely a young man of America, selling paint in and around Kansas City. He and his friends lived in the better part of their city, played golf on fashionable courses, attended country club dances with their young wives, motored into the countryside in their sport models. All had good jobs, even for depression times. Their elders considered them very well off, indeed. But were they?

All day long at his office, Fennelly heard the plaints of men in business. They denounced the national administration, the captains of industry—and the municipal government. Some of them spoke of communism.

"Communism isn't a way out," young Fennelly would say impatiently. "It's a way into more difficulty. Why not begin changing things here at home? We have a

(*Continued on page 110*)

A Midsummer Nightmare

By Howard Brubaker

OAS TINK drove along Apple Tree Lane upon his lawful occasions that August day he observed that a piece of scenery owned by Lem Dowe was marred by motor campers. There was a little clearing between the woods and the stream, and Lem often let tourists camp there free, selling them milk and eggs at current rates. In passing, Tink noted these items: a car of declining years with an attached tent; a man moving about with an air of spacious leisure; an excessively blond woman, in khaki shorts, doing the family washing; and three wild animals—boy, girl, and dog—dressed in nothing much and pushing each other into the cooling brook. A good time was being had by all, with the possible exception of Mother.

It was not a de luxe outfit but evidently one of those homeless families who wander about contriving, heaven knows how, to scrape up canned goods and gas money. Bedraggled birds of passage—here today and gone tomorrow.

The proprietor of Tinkham's Garage knew all the ills that motors are heir to and how to cure them. He was thirty-five, free, white, and unmarried. He liked his work and had as much of it as he cared to do. Yet the sight of such care-free vagabonds always gave him a twinge of envy. He suspected that they had some secret of happiness which is not known by stay-at-home folks who balance books or write briefs or rebore cylinders.

But these particular wanderers, though here, were not gone tomorrow, for as Tink drove to work the next morning he could see the canary-colored head of Mrs. Vagabond waving above her breakfast fire.

Furthermore, as he was engaged in a bench job at the garage considerably later in the forenoon a sonorous voice fell upon his ears:

"Good morning, neighbor. Permit me to introduce myself."

"Morning."

Tink squinted through his pipe-smoke at the calling card the man laid upon the bench. It read, surprisingly:

"Barrett Booth. Shakespearean rôles."

"An actor, huh?" Tink slipped a spark plug into the vise. His young assistant, William Pickerel, unfortunately known as "Pickles," hovered around, lending a hand to his employer and an ear to the stranger, for actors seldom occurred in his sheltered life. The lad had rich, red hair, but his most

outstanding features were his ears. Those terrible twins, Jane and June Baylor, could mention these far-reaching appendages and cause them to turn a pleasing pink.

"How is Shakespearing these days?" Tink deftly disassembled the spark plug and started to clean it.

"Quiet," the actor said. "At the moment I am at liberty."

"I'm not."

This pointed remark bounced harmlessly off of the visitor.

"Yes, I am treating my little family to a season of frolic under the greenwood tree. We are besporting ourselves in the Forest of Arden, if you know what I mean."

"Sure; Lem Dowe's woods."

Without invitation the Thespian seated himself upon a near-by box, took out his pipe, patted his person here and there, and found, to his astonishment, that he had forgotten his tin of tobacco. It was a good act and well worth the three pipefuls he got during the visit.

TINK could see at a glance that the stranger was not a man who ever sullied himself with toil. He was getting on in years, and his hair, overlong and suspiciously black, was combed to cover arid spots. His waistline had grown with the passing seasons. Although a motor vagabond, he was fastidiously dressed in white linen and he carried an elegant cane. One felt that he would make a chubby Romeo or a roly-poly Hamlet. In fact, Tink suspected that it had been a long time since the man had annoyed Shakespeare at all.

While Tink worked at his chosen calling the guest sat at ease and recommended himself highly. He had clippings in his trunk to show how good he was and would be glad to display them at any time. He spoke bitterly about the Hollywood Frankenstein monster, which had debauched public taste and ruined Shakespeare. Even that lesser classic, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, had been killed by the miserable movies and there were no longer any Tom shows in circulation.

"We players," he said with a heavy sigh, "sometimes have to be content with the lower branches of the art."

THE actor's mannerisms, his long hair, his ready flow of words, stirred in Tink happy boyhood memories of the village street corner, of smoky flares, of banjos thumped, jokes cracked, and human ills cured by concoctions of roots, herbs, and barks. With his customary bluntness he expressed this thought:

"Speaking of the lower branches—it's been a long time since I've seen a medicine man here in Burnley. Has that been fished out?"

"One reads of these things in the publications of our profession. The med show is not what it was, though I believe it still flourishes in the backwoods regions. Are you looking for this?"

With a deft movement Barrett Booth reached over and removed a spark plug from Pickles' extensive ear. The act

The actor bowed deeply. "No, no," he said, "there couldn't be two such lovely creatures." "It's done with mirrors," Jane giggled

suggested to Tink an even lower branch of the histrionic art.

"Do the yokels still guess which walnut shell the pea is under, or did the movies spoil that racket, too?"

Mr. Booth believed that such deplorable practices still obtained at county fairs and street carnivals. He refilled his pipe, lighted a match by touching it to Pickles' flaming hair, and invited the garage man to drop into the Forest of Arden to meet his interesting little family, Mrs. B., Rosalind, Orlando, and Puck, the million-dollar dog.

THE real object of the call came out at the end: "I want to consult you professionally, also. My car has developed a weakness."

"That would be just dandy," Tink growled.

"Splendid! Until then, fare thee well."

With his hand upraised in a Roman salute, Barrett Booth strode majestically from the scene.

"He thinks he's smart," said Pickles, "doing sleight-of-hand tricks on a person that way."

Tink's face relaxed. The sufferings of his helper had been the one bright spot of the visitation.

When he passed Lem Dowe's camp at noontime he saw the strolling player in a horizontal posture under the greenwood tree. If Tink was any judge of the drama, the actor was giving a performance of Rip Van Winkle.

He could have snoozed twenty years without being disturbed by Tink, but the next morning the garage was again honored by a call. This time Booth was accompanied by a million dollars' worth of dog.

"Don't let me disturb you, Tink," he said needlessly. "I like to watch you work. Lie down, Puck."

The funny little dog promptly did nothing of the sort but went on sniffing at tires.

"A trained animal act, huh?" Tink tried to guess what race Puck belonged to, but without success. He was a melting-pot creature, a dog of all nations. "How does he add up to a million dollars?"

"I traded two five-hundred-thousand-dollar dogs for him. . . ." Mr. Booth stopped suddenly. "My eyes are not focusing properly today. I must consult my oculist. The charming young lady coming in there looks like two."

Pickles hurried away as one suddenly remembering an engagement.

The actor rose and looked expectant, so there was nothing to do but present Barrett Booth to Jane and June Baylor. He put his hand on his chest and bowed deeply.

"No, no," he said, "there couldn't be *two* such lovely creatures."

"It's done with mirrors," Jane giggled.

"You bum Shakespearean actors ought to be a great treat to each other," Tink observed, and, having done his duty by the drama, withdrew from the conversation by crawling under a car.

The sixteen-year-old daughters of George W. Baylor, eminent New York lawyer, were Tink's greatest weakness. The Baylors were summer residents in Burnley and long-time customers of Tinkham's Garage. Virginia, the blond, beautiful older daughter, was widely esteemed by young and old, but if there had been an unpopularity contest in town the snooty sisters, Jane and June, would have split the prize fifty-fifty. But Tink, being pigheaded by nature, had a kind of affection for those duplicate pests, and the trio had often been in and out of trouble together.

The girls had shown distinct traces of histrionic talent in amateur theatricals, and they were now cast for parts in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which was to be inflicted upon the public at the Norman castle of J. Henry Greene, "The Metal Polish King." His fortune had been derived from a substance called "Nicoshine," which Tink would not allow in his shop. Late in August, Burnley's best people would slap mosquitoes and see the Immortal Bard maltreated for the enrichment of the Village Betterment Group, otherwise known as the "Veebeegees."

Tink looked forward to this event with dread, because his young pals had ordered him to wash up and be present. He must bring bouquets, they said, and anything less than a dozen American beauties each would be thrown into his vile face. They pretended to think that this honest toiler would hang around the side gate like a stage-door Johnnie to take them to supper, for the twins believed that all human activities should end in refreshments.

He now thought it amusing to present to them this Shakespearean interpreter who was roosting on the lower branches of the profession. It was a jest which was destined to backfire and cause him a lot of grief.

When he next emerged from under the repair job his guests were gone and Pickles was breathing freely again.

"They took him away in the car," he said.

"All right. He came here at his own risk."

LATE in the afternoon the Baylor twins came buzzing in, alighted upon Dr. Withers' runabout, which Tink was overhauling, and filled the shop with excited chatter. He was a good egg to introduce this man who had played Hamlet before the crowned heads of Europe. He had taken them to lunch at the Blue Cat and had promised to help them with their rôles in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He had treated them with a deference which they never received from crude, ill-mannered Burnleyites.

"He says we are two rosebuds on one stem," said June. "Laugh that off."

"Who paid for the lunch?" asked Tink.

"He did. Only, he had to borrow the money from us, because he forgot his pocketbook."

Tink felt it his duty to tell them the bitter truth. Barrett Booth might be a side-show barker, a shell-game artist, a grifter, or a patent-medicine man, but, whatever he was, he was no Shakespearean star. Himself ungifted in this art, Tink knew a ham when he saw one.

"He heaves a sigh as if jacking up a five-ton truck. If he's an actor, I'm a fan dancer."

"Yes," said June, "but if you'd seen Russell Bixby trying to act, you'd think Barry was marvelous." The reference was to the second vice president of the Burnley Bank.

"Anyhow, he's good enough for our purposes," Jane added.

"Which is what?"

THEY were going to hobnob with this old bird and then sell him to Mrs. J. Henry Greene, the head of the Veebeegees. They would coach Barry up on Mrs. Greene's weakness. She was an ardent admirer of the clean, beautiful, civilized landscape of dear old England and she wanted to make Burnley that way. If Barry would rave a little on this subject she would give him a little cash money to help coach this show.

"It would serve the old gal right," Tink admitted, for he was not among Mrs. Greene's admirers.

"He's an eminent Shakespearean actor," said June. "That's our story, and we'll stick her with it."

"Okay, baby. Now, you rosebuds pick yourselves off and beat it. I've got to finish this job for Doc Withers."

The pestilential pair left him to ply his trade. He understood the situation perfectly, for things like this had happened before. The twins collected characters as other youngsters collected stamps. They would get what amusement they could out of this toy, they would be objects of interest to the inhabitants, eat as often as possible, and try to cause suffering to worthy people. When they were through with Mr. Booth they would toss him on the junk heap like a blown-out tire. Tink was broad-minded about it all; he did not care what happened as long as it did not happen to him.

But, after a couple of days of peace and quiet, things did begin to happen to him. He was driving back to work after his midday meal, when he was flagged by the excessive blonde at the entrance of Lem Dowe's grove.

"Are you the guy called Tink?"

Her voice was like a file on wrought iron. Her face, perhaps comely once, was now too hard for comfort; her lemon-colored hair, which was not a free gift of Nature, needed a refinishing job. She (*Continued on page 101*)

Mr. Smith recently toured 27 states interviewing people in many fields. Here's what they told him

By Beverly Smith

SEVERAL weeks ago, I set out to chat with people all over the country, to find out what they were thinking, and how they felt about life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . .

I talked with a great many of my fellow Americans—with more persons in varied occupations than most of us encounter in the course of a year.

Elsewhere on these pages is a chart that gives a cross section of some of the more interesting opinions, hopes, and fears that I ran across in a tour of twenty-seven states.

The chart doesn't bring out, however, some of the things that struck me most forcibly. For instance, almost everyone with whom I talked favored a national system of old-age pensions and declared a willingness to contribute through taxes to the cost of such protection. But few seemed to have any idea of how great the cost might be.

"I'd be glad to pay $1 a month," or "I'd not begrudge $25 a year," were typical comments.

Another thing that impressed me was the apparent absence of any very clear division of opinion between rich and poor.

I found people stripped of their possessions, miserably paid, without savings, who read me lectures on conservative doctrines which I have heard in Union League quarters. Then a woman, independently wealthy, urging socialism. Then a boy who has had to quit college and work in a garage, who told me that we must "take government out of business." Then an elderly corporation lawyer, who wants to abolish all inheritance.

One observation in passing which might interest the Liberty League: The farther I got from the Eastern seaboard, the less concern I found about the strict letter of the Constitution. West of the Mississippi it is very dim indeed. There politicians, lawyers, and editorial writers still refer to the Constitution occasionally, but the ordinary man's opinion is like that of one who said to me, "Sure, the Constitution is a fine thing. We oughtn't to monkey with it, like that prohibition law. But it won't interfere with the U. S. doing anything that is right. Let's keep the Constitution out of politics."

The ordinary man is not a dramatic fellow. I did not hear world-shaking phrases from him, or the answer to the riddle of the universe. I did get *impressions*. I learned things surprising and stirring, which give me a more solid faith in this country.

On the other hand, I picked up all sorts of queer information which I wish I had space to tell about:

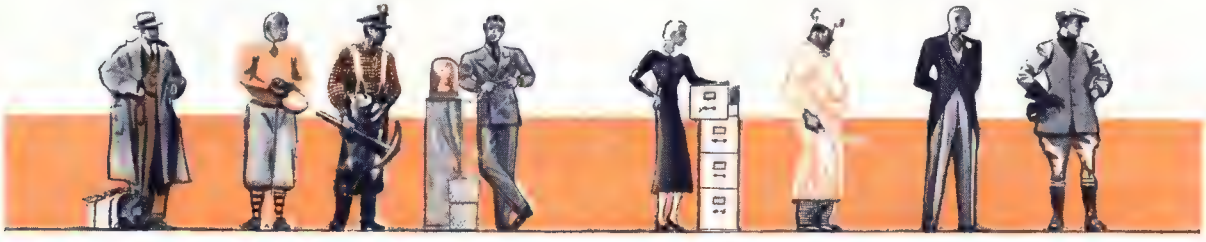
The old lady (retired church worker) in Pittsburgh, who has never been out after dark since Repeal, for fear of drunkards. The evening in Sandusky, Ohio, when the whole restaurant gathered around the table, debating over my

questions. The postman in Alabama who threatened to commit suicide on Farley's doorstep, leaving a note explaining his grievances to the press. The original philosopher (a Swiss-Italian restaurateur in Chicago) who would like to run this country like "a beeg-a prison—the President, he is warden—everybody work like hell when he say so, and then, have baseball, movies, everything free." The interior decorator's assistant in New York who related every question to the welfare of tropical fish. The aged steam-roller engineer, who, when I asked what he would do if he were President, barked "I wouldn't have the job." The optometrist in Kansas, apparently a blood brother to Babbitt, who, after a string of conventional comment, disclosed that he used to be right-hand man to Prince Ching in China, between 1900 and 1906. And the beauty of this country. And its variety. And its lack of standardization.

But all of this, I think, is a little less fascinating than the Ordinary Man. Here are some questions I put to him, and his replies. Except in one or two instances, I am not going to mention any names. People unused to the limelight, suddenly asked to give their opinions for publication, naturally become nervous. They speak in platitudes, or bleach every positive statement with ifs and buts. Therefore, I explained to everybody at the start that names would not be used.

Question: How is business as compared with this time last year?

The hotel clerk in Dubuque, Iowa, said: "Better. The traveling salesmen are on the road again. They are carrying smaller sample cases than they did in boom days, but they are selling." The hotel manager in Louisville, Ky.: "At our convention in New Orleans, 90 per cent said business is on the upgrade;



Here are Typical Answers from

QUESTIONS	Owner, sports goods store, 45, Sandusky, O.	Oil-burner salesman, 26, Madison, Wis.	Machinist, 20, Harrisburg, Pa.	Retail clothing merchant, 55, FortMadison, Iowa	Itinerant farm laborer, 36, near Albert Lea, Minn.	Hotel manager, 35, Louisville Ky.	Waitress, 28, Cleveland, O.	Retired banker, 80, Detroit, Mich.	Farmer, 50, Chillicothe, O.	Woman church worker, 65, Pittsburgh, Pa.	Truck driver, 20, N. Carolina to N. Y. run
How's business compared to last year?	Improved	Better	Same	A little better	AAA helps farmers, but less work for hands	Much better	20% better	Better	Same	Worse	More freight than we can handle
What would you do if you were President?	Raise price of silver	Boom America on radio	Cut expenses	Tell my plans about balancing budget	Dogged if I know	Just what FDR is doing	Make relief easier for the honest; harder for chiselers	Surrender emergency powers soon as possible	ScrapCorn-Hog plan, or apply it to all meats	Close every saloon tomorrow	Give drivers pensions, like R. R. men
Should we have old-age pensions?	Yes, at $60 to $100 per month	No, would destroy thrift	Yes, for those who have worked hard	Yes, but make it universal, so no disgrace	Sounds good	We will come to it	Yes, and old people forced to quit work at 65	Yes, as soon as country is stronger	Yes; also jail people who don't help their relatives	Yes, for hard workers	Sure. Take it out of my pay while I'm working
What do you want most in life?	Health and friends	$1,000,000 in U. S. bonds	To go back to college, study law	Chance to make an honest living	Steady work on a big farm	Health	Nothing. I have a new religion, "Truth"	Nothing. I have had a good life	To make as much money as city workers	As Christian, nothing	To sleep in a good bed every night
What worries you most?	Nothing	Talk of Communism	Fear of becoming a day laborer	Plight of young people who can't get jobs	Haven't had much work since I was overseas	Don't worry; country going well	Nothing. Whatever is, is for the best	That I won't live to see us conquer our troubles	Death and taxes	As Christian, nothing	Falling asleep at wheel
Where is the govt. taking us?	Leveling down rich, leveling up poor	Heading back for big prosperity	Some socialism but not too much	Sooner or later back to old ways of business	Wish I knew	Constant change, with government guiding it	Toward greater sympathy for poor	Back to old ways, but with safeguards	More govt. control	U. S. becoming glorified Tammany Hall	Toward better chance for working-man
Should incomes be limited by law?	No. Limit inheritances to $250,000	No. Big country needs big fortunes	No, but limit inheritance	Leave that to taxes	I could live fine on $500 a year	Yes, but limit should be high	Yes, until income of poor is higher	Taxes can do that	Yes, $10,000 a year enough for anybody	Certainly not	Never thought about it
Will our children have happier lives?	Yes	Sure	Things will be controlled better	Problems will be cleared up by their time	Times are bound to be better, some day	Yes	Yes	Not happier but more secure	Yes, when things get settled	No, far less happy	Things will be better

the patrons here at the hotel say the same thing." The hotel clerk in Winchester, Va.: "People don't bargain about the price of a room the way they did last year."

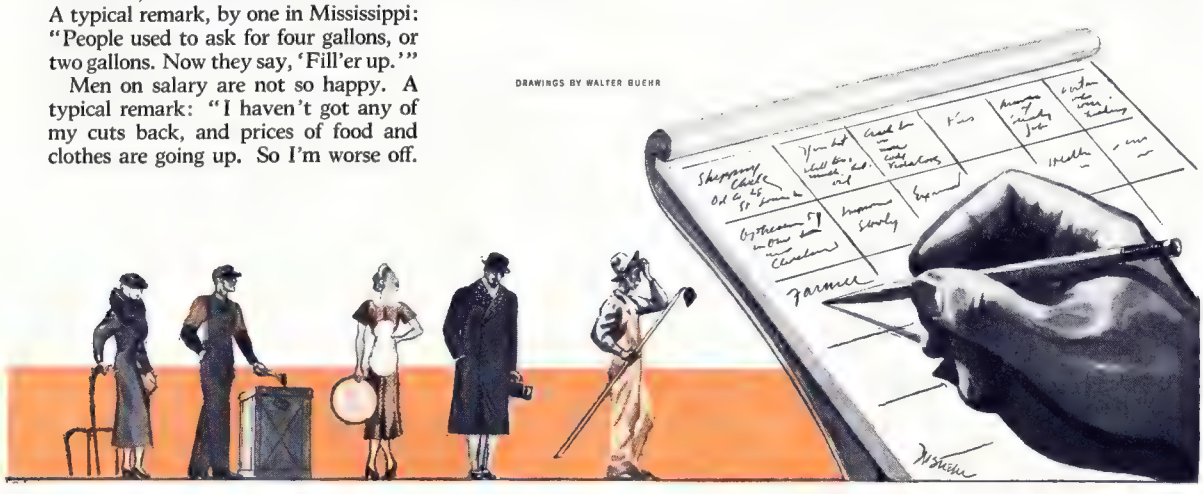
Most filling-station men (and let me say here that they are about the most good-humored and obliging people in the world) said that business is better. A typical remark, by one in Mississippi: "People used to ask for four gallons, or two gallons. Now they say, 'Fill'er up.'"

Men on salary are not so happy. A typical remark: "I haven't got any of my cuts back, and prices of food and clothes are going up. So I'm worse off. I'm working harder, but I'm not worried about being fired any more. The boss talks about putting back 10 per cent in the spring."

The stores of the modest luxury class—musical instruments, artist's materials, books—said things are better. Salesgirl in a bookstore in St. Louis, Mo.: "Last year people would come in and say, 'I've got three dollars. What can I buy for it?' Now they pick out what they want and ask the price afterwards."

Out of a hundred people, the answers ran about like this: Thirty said, "Definitely better;" forty said, "Not much better, but I (*Continued on page 78*)

DRAWINGS BY WALTER BUEHR



Hundreds whom Mr. Smith Questioned

Restaurant man (Swiss-Italian birth), 45, Chicago, Ill.	Doctor, 44, Vincennes, Indiana	Woman, 45, director of corporations, Northern Michigan	Miner, 50, unemployed, owner small farm, Wilder, Tenn.	Shipping clerk, oil co., 28, St. Louis, Mo.	Optician, 54, in Ohio town near Cleveland	Dry-goods man, 68, Owego, N. Y.	Farmer, 30, near Topeka, Kans.	Woman clerk, 55, electrical co., Milwaukee, Wis.	Paper mill manager, 35, Kalamazoo, Mich.	Broker, 38, Baltimore, Md.	Electrical engineer, 40, Clarksburg, W. Va.
Better, but more headaches	Better, patients coming back	Morale better	My people getting more to eat	Yes, but still too much "hot oil"	Improving slowly	Better	Steadier	Same	A little better	Worse	I feel better about it
Run U. S. like big prison	Strengthen weakened health services	Spend more efficiently	Put folks back on own soon as I could	Crack down more on code violators	Muzzle the press	Experiment as President is doing	Back AAA to limit	Try to get back to individual initiative	Cut expenses. Raise taxes. Balance budget	Return to old Democratic principles	Put our huge unused assets to work
Sure	Yes, also sickness insurance for old	Yes, but that is only a palliative	More you give 'em, more they want	Yes, pending a better economic system	Yes, but some work should go with them	Yes, preferably by the states	For all who haven't children to care for them	Certainly	Yes	Yes, as soon as we can stand them	Yes. We can pay them liberally and easily
Govt. protection	Economic security	A sane American adaptation of Russian plan	To get back in the mine	Assurance of steady job	Security in my old age	Ability to provide for self and family	Health and steady markets	Income for old age	Security for family	To have govt. let my business alone	To be allowed to keep busy
Labor organizers, racketeers, taxes, headaches	Skimping on medical care because of poverty	Fascism	Nothing but the misery	Don't know where we are heading	Press, movies, Jews, and bankers ruining us	Loss of independence	Loss of farm	Loss of savings	Break of U.S. morale before recovery arrives	National bankruptcy	Thoughtless boom, followed by worse depression
Dictatorship like Italy, I hope	Away from possibility of future depressions	Toward socialism, I hope	Hope it will leave us where we are	Roosevelt is last hope of capitalism	Destroying competition and spoiling fun of business	Toward America of patient, thinking people	Govt. will help all cooperate better	Toward things as they were	Back to normal, as after all great depressions	Toward socialism, at present	Toward handling U. S. as an engineering proposition
Yes	Yes, should be less inequality of wealth	Yes, but doesn't go to core of our troubles	No. Every man for himself, I say	Yes. No man is worth over $50,000 a year	Higher income taxes in upper brackets	Yes. Spread wealth more evenly	Yes. None should exceed the President's salary	No	No. Recovery will level small incomes	No more than now	I'm not interested
Afraid to think about it	Govt. science will advance as has medical science	If we are wise, will have undreamed-of happiness	Yes. If we don't spoil 'em	Yes, we will learn how to run this country	No. In 30 years we will be slaves	Yes, but we must help them find the way	Yes. Greater than we have ever known	Yes, when business is running smoothly	If we keep our heads, yes	Not as things look now	Busier, fuller, happier lives

No Place for a Girl

By Rosamond DuJardin

BRAD HENDRICKS rose with the sun one April morning and discovered a strange young woman on his doorstep. Brad was so accustomed to rising with the sun that he didn't even have to set his alarm clock any more, but a young woman on the doorstep was a distinct novelty. Brad stopped in his tracks to stare at her, the screen door slamming unheeded behind him, all thought of the morning milking wiped from his mind.

The young woman stared back, dark brows above storm-gray eyes drawn together in a scowl. She sat hunched against a porch pillar with her feet tucked under her. The collar of her coat was turned up around her ears and she wore a totally inadequate hat, set like an angel's halo on bright red hair, and her teeth were chattering.

Brad began sympathetically enough, although he had never cared for red-haired women, "You're cold! Can't I—?" and paused, because he wasn't at all certain what he could do for her, what she wanted done.

She stumbled to her feet rather stiffly. "I thought farmers got up early! I've waited hours—"

IT WAS then Brad noticed the scrap of bloodstained satin wrapped clumsily around her left wrist.

He exclaimed, aghast, "You're hurt! What's happened?" Vague thoughts of an accident on the highway that skirted the farm raced through his mind.

But the girl said sharply, "Nothing's happened! I wanted to get into my house and it was locked, so I broke a window, and some glass grazed my arm. It's—just a scratch."

Brad said firmly, "Let me see."

For a moment he thought she was going to refuse; then the stubborn line of her mouth altered slightly.

She insisted, "I only bandaged it so it wouldn't bleed." But she put out her hand obediently.

It was a slim hand, white and soft, with nails that matched the vivid crimson of her lips. On the third finger an enormous diamond glittered. The scrap of satin, Brad realized, unwinding it, was some sort of tie. There was a snagged place at the neck of her blouse where she must have jerked it loose.

Wordlessly he inspected the ugly cut, then propelled the girl by one elbow into the big, clean kitchen where the percolator bubbled cheerily on the oil stove and the ancient and obese cat, Mehetabel, lolled in a shaft of sunlight. Brad indicated a chair, and his visitor dropped into it rather suddenly, as though her knees were weak. Mehetabel regarded her with veiled distrust while Brad went into the next room, to return a moment later with disinfectant, gauze, and adhesive tape.

The girl exclaimed impatiently, "This is too ridiculous! I didn't come for first aid!"

"Nevertheless, that's what you need"—Brad's tone remained equable—"and that's what you're going to get."

Neither of them spoke after that until he had finished his ministrations.

"Hey!" called Brad. "I came to apologize." Jean waded up and stood, wet and glistening. "I'm sorry, too," she said

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. HOLMGREN

Then the girl drawled, "Thanks; you must be grand with sick cows."

Dark eyes narrowed slightly in a lean, tanned face. "You are in a vile humor! Didn't you have a key?"

"Of course, but I thought it would be jollier to climb through a window! Must you ask such simple questions?"

Brad began to be annoyed.

"No-o, except that there seems to be no other way to discover the purpose of this visit. It has a purpose, hasn't it?"

THE girl's hand brushed her forehead in a gesture weary and touching. Brad felt ashamed immediately. Her lashes were fantastic, improbable, against the shadowed pallor of her cheeks.

"I'm sorry." All the sharpness had gone out of her voice, leaving it low and dull. "You're certainly entitled to an explanation. It's just—that I'm so tired. I drove till two this morning; didn't stop for dinner or anything because I was so anxious to get here. The smell of your coffee is making me ill."

"You mean," Brad asked incredulously, leaning forward, "you're hungry?"

The girl nodded. "Starved."

"But, good heavens!" Brad was on his feet now, a tall, efficient figure in blue overalls. "Why didn't you say so? I am sorry! I'll fix something right away—" He was lighting more burners on the oil stove, getting out bacon and eggs, slicing bread, while he apologized.

The girl didn't offer to help. She sat there, hands curled limply in her lap, shoulders drooping slightly, while Brad bustled about. Once she said, "I'm sorry to be such a nuisance—but this was the only house I could see."

"Nuisance, my eye!" Brad poured thick cream into a yellow pitcher with a cracked spout, set two places at the table beside the window. Mehetabel rose on her haunches to regard these preparations with hopeful interest. "Couldn't you get in even after you broke the window?"

"Nailed down," said the girl. "Every last one of them. The place had been closed since my grandmother died. It was stupid of me not to think of a key. I stayed in the car till daybreak—till I got so frightfully hungry—"

Brad said comfortingly, "Sit over here. Everything's ready now."

He put the platter of bacon and eggs on the table before her, flanked it with crisp toast and plum preserves, poured steaming black coffee into two cups. Then he sat down opposite her and they proceeded to breakfast in complete silence. It seemed kinder not to bother her with questions until she had eaten.

But when she leaned back, replete, he inquired thoughtfully, "It would be the old Porter place, I suppose, that you're trying to get into?"

THE girl nodded. Food and drink seemed to have improved her disposition vastly. "Yes; didn't I tell you? I'm Jean Porter."

"I'm Brad Hendricks." Then startled realization swept over him. He asked incredulously, "John Porter's daughter?"

Of course, she had to be. It all fitted together. She had mentioned her grandmother, and John Porter was an only son.

Under Brad's interested gaze the girl's face stiffened into a lovely, inscrutable mask. He had not known that gray eyes could (*Continued on page 84*)

Salt Wind

IT WAS lonely in the big house as Stan linked his hands behind his head and lounged back in the long cane chair.

It had always been lonely there, though he had never been alone. He'd always had a succession of governesses and tutors, and only such friends as his uncle thought fit for the heir to the Grant fortunes. Consequently, he'd never really had any friends at all.

And now he was actually all alone, for his uncle's funeral had been a week ago, and the big house and the broad grounds and even the bright little beach were all Stan's now.

He wondered why he'd come back to the Point, where he'd always been unhappy and faintly bored, and over the shoulder of the hill he could just see the gray roofs of the old fishing town. The Point was peppered with bright new houses that were shut tight when summer was done, but the seasons never changed the town at all. It always seemed half asleep there in the sun, and the masts of ships were a faint tracery above its wharves.

WHEN he was small, he'd often found himself wishing he lived there, and he wished so now, but that was foolish, for he was rich and going on to great things.

Mrs. Halsey, who had been his uncle's plump housekeeper for years, had bounced out on the piazza and was asking, "Is everything all right, Mr. Stanley?"

He nodded, and she said, "I suppose it's going to be a quiet summer," and stared rather queerly at him.

He didn't notice, for he'd gotten up

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Stan was more and more stunned as Dr. Matthews read, "Six men lost when fishing schooner, Two Brothers, was rammed and sunk by liner, Queenstown . . ."

and was going down the long lawn, and the bayberries smelled hot and sharp and sweet in the mid-morning sun, and a schooner, all sails set, was idling past the jetty in the windless calm.

He was going over to the parsonage, and the Reverend Peter Matthews, tall and thin in white linen, was standing on the piazza and staring at the blue circle of the sea.

It had been ten years since Dr. Matthews had rolled up his white trousers and showed Stan how to sail a toy boat, but in all that time he hadn't changed a bit. He was still lean and brown and a little bit bald, and for ten years Stan had been tramping over to see him whenever he could escape from his tutors. For, even if Dr. Matthews was rector of St. Barnabas-by-the-Sea, he had a habit of understanding small boys and everything else besides.

HE TAPPED his pipe on the veranda rail now and called:

"Hello, Stan. How's it feel to be nineteen?"

"Not very good," Stan told him, and sank back in one of the piazza chairs.

They were comfortable chairs, and it was always comfortable and quiet and restful at the parsonage, for Dr. Matthews somehow made it so.

He perched on the piazza rail like an ungainly stork and he asked Stan:

"Are you going back to Harvard?"

"In the fall," Stan told him lazily. "Three years more, and then a year at Oxford, and then there's the banking house to go into. It's all been settled for a long time. And I don't know yet how much money Uncle John left me, but I expect it's rather a lot."

Dr. Matthews puffed his pipe and said, "That's quite a career, isn't it? But it doesn't sound very exciting."

A rebellious lock of black hair hung over Stan's forehead, and he scowled. Dr. Matthews had said just what he'd been thinking, himself. It didn't sound exciting. And he didn't care much for college, and he didn't look forward to the banking house, even if it was all settled that some day he'd have the Paris or the London branch.

And he missed his uncle, even if his uncle had been a hard, cold sort of man whose chief passion was his business.

He lay back in the chair and felt dull and discontented, and wondered what he'd do with himself all summer.

"Excuse me," said Dr. Matthews, and went down the steps.

THE little girl who delivered the newspapers was coming up the lane on her bicycle, and Dr. Matthews had gone down to meet her. They stood there for a second in the sun and Dr. Matthews put his hand on the little girl's shoulder. Then she suddenly rode away.

Dr. Matthews came slowly up the porch steps and he looked old and tired. He put the paper down and said, "It's too bad. The child's just lost her brother." He hunted in his pockets for his glasses, and told Stan, "A liner ran down his ship on the Banks. It's on the front page somewhere."

Stan sat up, and the paper rustled in Dr. Matthews' hands. The sun streamed over his shoulder as he read: "Six men were lost when the fishing schooner, Two Brothers, was rammed and sunk by the liner, Queenstown, in a heavy fog off the Grand Banks last night. The liner's boats picked up eight survivors. The dead are: Thomas McLean, 19, of—"

"That's her brother," said Dr. Matthews. He put the paper down. "Why, what's the matter, Stan?"

Stan sat staring into the sun and it was so still that he could hear the bell buoy clang in mid-channel.

He said stiffly, "He's my cousin. I've never seen him—"

He tried to think what he should do, and Dr. Matthews' voice sounded puzzled: "But, Stan, I didn't know you had a cousin—"

Stan looked down at his hands and they were quite tightly clenched. He said, "I didn't know I had till a month ago. Uncle John told me. It all happened a long time ago before I was born. Aunt Carol ran off with a fisherman over in town. They got married, and the family never forgave her. It was an awful scandal, I guess. She's dead now and so's he. There's a boy and two girls and—"

Stan was confused and hurt by the child's attitude . . .

He stopped short, for he didn't want to repeat what Uncle John had said: that his three cousins didn't amount to anything and that he wouldn't ever want to see them.

But the boy was dead; the newspaper said so in big black type, and the thought of it made him a little sick.

He got up and said, "I've got to go over to town."

He was going to see his cousins. They would be dreadful and they would live in a slum that smelled of rotting fish. But he had to go. It wasn't right not to.

He hated going so much that his steps were a bit unsteady, and Dr. Matthews caught his arm as he was halfway down the drive.

"I'll drive you over," he told him. "Get in the car."

He hit his ankle on the running board and it hurt. He felt confused and a trifle stunned, for he'd just realized that one of his cousins was the little girl who brought the newspapers. She'd brought them to his house all last year, and before that there'd been another girl, and before that a boy whom he couldn't quite remember.

A gust of salt wind struck his face, and Dr. Matthews said, "Possibly they won't particularly want to see you, Stan. Possibly it'll be difficult."

They wouldn't want to see him, he knew. They'd think he'd known they were his cousins all these years and that he'd been ashamed of them.

THEY were going through the town now and the heat drove down and there'd be a black ribbon hanging limp from the door of some awful house where his cousins lived, and he'd knock at that door and then wouldn't know what to say.

They turned down a cobblestoned lane where ragged children shouted and a row of shabby houses stood up against the sky. Paint scaled from the sides of the houses and lines of dingy washing flapped in back yards where the grass had been burned brown.

"This must be it," said Dr. Matthews, and stopped the car.

There was a gap in the ranks of shabby houses that all looked alike, that all looked bleak and barren and forlorn, as if December's chill stayed in their bones even in this sweep of sun.

Across the gap a white fence ran, and, beyond, a lawn was green and close-clipped, with a few flowers bright on its borders. Still beyond, a house lifted squarely from between two clumps of trees. It was an old house, rambling and rickety, with the red railing of a

Dr. Matthews tried to explain to Janet and her sister. "Stan's only come to see if he couldn't do something," he said

captain's walk between its two chimneys. Sun and wind had dulled its blinds to a dim green and roses twisted into a spray over the fanlight of its tall doorway. It was a house that had been lived in and loved and cared for all down the years, and a date carved in its doorstep said "1823."

It was very old, so old that its roof sagged and the white step where Stan stood had been half worn away. No ribbon hung on the bright brass knocker and he lifted it.

It seemed suddenly as he stood there as if he'd seen the house before, dim in a dream, that it was something he'd always been searching for and never could quite find. He wasn't uneasy any more nor at all confused.

SOMEONE swung the door open, and the little girl stood there, pale, with her dark, short hair half hanging over her forehead. She put a hand to her thin neck and said, almost in a whisper, "Go away! Nobody wants to see you! Go away!"

She tried to shut the door in Stan's face, but Dr. Matthews stepped before him.

"Please, Janet," he said. "He's only come to see if he couldn't do something."

Another girl stood beside Janet now, a tall, dark girl whose eyes were gray and quiet. Her voice was quiet, too, though there was a little ripple of surprise in it as she said, "Why, Cousin Stan! Come in!"

Inside, it was dark and cool in the long, low room, and what light there was held a green glitter from the tree branches beyond the windows. A tall old clock stood in a corner, and its tick was louder than all their footsteps across the floor.

Stan sat down on a lyre-backed sofa that was a trifle unsteady, and the tall girl was saying to Dr. Matthews, "I'm Laurel McLean. I used to bring you the papers."

Stan remembered her now, and her eyes were as gray as the sea. She was like the sea, herself, calm and cool, and her cheeks had a slight olive tint. Her voice was soft and low.

Laurel went on saying to Stan, "It was kind of you to come. I'm glad you did. I'm very glad."

It was easy to talk to this tall, cool girl who was his cousin. It was so easy that he burst out all at once, "I'd have come long before, but I didn't know, you see. I didn't know I even had any cousins. My uncle—" He stopped suddenly, thinking what his uncle had said and how unjust and wrong it had all been. He was ashamed, and his face flushed.

But Laurel was nodding gravely. "I always thought so," she said. "I always told Tommy (*Continued on page 133*)

Bringing Up Shirley

Here's the secret of unspoiled witchery . . . told by the mother of the twinkling child-star of the movies

By Gertrude Temple

WHEN I was a little girl in Chicago, my birthplace, I wanted to dance, not theatrically, but just to dance to the lilt of music. I never did.

Years later, when I wheeled Shirley, my own little girl, to the grocer's at Santa Monica, where she was born, I hoped that she, too, would like to dance and that we could afford to have her learn. She looked like a little dancer, even as a baby. She was the only infant I ever saw who had pretty legs at birth. Both of my boys had straight-up-and-down legs, but Shirley had dainty calves and delicately turned ankles.

Shirley began to walk when she was one year old, as most children do. It was then that the first extraordinary thing appeared in her. She walked on her toes. From the time she took her first step, she ran on her toes, as if she were dancing. Most little children dance to music as soon as they are old enough to caper. So did Shirley. But I thought, as of course I would, that the little steps she improvised to radio music were very original. When she was three, we sent her to a neighborhood dancing school for one hour a week.

I DID not send Shirley to school to be rid of her. I had her, to begin with, because I wanted her. I made her dresses and bonnets and decked her out just for the fun of it. But when I took her to dancing school I was obliged to forego my motherly vanity. The children were required to wear the same costumes—little abbreviated blue frocks and no ribbons. I always stayed with her until she finished her class. She did quite well.

One day, as we were leaving the school, I saw a crowd of children in holiday dress in a large front room. The boys wore velvet and the girls white dresses, lace, and pink bows.

"What is it?" I asked a teacher. "A party?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "It's an interview. Some of the movie directors are looking for screen children. Why don't you bring Shirley in?"

"Not looking like this," I said. "All of those children are dressed up."

"Oh, bring her along," urged the teacher. "They're not taking pictures. They're just looking at the children and asking them questions."

I hesitated just for a moment. What a ridiculous notion—Shirley in the movies! I had seen Jackie Cooper and Jackie Coogan and other child stars in the neighborhood theater, but I had never thought of them in relation to my children. True, we lived in a five-room cottage a few miles from the motion-picture colony. George, my husband, was manager of a small branch bank in Los Angeles. But the movies were as remote from the lives of the Temple family as from those of the average family of modest means in, say, Chicago. In that moment of hesitation, I did not know that we stood upon the threshold of a new life.

I took Shirley by the hand and led her in, just to see what would happen. As I look back, I think it was not ambition. It was just curiosity that made me do it.

I was not in there long. A director

This is Shirley as "Bright Eyes," her latest rôle. Whenever she is tired and peevish, her mother says, "Cheer up, little girl. Pretty soon you'll be playing you are somebody else." And Shirley cheers up. Every movie is her own game of make-believe

politely asked me to leave. They wanted no mothers present to urge their children to smile and say pieces and make fools of themselves. They simply wanted to see the children as they were. When the interview was over, we all crowded around our children and asked them what the nice man said. All I could get from Shirley was that she had been asked to walk up and down the room. Three days later a little film company down in the older quarter of Hollywood, in what is known to the big league as Poverty Row, telephoned me and asked me to bring Shirley in for a screen test.

When I told George about it, he hit the ceiling.

"I won't have anything of the kind," he said. "We're not going to make a show-off of our little girl."

"Oh, let's just see what will happen," I said. And grudgingly, but good-naturedly, he assented.

THE lot was swarming with children when we arrived, all of them dressed in their Sunday best. But Sunday best was not what the director wanted. He wanted little children stripped and girt with diapers. When this announcement was made, pandemonium broke loose. Little boys with missing teeth shrilly expostulated their deathless resolve not to degrade themselves. Some of them struggled vainly in their mothers' clutches. A few mothers took their children home. Shirley had no objection. She would have worn diapers, evening gowns, or nothing with complete indifference. I held my breath when she paraded before a battery of cameras.

Not until three days later did I learn that she had been selected with a number of other children to play a part in a juvenile comedy, *War Babies*. Her salary was to be $10 a day, four days a week. When I told George, he hit the ceiling again—with joy. His own little Shirley was to be in the movies. They were very good and funny pictures, but the company which produced them did not last long.

I shall never forget when we first went to a neighborhood theater to see our little girl on the screen. I think we were very silly. We invited all of our friends, and they crowded to the theater with enthusiasm. The picture lasted ten minutes. Shirley merely flitted across the screen a few times and said only two lines. But my head swam and the goose flesh popped out on my arms. I think I cried a little. George squeezed my hand. Oh, well, we were proud. It was just our little girl doing something wonderful, like saying her first words, and we were happy.

I have seen some of Shirley's pictures as many as eight times. But I do not go to see them now to thrill. I go to see how I can improve her. We used to take Shirley to the theater often, but now we are afraid other (*Continued on page 92*)

Almost a Gypsy

EARLY that morning, Florica, Lobo the Gypsy's daughter, emerged from the basement to which the family had come to live while in New York. The gypsies had lived in that same cellar, occupied by an Italian iceman in the summer, close to the East River, a dozen winters in succession; arriving with the first snow and leaving as soon as the first green shoots appeared in a flower box on a window ledge.

The Lobos, a carload of copper-brown humanity garbed in colorful rags, had driven up in front of that cellar in a dilapidated old automobile after a long and almost continuous drive from Kansas City, and had thrown themselves down on the floor to sleep, between the copper kettles and the bags and the satchels and the thousand things they had accumulated in their seven months of travel.

They were still asleep, three hours after sunrise, the following gray autumn morning, when Florica, a girl of about twenty, with fresh red ribbons in her raven-black hair, and dressed in her newest clothes, tiptoed out of the door as silently as a cat and looked out into the street. In her billowing yellow skirt, a chain of small silver coins hanging from her neck over a green blouse under the red shawl thrown negligently over

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IJ WATER COLOR BY MARIO COOPER

Fred danced away with Florica. She was thrilled. There was a man! Alone among a hundred gypsies, and he had dared to defy them all

By Konrad Bercovici

her shoulders, the gypsy girl looked more like a flower, a wild flower, than a human being.

Fifth Street, on the lower East Side, crowded with children and trucks and pushcarts, was already teeming with life, though it was early in the morning. River boats were emitting short, piercing blasts of warning that rose above the noise made by the pushcart peddlers calling out their wares and the hundred and one radios going on full power. Mothers leaned out the windows to call a last warning to their children on the way to school. The milkman, whose horse had eaten up a crate of lettuce standing on the rear end of a truck, was being cursed out in Homeric language by the Italian truck driver. The garbage trucks rumbled by. From doorways hastily dressed women discussed across the street last night's movie and the latest scandal in the neighborhood. It was still early in the morning but Fifth Street was already full alive.

For a brief moment the gypsy girl stood there, on the threshold of the sunken door to the basement, her head level with the pavement, and watched what was happening. Then, as people stopped to look at her, she edged between trucks and pushcarts laden with vegetables, to the other sidewalk and walked straight before her, elbowing a passage for herself in the crowd, her head tilted high, her shoulders thrown back, and balancing herself on her broad hips, in that inimitable rhythmic gait which is the secret possession of gypsy women the world over. Passers-by turned to look at her. She was not only beautiful, she was different. Women standing in doorways turned their heads to watch that creature, that mixture of pride, color, temptation, and haughtiness glide past them. They had seen her before, last year and the year before that. Yet the gypsy girl, as all the gypsies, had remained a mystery to them.

CHILDREN on their way to school, boys in knickers that had fallen to the ankles, and girls tying their ribbons in their hair while running, stopped to look at Florica. Winter was indeed here. The gypsies had come into town. But the gypsy girl neither heard nor saw the people staring at her. She hadn't dressed for the *Gorgios*, for the white people, and it was not because she wanted to be seen by them that she had risen before the others of her clan had stirred and gone out into the street. She had done all that for Topor, the handsome young gypsy coppersmith. They had met the month before somewhere in Arizona, and he had told her where she could see him in New York after the first snowfall.

At the corner of the Avenue Florica stopped abruptly. People on their way to work and children on their way to school gathered about and gazed at her as if she were some animal escaped from the zoo. Florica looked over their heads without seeming to notice their existence. Sniffing the air, like an animal on the scent, she crossed the street on the run. She had seen him. He had seen her.

Bareheaded, his blue-black hair slickly pomaded and oiled, his trim mustache dividing the high upper lip which curled up over an even row of strong white

teeth, like the ivory keyboard of a miniature piano, he barred her way.

"Ohe, Florica," he called.

"Ohe, Topor," Florica said, standing still.

They didn't shake hands. They looked at each other.

Then Topor said:

"My *Calloes*, my people, are still sleeping."

"So are mine," Florica answered, and set herself in motion, with Topor beside her.

Having adjusted his pace to hers, the young gypsy said:

"Your eyes are still the most beautiful ones I have seen. I thought so the winter we went to school together, ten winters ago, thought so a month ago, in Arizona, and think so now."

"Are there many of our people in town?" Florica asked, without looking at him.

"Many more than in other years. The Lupus. The Marcus. The Gurgas. The Tlepacs. There was a *Sindrofie*, a wedding, last week. A hundred *Chais*, gypsy girls, were there. One more beautiful than the other. But your eyes are still the most beautiful ones I have seen. Have you been to any wedding feasts since I have seen you?"

"No," Florica answered without any emotion in her voice. "Not to a single wedding."

"There will be one tomorrow. A Gurga boy is getting married to a Tlepac girl. A beautiful girl. I will be there. And do you remember Fred, that freckled-faced boy who used to play with us when we went to school? He is a coppersmith now, almost a gypsy, and I promised to bring him to the wedding feast."

"Yes . . . I do remember him a little. So he is a coppersmith!"

INDEED, she remembered Fred well. He had been her only playmate from among the white boys, and he had often defended her with his fists against the other boys when they were trying to tease her. She wondered what he looked like now as a grown-up man. She didn't ask Topor. She didn't want to arouse his suspicions.

Talking of this and that, they were walking at a rapid pace, as if they had to reach a given point at a fixed time. After they had come up to Fourteenth Street they turned their steps riverwards and Florica stopped short, on the stone ledge near a mooring post, to watch a boat churning up the gray waters of the East River.

After a while Topor said:

"I am working on a big copper kettle. It will be bigger than my mother's. I have hammered into it many a song that will sing itself out when you'll put the kettle on the fire to boil meat for my children. Shall I send my father to speak to yours?"

Florica looked at him. She had thought his voice was fuller than it was. He was a handsome lad. Yet though he was tall and broad he seemed to her now to lack stature and size. For a month of days and nights she had thought of him, and that morning she had dressed for his eyes to look at her, wondering whether he would find her beautiful enough, and something within her had led her straight to where he was waiting for her—and now—when he stood beside her she wished she had met some other man and married him before she had seen her former schoolmate again. Why had he spoken of that Fred to her, the fool!

"Don't send your father before I have been to a few weddings," she said, and walked away briskly from the young gypsy, who let her go without uttering a word to detain her and watched her glide away, while he rolled a cigarette for himself.

HIS mother and his sisters had warned him against Lobo's daughter. Lobo's women were all capricious and loved to make men suffer and to humiliate them. His mother had told the truth. He would marry Florica, just the same, and she would forget all about humiliating him after the wedding. He would know how to tame her. He knew very well that she had dressed for him that morning and that she had had no thought of anybody else since she had last seen him. She was a beautiful witch. He loved her. But if she wanted to play the indifferent one, he too knew the game. He had played it before with other girls and beaten them every time.

By the time Florica had returned home her people were all up and the *Daia*, the mother, had set the kettle on a tripod on the wood fire under the fireplace. The feather beds were rolled away alongside the walls. The windows had been covered with red and yellow and green curtains made out of the rags of old gypsy dresses. The basement room had taken on the appearance of the inside of a tent. Lobo, Florica's father, was sitting on his heels on the floor and puffing at a long-stemmed pipe. The *Daia*, small, thin, looking like a dried, parched mummy despite the incredibly live eyes and quick movements, was holding a short clay pipe, bowl down, between her thin lips and talking in a laughing voice all the time. She was glad she was alive.

John and Petru, Florica's older brothers, with their young wives, were crowding together in a corner, the women combing their hair, while the men were setting up their long spike-headed anvils, the kind used by coppersmiths, ready to begin the day's work, all the time carrying on a continual chatter about sad and happy events of the past, the price of copper, the size of kettles, the music they had heard, the fights they had been in, and the origins of the gypsies they had met on the web of roads between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Every year there were more Roms on the road. And every year there were more white people traveling like gypsies and living in tents in the summer on the banks of rivers and on the aprons of the green mountains. The taller the buildings rose in the cities, the more tents were pitched on the roads. And white people, as well, now loved the odor of burnt wood and the pungent smell of broiled meats. A great change had come over white people in this country in the last twenty years.

WHEN Florica opened the door her mother greeted her with a shrill cry:

"Go back if you have come empty-handed!"

But Florica hadn't come empty-handed. She looked at her mother reproachfully as she put the bread and salt she had bought on the way home on the wooden shelf over the fireplace. Then they all rose to their feet, broke pieces of the bread, dipped them into salt, and began to munch silently as if performing a holy rite in a church. It was the first bread in the house.

When the loaf of bread had been consumed to the last crumb, Petru's wife, a beautiful girl of Florica's own age, took the cigarette from her husband's lips, puffed at it, handed it back to him, and said to her husband's sister:

"You saw him, didn't you?"

"He's working on a big kettle into which he has (*Continued on page 128*)

Next Month

★

A fishing boat cruised slowly off the green and white keys of southern Florida. Mist hung over the coral headlands. Aboard, a carefree party laughed and cheered as amber jacks tore the lines screaming from the reels. Suddenly someone pointed to a whistling buoy on the starboard bow. Silence. A body made fast to the buoy floated on the blue water.

The Mystery of Galleon Key

an American short mystery novel by Philip Wylie, will appear complete in the March issue.

Bilbo—a curious and significant political by-product of our time

Mississippi pearl

By Jerome Beatty

A BILBO is a rapier of fine steel from Bilbao, Spain. Many a feudal lord probably has had good cause to cringe before a gleaming bilbo in the hand of an outraged peasant.

And now the State of Mississippi has armed itself with a Bilbo and has sent him to Washington to fight the feudal lords of capitalism. And this Bilbo is sharp. Whether he is of fine steel is yet to be determined, but he's a man to watch, because for the next six years he will be one of the 96 United States senators who have a great deal to say about how you and I are going to live.

Theodore G. Bilbo is described affectionately as "The Pearl of Pearl River County" by his friends, who, by a majority of more than 7,000 votes, made him a colleague of Senator Pat Harrison, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and gave the "Share-the-Wealth" movement sponsored by Senator Huey Long of Louisiana one more vote with which to alarm capitalists.

He has promised to work for "an orderly legal redistribution of the wealth of the nation." He favors the conscription of wealth in wartime, old-age pensions, federal control or ownership of the Federal Reserve banks, immediate payment of the bonus, controlled inflation, publicity for the amount of income tax paid by individuals and corporations, and almost any legislation that will tax the rich and distribute jobs and money to the poor.

SENATOR BILBO'S political enemies, in the lusty and often slanderous invective that sometimes substitutes for sound reason in political campaigns, lambaste him with strong names.

Countering, Bilbo speaks of himself in detached, popeyed awe, like a gasping lady who, for the first time, sees a pink sunrise over the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and who can find no words to describe the astounding phenomena.

"Bilbo!" he hosannas, reaching both hands toward the skies in honest worship. "What a man!"

In other moments he recommends himself as "a man of Titanic energy and of dynamic driving force, a wonder in sustained power of endurance, and a marvel of intellectual brilliance." If he put a period after the word "endurance" he would not be stretching it as much as you might think. Like many successful men, he gets along mainly because he is strong and healthy and full of fire.

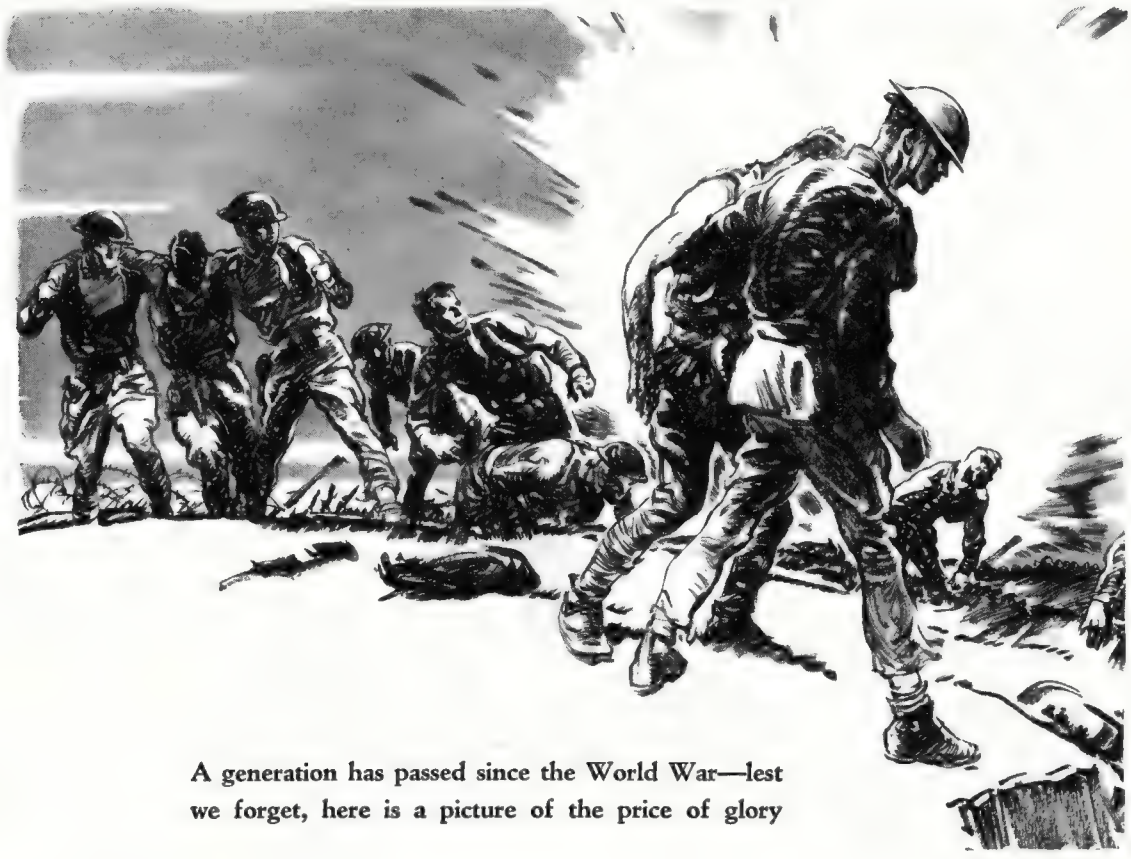
Long-distance political observers, upon the election of Bilbo to the United States Senate, indicated that the voters of Mississippi had been hornswoggled into voting for a man they knew little about and betrayed by the false promises of a demagogue ill-equipped to speak for a state that had been represented in Washington by such statesmen as Jefferson Davis, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, Edward C. Walthall, James Z. George, Anselm J. McLaurin, Private John Allen, and John Sharp Williams.

They called Bilbo "a second Huey Long" and "another Alfalfa Bill Murray," and declared his election was due to his appeal to the "po' white trash" of Mississippi. So I went down to Mississippi to ask questions.

As I toured the state, unbiased observers told me (*Continued on page 94*)

Charlie

By Max Brand



A generation has passed since the World War—lest we forget, here is a picture of the price of glory

OF THE Second Battalion there remained thirteen privates, Corporal Salters, and the sergeant in command. When the division went forward it was believed that the Germans were definitely on the run; therefore, the general pushed his light field artillery up close and kept it there during the advance. But out of the ground rose a fog which gave a great advantage to the Germans, because of course they could see in the dark. They hit that American division with a hard fist of shock troops and knocked a considerable hole in it. Among those who suffered was the light artillery and, particularly, the Second Battalion, under Major Hubert Tolliver. Shell-fire knocked the battery teams to pieces; the guns were claimed by the mud; and when the battalion tried to get home it bumped into Germans north, south, east, and west.

Staggered and mud-sick, the last commissioned officer gone, the survivors stopped marching because there was no place to go. The sergeant ordered the battalion to rest, so it stretched itself full-length in the mud, while the sergeant sat down cross-legged to think things over.

HE COULD see only a short distance because, though there was a full moon overhead, it sent only a meager cone of brightness through the ground mist. The Second Battalion was thus enclosed within a circular room fifty feet in diameter, of which the floor was French mud, while the walls and the ceiling were composed of nebulous, drifting white. The floor was variously furnished with tattered gas masks, some packsaddles, shell splinters half as long as a man's arm, some packs of wire made to open like an accordion, trembling scraps of paper, the butt ends of unexploded shells, mess kits, some broken wheels, odd twists of tin which were all that remained of a cook-wagon, old shoes at regular intervals, like a planted crop, and certain graceful sproutings of barbed wire rose from the ground like tall grass.

A great orchestra was playing for the entertainment of the Second Battalion. Bass viols boomed and roared to make an undertone with a steady plucking at the heavy strings, also; tenor drums rolled continually on a piercingly high note. Little flute voices came piping and

made the Second Battalion tremble with interest in spite of all fatigue. Sergeant Carey rhythmically ducked his head to keep time with the droning of the wasp noises which flew past him singly or in swarms. And high above him and the mist were the woodwinds, drawing out their notes to an incredible length.

The sergeant looked at a shell hole so big that only the nearer half of it was visible; he looked at his command, nigger-black with mud; and then he began to hum a little song. The sergeant had not lied very much about his age when he enlisted and he was now, actually, nineteen. He was a blond young man who had been receiving a classical education in order to prepare himself for the selling of real estate five days out of seven and golf over the weekends. He was distinguished among his fellows by a pair of big hands which were perfect for hurling spiral forward passes or receiving them. At the present moment blood was running from a slash across his left side where a shot had glanced along his ribs. Otherwise he was unharmed, except that a bullet had bitten a chunk out of the rim of one ear. This caused him to reflect that if ever he wished to follow a career of crime he would have to have a new ear.

The sergeant now recognized his second in command by the size of the upturned feet. He rose, went to Corporal Salters, and wiped the mud from his face.

"Ah, there you are," said the sergeant.

"Where?" said the corporal, speaking out of one side of his mouth because a shell splinter had ripped the opposite cheek.

"That's what I came to ask you," said the sergeant.

"Go to hell," said Salters.

"I'm already there," declared Carey. "Sit up and keep me company."

He sat down and the corporal sat up.

"What's the idea?" asked Salters. "I thought this was a study period."

"It is," said Carey. "This is where we study our way out."

"There isn't any way out," replied the corporal.

They reached trenches smashed and ruined by shellfire. To cross this confusion was like steering a boat through a choppy sea

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT M. STOOPS

THEY both ducked their heads as a sound flew past them, sharp and thin like the whistle of a bird. A little tremor ran through the muddy forms about them. One of these sat up and laid a hand on the pit of his stomach.

"How are you, kid?" asked the sergeant.

The kid bowed his head and said nothing. Then he lay down again, on his side.

"We're about to be one less," said the sergeant. "That chump Willis is cashing in."

The corporal said, "He never could stick on the back of a horse."

"What of it?" asked the sergeant.

"Yeah. What of it?" said the corporal.

"You're speaking to your commanding officer now," went on Carey "Rally the old bean and tell me what to do with this team."

"Try left end," said Salters, yawning. He propped himself up in the mud with both hands. He was very tired. They were all tired enough to last out a century of sleep. Some of the men were snoring and groaning at once, because their wounds were growing older, now, and the real pain was beginning.

"That's the trouble with the

(*Continued on page 98*)

How fast do

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

OFTEN I have been asked why I "take such chances" as I am presumed to take in making world's land speed records; why I don't settle down to my insurance business and to my wife and two children, and forget the urge of high speed.

To begin with, I don't consider I am taking all the chances you may read about. I have a car built especially for the job. It is as near perfect as it humanly can be made. It is the result of scientific design, the best of materials and workmanship. I honestly believe that I am as safe in it while traveling 272 miles an hour as I would be in driving from New York to the Pacific coast in an ordinary passenger car at 70 miles an hour.

Again, my hobby is land speed. It is more than a hobby, in that, besides giving me relaxation and a special interest, I feel that it is of distinct benefit to the automobile industry, and that means, ultimately, to the man who drives his motorcar along the highways.

Offhand, a person may ask, "Of what good to the automobile industry is it to build a car that will travel 272 miles an hour?" The answer is that only by adventuring and pioneering is progress possible in any direction.

TIME was when it took almost a traveling machine-shop to keep a "horseless carriage" in running order. Today the least mechanically inclined buy motorcars and grouse terribly if their cars don't deliver mileage day in and day out for years without a major fault. True, this dependability has been in some degree the result of a steadily increasing knowledge of metals and mechanics, but that knowledge has been aided greatly by the demands made by racing drivers and speed record makers for designs and materials that would hold up under great stress.

We can all remember, for instance, when an automobile tire was considered a good one when it lasted 3,000 miles. Today we do not consider 15,000 miles a bit unusual and only begin to raise our brows when we hear of tires that have been used for 30,000 or more miles. When the tires wore out at 3,000 miles the cars were traveling at a top speed of only 40 to 50 miles an hour. Today the tires that give service for from 15,000 to 30,000 miles are on cars whose top speed is from 70 to 90 miles an hour.

Now, just as the present-day car is far ahead of present-day roads, so the racing car has always been far ahead of the passenger car in its demands for speed, stamina, and safety.

So automobile racing, with its dangers, is more than a mere sport. The same may be said of high-speed record-mak-

By Sir Malcolm Campbell

"Fifty miles an hour is fast enough for me," says Sir Malcolm Campbell, who has driven his racing car a mile in 13 2/5 seconds. He returns to America to smash his own world speed record

DRAWING BY
C. PETER HELCK

you drive?

ing, such as I indulge in. They form a laboratory out of whose crucibles come ideas that in the end are transmitted to the motorcar in the street. . . .

I began racing in 1910, and since then all of my cars have been "Blue Birds." I had bought a car for a race on the Brooklands track outside of London, and a week before the event I went to see Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*. I liked it so well that I went a second time, which was the night before the race. I went home from the theater, repainted my car blue, and, with the paint still wet, started the race—and won it. It was a happy augury. I have had a long succession of Blue Birds—in racing cars, record cars, boats, and airplanes.

I really began record-making after the great war, during which I had been an airplane ferry pilot. Ferrying airplanes sounds terribly monotonous. Actually it was not. You flew a new plane, say, from England to France, and then turned right around and flew one in need of repairs back to England. When you thought you were ready for your pajamas, you were ordered back across the Channel!

Once in France, after having landed a ship at an airport you had never before seen, you were ordered to hop into another one and deliver it to an airport in another section you had never visited, all without regard to fog, enemy flyers, and lack of sleep. So it was not the dullest job of the war.

MY FIRST attempt at record-making was on Fanö Island in Denmark, in 1923. I was thirty-eight years old then. I managed to create a new mark of 138 miles an hour in competition with German, French, Italian, Danish, and Austrian drivers.

I went home to England rather proud of the mark—only to find that the officials disallowed the record because the timing apparatus had not passed their inspection!

In 1925 I designed the Blue Bird, which in parts is the same car with which I have made all my records since then.

It was in the spring of 1927 that I went to Pendine Sands in England to challenge the record of 169 miles an hour made by Parry-Thomas. The beach was so wet at low tide that we had to cut furrows in it to help it drain. Flying down the sands, bumping and throwing rooster tails of water from my rear wheels, I managed to achieve 174.95 miles an hour, and though it is a hundred miles an hour slower than my present record, it was the hardest of all to make.

My fellow countryman, the late Sir Henry Segrave, (*Continued on page 104*)

Too much water

By Don Marquis

IF YOU want to know how I'm feeling, I'm feeling sad and melancholy, for I have lost my best friend—my best friend, with the possible exception of yourself, Bertie. He was one of your best friends, too, Bertie, and if I have lost him that means you have lost him, for I know you too well to think that you would have anyone for a friend, Bertie, who looks on me with loathing and aversion.

And you can believe it or not, but Freddy Simms told me no longer than an hour ago that he now looked on me with loathing and aversion. He said to me, "Henry Withersbee, I look on you with loathing and aversion; and you have cost me a cool million dollars by last night's work!"

I said, "Why a *cool* million?"

He replied that I knew what he meant, and he referred to me as a moron; and if that is really a bottle of Scotch by your elbow, Bertie, I will thank you for a spot of it. . . . There . . . there . . . I will put the water in myself. . . . One reason you and I have lost the friendship of Freddy Simms is because I drank too much water last evening. It makes me uncertain and unsteady, if you get me. I mean, it sloshes about and destroys my balance.

We were sitting at one of these new sidewalk cafés, and everybody within earshot was saying how like Paris it is. I said to Freddy Simms that it was not in the least like Paris. It takes more than a sidewalk and a row of ragged evergreens to make Paris; and Freddy said he did not suppose he would ever see Paris again, now that Aunt Isobel Greene was sore at him.

"WHAT is the matter with Aunt Isobel Greene?" I asked him.

"Everything," said Freddy; "and the worst of it is that I have to go and see her tonight."

"Why not go and see her?" I said.

"You would not ask if you had ever been to see her," he said gloomily.

"Can't I go to see her for you?" I said.

You know, Bertie, since we were all three at school together I have been very fond of Freddy Simms, and I would do more, far more, than go to see his Aunt Isobel Greene for him; and that is one thing which makes me so melancholy to think I have lost his friendship. You are the only friend I have left in the world, Bertie. . . . Thank you, yes; I will have a spot of Scotch. No . . . no water, thank you. I am off water for life, and you will not wonder when I tell you why.

Freddy said he would have to go and see her himself, for she had a million dollars which she was going to leave to somebody. And sometimes it was Freddy, and sometimes it was several other people; and they all had to go and see her often so she would know it was disinterested affection for her, and not merely her money they were after.

"I don't see why you should think it is such a terrible job to go and see her, if there is a million dollars in it," I said to him then.

"I am afraid of her," said Freddy candidly. "I am so much afraid of her that I can't make a good impression on her."

So I said to him to try a new cocktail which I had invented myself, and it would put courage into him. We had several of them. I call it the Withersbee cocktail, after myself, and it is equal

parts gin, brandy, rum, and champagne, with some vermouth added; and I am sorry to say that there is a school growing up which puts in a drop or two of absinthe. But this is a schism. There should be no absinthe in a real Withersbee.

AFTER we had had a number of these cocktails, an idea occurred to me; and I said:

"Freddy, I will go with you, and see you through this dreadful ordeal."

Freddy grasped my hand gratefully, and there were tears in his eyes. He had not at that time turned against me, like a . . . like a . . . well, like one of these things people nourish in their bosoms. . . . No, Bertie, I do not mean a brassière. . . . Thank you, I will have a drop of Scotch. . . . I mean something you nourish in your bosom, and it turns against you. . . . No, it is neither a cancer nor a brassière, Bertie. It is like the thing that Cleopatra killed herself with. . . . No; she did not. I will wager you $20 against $10 that Cleopatra did not kill herself with a brassière. A snake of some sort . . . But let us drop the subject of snakes at once, Bertie.

"Where does Aunt Isobel live?" I asked Freddy.

"If she is still alive, she lives in Forest Hills, Long Island," he said. "But it would be just my luck if she were no longer living, and had passed on while she was sore at me for not coming to see her."

"Then," said I, getting to my feet resolutely, for I am a man of action when the fit is on me, "we had better hurry to Forest Hills."

So we went to the Long Island railway station, and were at once confronted by a terrible difficulty. There was a stairway that led up to the street level from the platform where you get on the trains, and when we got there we could not get upon the stairway, because so many people were coming off of it. And finally, when we did force our way through the crowd, arm in arm, and step upon the stairway, something queer happened.

We found we could not go down it.

We would no sooner attempt to make a descent than we would somehow find ourselves back on the level from which we had started.

For some time I imputed this to the crowd which was coming up, off the stairway, and forcing us off the stairway.

"No," said Freddy; "the fact is that we must be slightly intoxicated. We have had too many of the Withersbee cocktails."

THIS did not seem reasonable to me, but I am open-minded. I was willing to give the theory consideration.

"If we are intoxicated, Freddy," I said, "it will be the easiest thing in the world to reach the bottom of this stairway. We will simply fall down it."

Believe it or not, we found this impossible also. Every attempt which we made to fall down the stairway resulted in our finding ourselves where we had started from once more. This proved to me conclusively that we were not intoxicated; for I have never experienced any difficulty in falling down a stairway when in that condition.

Finally a man in a uniform, either a railroad official or a policeman, yanked us somewhat brutally to our feet, and

I offered the mask to the lawyer. "If you put it on you won't look like a parrot!"

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY FLOYD DAVIS

asked us if we were cuckoo and did not know that was a moving stairway.

And, indeed, several times I had thought I had seen the stairway move; but I had said nothing to Freddy about seeing it move, as I did not wish to have him think I had imbibed so many cocktails that I saw things move. It developed later that Freddy had also seen it move, but had said nothing to me for a similar reason. So I said to the policeman:

"Then we will never get to the bottom!"

He tried to influence us to take another stairway, which he guaranteed would take us down to the platform where one catches trains for Forest Hills. But by this time were both very suspicious of stairways. So we said, No, thank you; we would go to the street and take a cab, and ride around the building, and go down through the tunnel to the level where one takes the train for places.

But when we got into the cab the driver said it was quite a warm evening, and that gave Freddy a brilliant idea.

"How much," he said, "will it cost to take us on a nice, cool drive to Forest Hills?"

"How much," said the driver, "have you got?"

Freddy put his hand into his pocket, but I clutched his wrist. I did not think it prudent to show large sums of money to strange taxi-drivers. There have been a good many kidnappings lately, and a lot of taxi-drivers have been mixed up in them. And perhaps this man knew that Freddy was going out to inherit Aunt Isobel Greene's money, and would take him somewhere and hold him for ransom. And me with him.

SO PRETTY soon we went over a bridge, and on the Long Island side of it I saw a drug store. I think quickly in emergencies, and it occurred to me that it might please Aunt Isobel Greene if we took her a nice present. So I remembered that she was an invalid, and bought a hot-water bag. And I thought, poor, lonely old soul, probably nobody remembers to make her presents very often, so I bought her two more hot-water bags.

"Is she getting kind of childish, Freddy?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," said Freddy.

So I had the man at the soda fountain fill the hot-water bags with lemonade.

"Pink lemonade," I told him; "it's for a child."

He colored it up for me with strawberry flavoring; and then it occurred to me that it might not keep cool in the hot-water bag; so I bought four large thermos bottles and had them filled with pink lemonade also. I said, "Is she *very* childish, Freddy?"

"Oh, very," said Freddy; "very, very!"

So I bought Aunt Isobel some little dolls, which jumped about and did queer things when you pulled strings, and a couple of picture-books, and some red-and-white striped sticks of candy, and a false face.

AND then Freddy said he thought that a Withersbee cocktail would do the old lady more good than all the pink lemonade in the world. So we stopped at a barroom in Long Island City, and I told the bartender how to make the Withersbee cocktail. And we poured out all the pink lemonade, and filled the bags with Withersbee cocktail.

We had to sample it several times to make sure that it did not taste of rubber; and we were afraid it did. So we emptied the thermos bottles, at the next place we stopped, and had them filled with cocktails also.

"We can give her what's in the thermos bottles first, dear old lady," I said, "and then, as she begins to improve, she can have what is in the rubber bags."

So, as if by magic, we were in front of her house in Forest Hills, in just a moment more; and then the driver made the discovery that we had spent all our money for presents for Aunt Isobel Greene and did not have any to pay him with.

His name was Joe. He said he would wait and drive us back to town, where we could get some money. So we gave him a rubber bag full of Withersbee cocktails, and then I had an idea that I still think was brilliant.

"Is Aunt Isobel really in her second childhood, Freddy?" I asked.

"Quite—almost beyond it," said Freddy.

So I thought it would be nice to take her the horn from the taxi. Children are fond of noise and romping about. And they like horns. It was one of those horns which squawk when you press a bulb. My hands and arms were so full of other presents for Aunt Isobel that I told Joe to stuff it in my pocket. He stuffed the bulb in one of my hip pockets.

There was quite a long stairway in Aunt Isobel Green's house, and Freddy said we would go right up to the room where Aunt Isobel sat being an invalid and surprise the dear old lady. But after a while I said to Freddy:

"It's a funny thing they would have one in a private house, Freddy."

"What in a private house?" said Freddy.

"Especially in an invalid's house," I said.

"What in an invalid's house?" said Freddie.

"A moving stairway," I said. "Only this one works different. We couldn't get down the other one, and we can't get up this one."

"Well," said Freddy, "I told you Aunt Isobel Greene was childish."

Somewhere up towards the top of the stairway, we heard people moving about; but they were a long way off, and the stairway kept running in different directions, and it would stop now and then with the most sickening jolts. It was very broad. Hundreds and hundreds of feet broad.

"This stairway," I said to Freddy, "is going to turn and rend us, if I know anything about stairways."

Up at the top of it somewhere, I heard voices. One of them was a kind of elderly, querulous voice; an old lady's voice. It occurred to me that Aunt Isobel Greene, in her childishness, was probably pretending she was an old lady.

"Oh, by the way," said Freddy, "I forgot to tell you that Aunt Isobel Greene is a Prohibitionist."

"Well," I said, picking up the thermos bottle and rubber hot-water bags, "we have come prepared to cure that, Freddy."

The bottles and bags kept dropping and rolling in every direction.

"But it is serious," said Freddy. "We must not let her know I ever took a drink or that I go about with people who drink."

"Don't you suppose that she could tell by looking at us that we had been drinking?" I said.

"She could tell by looking at you," said Freddy. "Your face is flushed."

"What can I do about that?" I asked. "It seems to me too late to do anything about that. This is a pretty time to tell me that my face is flushed!"

So Freddy had a very original idea. He said if I put on the false face Aunt Isobel could not see that my face was flushed. And I did so.

THERE was quite a commotion somewhere up above us, and I thought I could see people peering down the stairs. I do not like idle curiosity, but I kept my temper, for it was foremost in my mind that we were here to make a good impression upon Aunt Isobel. I concentrated on thinking how we could make a good impression. And finally I got it.

"I will tell her that you are a cold-water boy," I said; "and then you are sure of your million. This makes it easy. It is a wonder you never thought of that innocent deception before."

"No; I will tell her that you are one," said Freddy. And then he added, "Suppose we both be one."

It occurred to me that she might believe it about one of us, but that she would find it hard to believe about both of us. I did not want to ask her to believe something that would only confuse and perturb her, so I said, "Let us sit down here, and think it out."

But when I sat down, there was the terrible squawk of an enraged motorcar. It seemed quite near, and I remembered that we had left the outside door of the house open. It occurred to me that Joe, the taxi-driver, might be chasing us. After all, what did we know about Joe? He was chasing (*Continued on page 100*)

Taking off the Halo

Having babies doesn't make a saint out of a woman

By Elizabeth Cook

DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

O ARE mothers a menace to the young? I admit I did not look on myself as a menace this morning. They all looked pretty good, my six, eating their toast and oranges. They kissed me and went off to school with whoops and caperings.

An hour later a cold blast of realism in the form of a good friend who knows much too much about what goes on behind the human face came knocking at my door. She demanded a game of golf.

"Can't," I said inelegantly. "I'm a mamma now. I have to sew pants."

"Oh, come. Too much of this mothering business is neurotic," she said.

"What's neurotic?" said I. "It's too early in the morning to use words like that."

This was her cue. When she got through explaining how the aftereffect on one's offspring of too few pants was as nothing compared to the unhealthy effect of maternal neuroses, I knew why the female of the species is deadlier than the male. It seems that we loving mothers can wreck the business, social, and matrimonial lives of our young, and are sometimes responsible for suicide itself.

I knew in a general way that everybody has a few pet complexes tied up in the mental back yard, but the idea that one of them might get loose and bite the children was disturbing.

"My heavens," I said, "I've been too busy thinking about new shoes and college tuition to get around to neuroses yet. Anyhow, what's it got to do with this golf game?"

"The real reason you won't play with me is not that you don't like to play or are afraid I'll beat you, but that you have fallen into the habit of being a martyr to motherhood. So you say you have mending to do; but when the kids get older, you'll moan around about how you gave up all your friends and good times and what an ungrateful bunch you've got."

So I went out and took my licking. Incidentally I had a very good time.

After all, my friend was right; self-made martyrs are unnecessary, tiresome people. And their exaggerated opinion of what their children owe them does untold harm to everybody concerned.

I remember a magazine-counter girl I saw in a hotel last winter. Slender she was, with snappy brown eyes, black hair curved over her ears, a red satin blouse; about forty, if you looked close, and undeniably attractive. She was staring gloomily across the lobby.

"How's the world?" I asked.

"It's all right for those who have one," she said tersely. "You start this life crawling, and when you die the worms start crawling; there isn't any more."

"Oh, come now," said I, considerably startled. "The rainy weather's got you down, or else your date has stood you up."

"Say, listen," said she. "In fifteen minutes I go back to a crippled mother who is sitting at a window looking for me. I can feel her looking at me all day. We live in two upstairs rooms because that's all I can afford. I'll give her her bath and make our supper. She'll say, 'Why don't you go to the movies?' Now, what fun is that for me, knowing she's been alone all day?

"And don't think I don't love my mother. I do. But she is nearly seventy, and one of these days she'll go. Then what? I'm forty, too old to build a life of my own. And it was all so unnecessary—that's what makes me mad."

"Yes?" I prodded.

"She wasn't a cripple at first. Papa died, the other kids got married, and I had a boy friend, too. Then Mamma took to crying a lot, said she wouldn't live with married children, said it would be awful to be lonely now that she was getting old. So you see?"

"No, I don't see."

"It was up to me. I broke my engagement. And there wasn't a bit of sense to it. If I had had any grit, I'd have said, 'Forget it, Mamma, and come dance at my wedding.' I could have had a man, a home, children, (*Continued on page 77*)

Starlight Pass

By Tom Gill

What has happened so far:

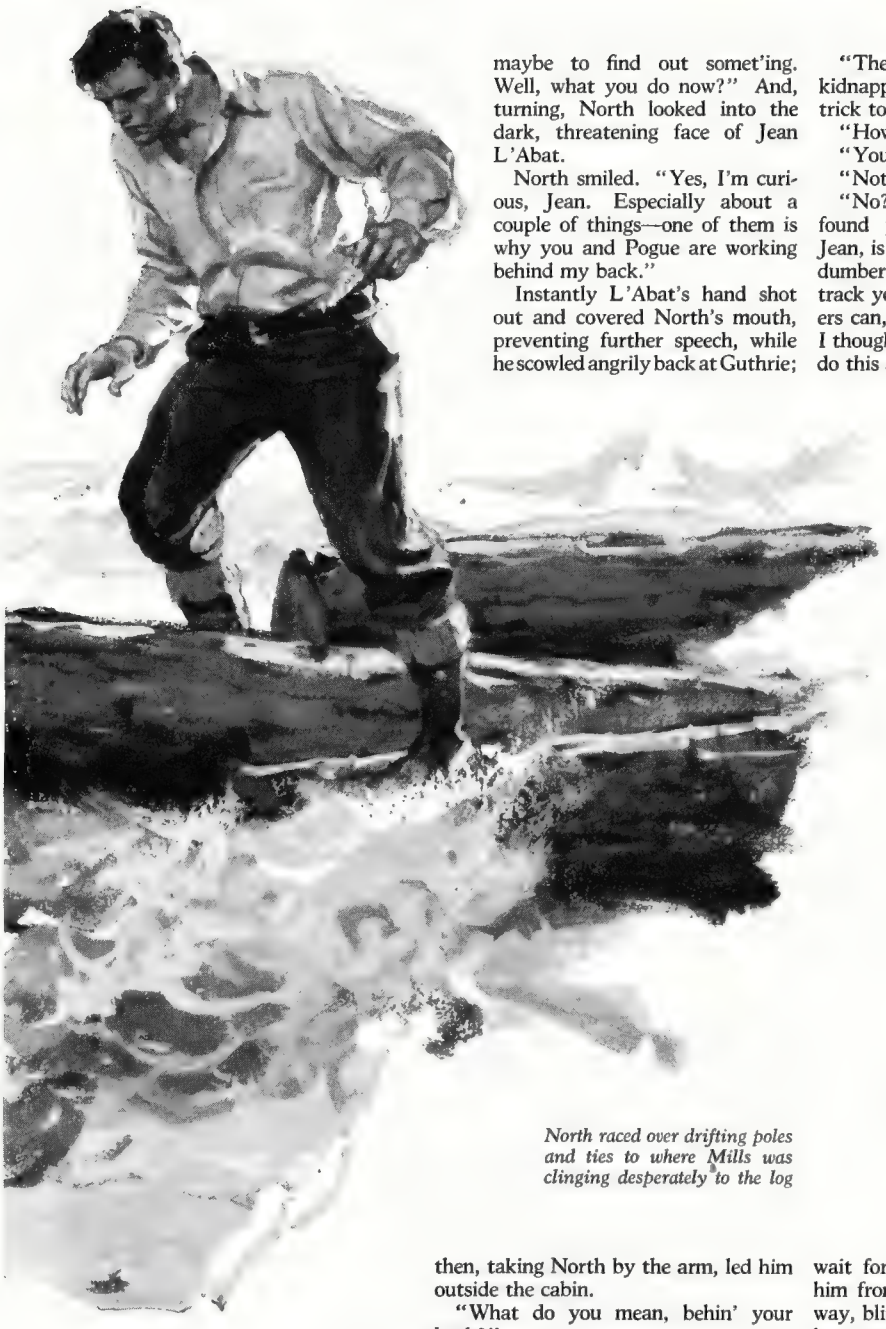
CORRIN NORTH had arrived, broke, in Wolfshead, with his dog, Bounce. To earn his supper, he had stood up against L'Abat, champion of the woods, in the lumber camp's Thanksgiving Eve boxing bouts. At the end of two rounds, he was taken, a battered wreck, to the office of Harry Mills, a forest ranger. There, tended by Dr. Mirov, he recovered. It soon became apparent to all that the doctor's daughter, Cass, and North had met before, but, even so, the people of Wolfshead learned nothing of the stranger's past.

Well again, he was offered a job in the woods by Pogue, Wyoming superintendent of the North Continental Development Co., only to be told a few hours later by the same man, "You'd better get out of Wolfshead!" North left, not knowing whether this sudden about-face came to pass because the Forest Service had befriended him or because Pogue was engaged to Cass. Trudging along the trail, he came upon the unconscious form of Mills, who had been slugged by an unknown assailant.

When Mills told him the inside story of the fight between the rangers and the development company, North volunteered to help the Forest Service. A few days later he engaged in a "staged" argument with Mills in the presence of Pogue, who then rehired North.

All went well until Guthrie, the forest supervisor, was reported missing. North set out to look for him. Far up the trail he found a cabin hidden among the trees. Opening the door, he entered—four automatics were pointed at his heart.

The story continues. . . .



North raced over drifting poles and ties to where Mills was clinging desperately to the log

BEHIND North the door closed softly, and with a sharp click the latch fell, but throughout that darkened room no man moved. Yet even as he stood there North's eyes passed rapidly about the cabin, and with quickened heartbeat he saw, in a far-off corner, Guthrie, blindfolded and tied to a chair.

But now a low laugh sounded from behind him, and a familiar voice was whispering in his ear: "You get so very curious, eh, Meester Nort'? You want maybe to find out somet'ing. Well, what you do now?" And, turning, North looked into the dark, threatening face of Jean L'Abat.

North smiled. "Yes, I'm curious, Jean. Especially about a couple of things—one of them is why you and Pogue are working behind my back."

Instantly L'Abat's hand shot out and covered North's mouth, preventing further speech, while he scowled angrily back at Guthrie; then, taking North by the arm, led him outside the cabin.

"What do you mean, behin' your back?"

"You know what I mean." A note of impatient anger was rising in North's voice. "We're all supposed to be working together, aren't we? Nothing was to be done until our plans were ready, and now you pull something like this without my knowledge. Do you think any of the men will take me seriously if I don't even know what's going on? Either I'm in or I'm out. If I'm out, I want to know it, and we'll drop the whole business."

Through the bright winter sunlight L'Abat blinked up at him. "You could not drop it now, my frien'—and live. You are too far in."

"Then tell me what's going on. This kidnapping Guthrie looks like a child's trick to me."

"How do you find we are here?"

"You left a trail, didn't you?"

"Not across the rocks."

"No? Then how do you think I found you? The trouble with you, Jean, is you believe all the world is a lot dumber than it really is. If I could track you to this cabin, Guthrie's rangers can, too—they're not entirely fools. I thought Pogue had too much brains to do this sort of thing."

With growing misgiving L'Abat answered, "Meester Pogue do not know about this. This ees my idea."

"Oh, it is? Well, I want to be around when you break the glad news to him. Jean, you couldn't think of a better way to get this whole country overrun with forest rangers than by kidnapping their boss. One or two more good ideas, and Pogue might just as well give up hope of licking the Forest Service."

JEAN'S close-set eyes were troubled, and North continued to press his advantage: "This kind of thing is the easiest way to set the whole countryside against us, and might even bring a squad of state police up here. We'd like that fine, wouldn't we? That would fit in nicely with Pogue's plan."

While he talked, North could see the gathering irresolution on L'Abat's face. Already the man's slow mind had begun to register regret at his action.

Abruptly North asked, "Has Guthrie recognized any of you?"

L'Abat shook his head. "Not one. *J'en suis sûr.* We wait for him beside the trail, we pull him from his horse down by the skidway, blindfold him, and let him ride up here to the cabin."

"Your voices?"

"We 'ave not talk except to whisper."

North nodded. "That's the only sensible thing I've heard about the whole performance. But what was the idea? What do you want to do with him?"

"*Eh, bien,* we take from his saddlebags all the survey notes. That will stop—"

"I know." Impatiently North interrupted. "It will stop action against the company on that timber deal—until Guthrie has another survey made. What's so important about a year's delay?"

Jean's arms spread out in a wide

gesture of disappointment. "But ees it not something?"

Sadly North shook his head. "I'm afraid, Jean, you're just a little hasty. Why did you bring him here?"

"Because we have not decide' what to do wit' heem."

Again North shook his head. "You haven't thought anything through, have you? Well, I wouldn't change places with you when Bert Pogue hears of your little brain-wave, and I hate to think of the tale Guthrie's going to tell when he gets back into Wolfshead."

A look of slow comprehension crept into L'Abat's eyes. "Then it may be better if Meester Guthrie do not go back; yes?"

North started, in sudden realization of the kind of man he was dealing with. He was on the wrong track there, and for a moment he pretended to consider.

"No," he said at last; "if Guthrie disappears, it might make things worse. Why not tell Pogue everything and let him decide? You've done something that can't be undone, but I'd like to give you one piece of advice: Whatever Pogue decides, it isn't going to look good for you and your men to be missing on the very day when everybody will be out hunting for Guthrie. If I were you I'd take myself down to Wolfshead and see that plenty people know you're there."

L'Abat grinned. "Ah, the alibi."

"Call it whatever you want. You're not going to need more than one able-bodied man to take care of Guthrie, the way you've got him hog-tied. Go down, tell Pogue what you've done, and find out from him what the next step ought to be. He's not going to be pleased, Jean. You've gone too far now without his knowledge—I'd lose no time."

ANXIOUSLY L'Abat pondered these new and disturbing thoughts, while North watched him narrowly; then at last, in perplexity, he sighed. "Meester Pogue, he often say my brains are not so good. Mebbe not. I think you, too, are much wiser than I am—although—" The strong yellow teeth flashed in an almost childlike smile. "Although you are not one half so good the fighter. But now you are right. I go to find Meester Pogue and make the alibi. Larsen, he will stay here, and tonight I send someone up. Will you come wit' us?"

"No, I'm off to camp. And tell Pogue those two new men he sent up won't do—I don't want orators, I want lumberjacks."

With a short whistle to Bounce, North made his way down the trail.

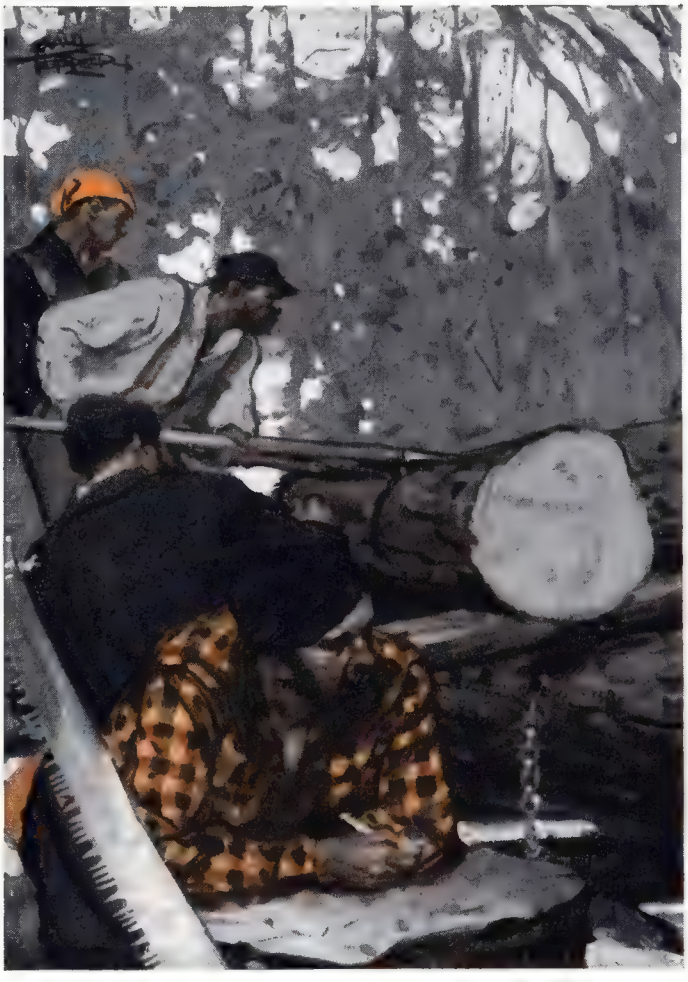
But as he walked his mind weighed the question of how far he had been able to take in the slow-witted woods boss. Perhaps entirely. Always a dangerous animal, L'Abat's greatest value to Pogue lay in his unquestioning obedience. It was only when he attempted a stroke of his own that he blundered—as now. But North realized that Pogue would not be so easily fooled when L'Abat told him the tale. What would they do with Guthrie then? North could not be sure. With the present temper of the loggers, there was no safety for the supervisor, bound hand and foot in that forest cabin, and if Pogue, with relentless logic, should decide it might be dangerous to turn Guthrie loose—the unfinished thought brought North to a full stop in the middle of the trail, and he remembered Pogue's words: "I let no obstacle stand in my way."

HE LOOKED at his watch—the chances of getting Guthrie to Lander were fading, and he hastened on until he reached the rock field, then turned at a sharp right angle. Climbing straight up among the boulders for a hundred yards to be sure his own tracks were lost, North doubled back into the timber, and with infinite caution picked his way step by step through the heavy fringe of spruce until he stood looking down again on the snow-covered roof of the cabin. Through the broken chimney a thin column of smoke was still pouring, but down the trail L'Abat walked rapidly, followed by two men, and North knew that Jean was taking his advice and returning to Wolfshead. One man, then, remained to be dealt with, and from his hiding place North turned over his new problem.

But fate itself decided. Hardly had the three loggers disappeared down the trail than Guthrie's remaining captor stepped to the cabin door—a lanky, flaxen-haired Swede whom North remembered as Larsen, one of the more dangerous trouble-makers whom Pogue had eagerly seized on as a useful henchman. Among the loggers Larsen enjoyed the reputation of being "quick on the draw." He stood now, hands deep in his pockets, looking idly down the trail. Up among the concealing spruce trees, North made no move until Larsen turned and closed the door; then he motioned Bounce to his side. "Stay here, boy," he whispered, and, bending low, crept down behind the cabin until he stopped within a few yards of Guthrie's horse.

On his appearance the animal started, and pulled nervously back on the halter, but quietly North spoke to him, making no move until the roan had grown accustomed to his presence. Then,

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER



step by step, he slowly advanced, stopping when the horse showed signs of increasing panic, until at last he stood directly by the animal's side, and, reaching up, stroked the warm, velvety nose. The animal quivered at his touch, but the eyes showed no signs of fear, and now, very carefully, North unfastened the halter. Holding the reins in his left hand, he pulled out his automatic, cocked it, then led the horse around the side of the cabin toward the trail. Here he laid the rope over the animal's neck, wrapped the reins about the saddle horn, and, suddenly drawing back his hand, dealt a heavy blow on the horse's flanks.

TERRIFIED by that unexpected attack, the animal snorted, reared, and, with a scream of fright, galloped down the trail. For a hundred yards the roan ran at full speed, then, ears back and nostrils distended, he stopped and, whirling, faced toward the cabin. But, at that wild clatter of hoofs, Larsen had thrown open the door and, gun in hand, was staring in angry surprise at the fugitive animal. A volley of oaths, and, as the horse turned again, Larsen raised his gun and fired. Too high. Above that racing target a pine twig came floating downward, and now, in mortal terror at the whining bullet, Guthrie's horse pounded its mad way toward the timber.

With another curse, Larsen was after him, running clumsily through the snow, hoping to get another shot before the horse reached the logging road, while, crouching low against the cabin wall, North watched that wild pursuit, and the instant Larsen's figure was lost among the trees, he darted inside the door.

It was the work of a moment to seize a knife from the table and cut Guthrie loose, and tear the strip of dirty linen from the man's temples.

Slowly Guthrie opened his eyes. His face was deathly pale, both arms hung useless at his sides, the circulation cut off by cruelly tight bonds that for hours had held him captive. But already North was whispering, "We've got to get out of here. If you can't walk, I'll carry you. When Larsen comes back and finds me, the jig's up. Can you stand?"

North warned Nan against getting too close to the moving logs. "I was born with calks on my feet," she laughed

With an uneasy glance out the door, North pulled the supervisor to his feet, but the strain of that fixed position had been too much, and with a little groan Guthrie sank back into the chair.

"I can't move an inch," he gasped. "My feet are like stone. Wait a few moments."

"We can't wait even one minute." North thrust the severed pieces of rope into the fire. "I'll carry you up the slope."

HE HAD reached forward to pick up his automatic, when a sharp intake of breath from Guthrie made him turn and, following the supervisor's eyes, he saw Larsen's face glaring through the window. For the space of a heartbeat those two men held each other's gaze, then with silent swiftness both automatics raised. Two bursts of flame, two crashing shots that were almost one, a tinkle of shattered glass, and, quick as a cat, North dropped flat on the floor, while a tearing rip through the open collar of his mackinaw told (*Continued on page 114*)

Enemy Agent

By F. Britten Austin

FROM his seat on the hotel veranda—the hotel, like much else at Nassau, had sprung into existence since the beginning of the war—Lieutenant Ambrose Bruce, U. S. N., detached on special service which labeled him Mr. Alfred Bennett of Montreal, had a comprehensive view of the curving water front, where swarming Negroes labored among the mountains of merchandise awaiting transshipment. The English mail boat, bark-rigged, with huge paddle boxes, had just come in from New York and Bermuda, and her now dispersing crowd of whiskered and crinolined passengers added to the normal dusty confusion of Bay Street. Whatever she had brought him would come to him automatically; there was no need to quit this pleasant shade for the scorching forenoon sun-glare. Mr. Bennett of Montreal never fussed unnecessarily; indeed, for a young man of thirty (rather handsome, with his curly chestnut beard cut to a point) he had a quite remarkable power of cool self-command, on several occasions found highly useful.

For the moment, he could not do better than sit and quietly smoke his cigar amid the uproariously noisy crowd on this veranda. It was a place to hear things. Around him a dozen or so girls, dressed in the latest crinolines from Paris, sat with their arms affectionately about their white-clad male companions, and drank with shouts of laughter punctuated by an incessant popping of corks.

At Nassau in June, 1863, no one drank anything cheaper than champagne; certainly not shipping agents making fortunes overnight and ships' officers receiving fantastic bonuses—ranging downward from the £1,000 of the captain to the £150 of the second and third officers—for the run to Wilmington and back, three days each way.

Side-whiskered Captain McPhail of the Antelope, in yesterday from Wilmington, mounted the veranda from the outside glare. He was a youngish man. One needed to be young for this daredevil life, where the certainty of a Yankee prison, if caught, was a minor risk compared with the perils of the sea in recklessly overladen craft built for speed and not at all for strength. Mr. Bennett of Montreal knew him, of course, as he knew most people in Nassau; indeed, he had more than a shrewd suspicion that Captain McPhail, like several other blockade-running captains, figured under another name in the British Navy list, enjoying a profitable leave of absence.

"'Morning, Captain. Sit down and split a bottle with me. Did you have a good trip?"

"Pretty good," said Captain McPhail, as he seated himself. "Another seventy thousand pounds for the owners."

It was not an abnormal profit for the round trip, outward with "hardware" for the Confederate armies, and back crammed with cotton piled high even upon the deck.

He paused while the other gave his order. "You've not sailed yet, I see, Mr. Bennett."

MR. BENNETT had arrived more than a month back, with a consignment of corsets and crinoline-hoops which he proposed to run into the Confederacy; a previous speculator had made a fortune with such a cargo. But Mr. Bennett had been difficult to please in his choice of a blockade-runner. He had visited every ship in port, had haggled and argued with the agents, and still had not shipped his goods when Captain McPhail had left.

"No, Captain," he said, with the air of a man who can be patient. "The Confederate Government agents have been bidding up freights to ridiculous figures these last days. They have stacks of urgent war material to rush through. I thought I'd wait a while.

My stuff won't get less valuable with keeping."

Captain McPhail shrugged his shoulders.

"You may lose your market if you wait too long. Lee's marching north—going to invade the Yankees and finish 'em off. That's what they say in Wilmington. Everyone's crazy about it."

"Good old Lee! Hooray for Dixie!" The shout came from the tables beyond, where Captain McPhail's words had been overheard. Neutrals though they were, everyone here was hot for the South.

THE Negro brought the champagne and filled the two glasses. The entire veranda was drinking confusion to Yankeedom. Mr. Bennett of Montreal drank also, as noisily as any.

When the hubbub had subsided, he turned again to Captain McPhail.

"I wonder whom Lee is taking with him on the march north?" he said casually. "The two Hills and Longstreet, I suppose. You didn't hear if they were bringing troops from the West?"

Captain McPhail glanced at him sharply. Plainly, he wasn't going to give anything away that might harm his Southern friends.

"No, I didn't," he replied curtly. "I've told you all I know."

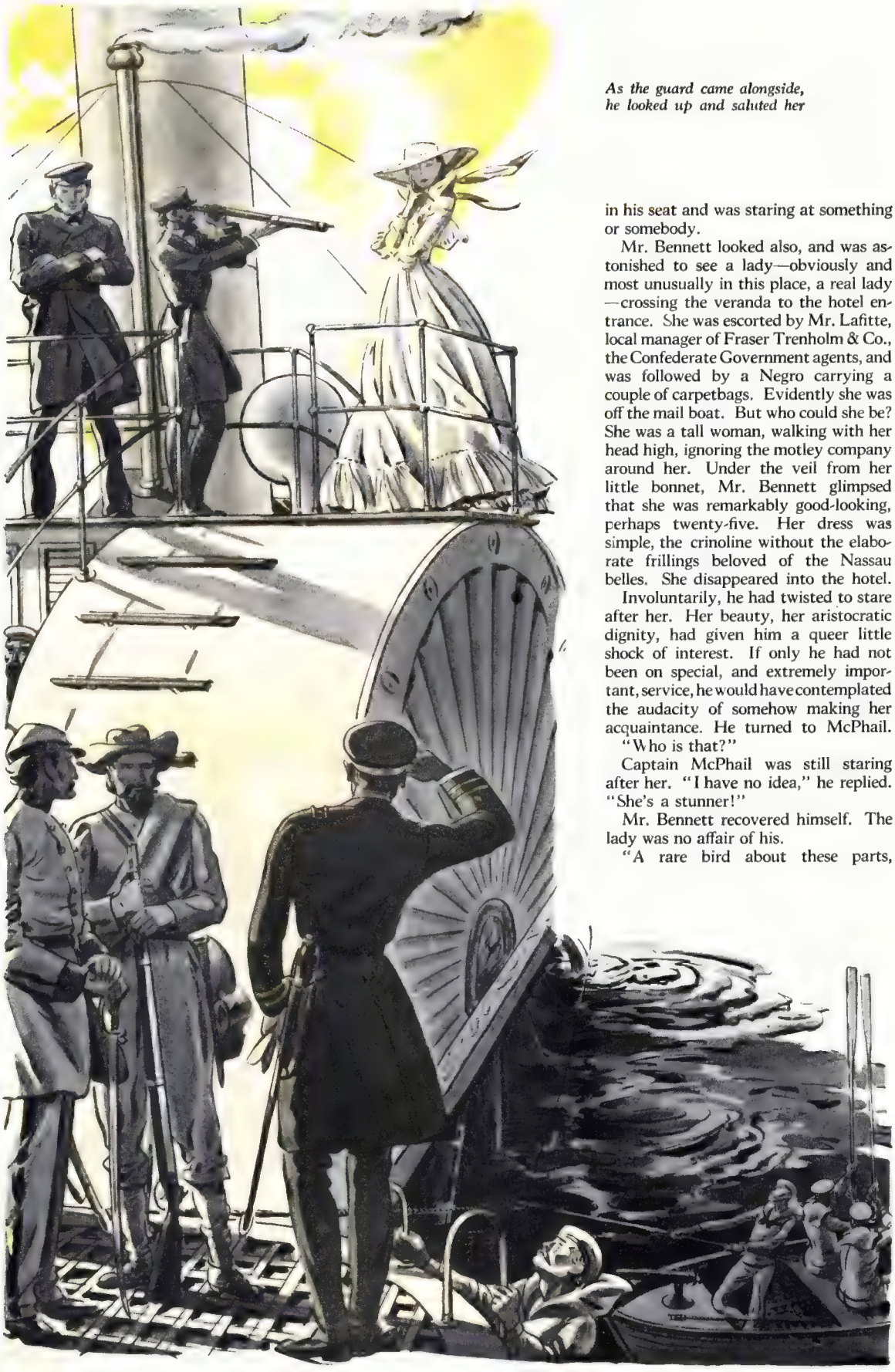
Mr. Bennett was unperturbed.

"It's a terrible pity they lost Jackson," he remarked. "Lee will miss him. What a whipping those two gave the Yanks at Chancellorsville!"

Captain McPhail ignored that essay in Southern sympathy. He had turned

Mr. Bennett turned to stare at her. "Who is that?" "I have no idea," Captain McPhail replied. "She's a stunner!"

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY EDW. A. WILSON



As the guard came alongside, he looked up and saluted her

in his seat and was staring at something or somebody.

Mr. Bennett looked also, and was astonished to see a lady—obviously and most unusually in this place, a real lady—crossing the veranda to the hotel entrance. She was escorted by Mr. Lafitte, local manager of Fraser Trenholm & Co., the Confederate Government agents, and was followed by a Negro carrying a couple of carpetbags. Evidently she was off the mail boat. But who could she be? She was a tall woman, walking with her head high, ignoring the motley company around her. Under the veil from her little bonnet, Mr. Bennett glimpsed that she was remarkably good-looking, perhaps twenty-five. Her dress was simple, the crinoline without the elaborate frillings beloved of the Nassau belles. She disappeared into the hotel.

Involuntarily, he had twisted to stare after her. Her beauty, her aristocratic dignity, had given him a queer little shock of interest. If only he had not been on special, and extremely important, service, he would have contemplated the audacity of somehow making her acquaintance. He turned to McPhail.

"Who is that?"

Captain McPhail was still staring after her. "I have no idea," he replied. "She's a stunner!"

Mr. Bennett recovered himself. The lady was no affair of his.

"A rare bird about these parts,

surely," he remarked. "Fill up, Captain. When do you sail again?"

"Tomorrow night. She'll be turned round by then, loaded, bunkers full. Niggers working on her all round the clock. Mustn't miss these moonless nights." He refilled his glass "There's a chance for you, Mr. Bennett, if you want to ship your stuff. I'll back the Antelope against any ship on the run. Only Fraser Trenholm's R. E. Lee can compare with her—and she sailed last night. I got nearly seventeen knots out of her, last trip. Give me speed like that, and I'll laugh at any Yankee cruiser.— Hello! There's my agent—Mr. Lazarus."

MR. LAZARUS was hastening across the veranda. Apparently, he was too busy to loiter for a drink. With a friendly wave to Captain McPhail, he hurried into the hotel.

Mr. Bennett resumed the conversation:

"I'll think about it, Captain. As you say, the Antelope is a fast ship."

He knew all about the Antelope, as he knew all about every blockade-runner in port and precisely what it carried. With the exception of Fraser Trenholm's R. E. Lee, there was not a ship to touch her speed, specially built as she was for the trade.

But Mr. Bennett was not contemplating a trip to Wilmington just yet—that was not in his instructions.

A Negro waiter came from the hotel:

"Captain McPhail, sah—Mr. Lazarus' compliments, sah, and can you spare him a moment, sah?"

Mr. Bennett smiled at him.

"You'll find me here when you come back, Captain."

Left alone, Mr. Bennett meditated as to the identity of the lady invisible within the hotel. She was a Southerner, of course. The presence of Fraser Trenholm's manager was proof of that. The wife or daughter of some highly placed personage in the Confederacy, perhaps —returning from Europe—though mostly such ladies were going the other way, the few that risked passage on a blockade-runner. As Captain McPhail had said, she was a stunner! It was long since any woman had made such a first-sight impression on him. Well, well, he was wasting his time to concern himself with her. This was war, and it was futile for him to bother his head about Southern ladies, however beautiful. She would be sailing immediately on one of the blockade-runners, and he would not see her again.

A white-uniformed Negro stood suddenly before him, startling him out of these thoughts. The man held out a large envelope, addressed to "Mr. Alfred Bennett." He guessed that this was a steward from the mail boat, as had been prudently arranged. The Southern sympathies of Nassau might extend to the post office.

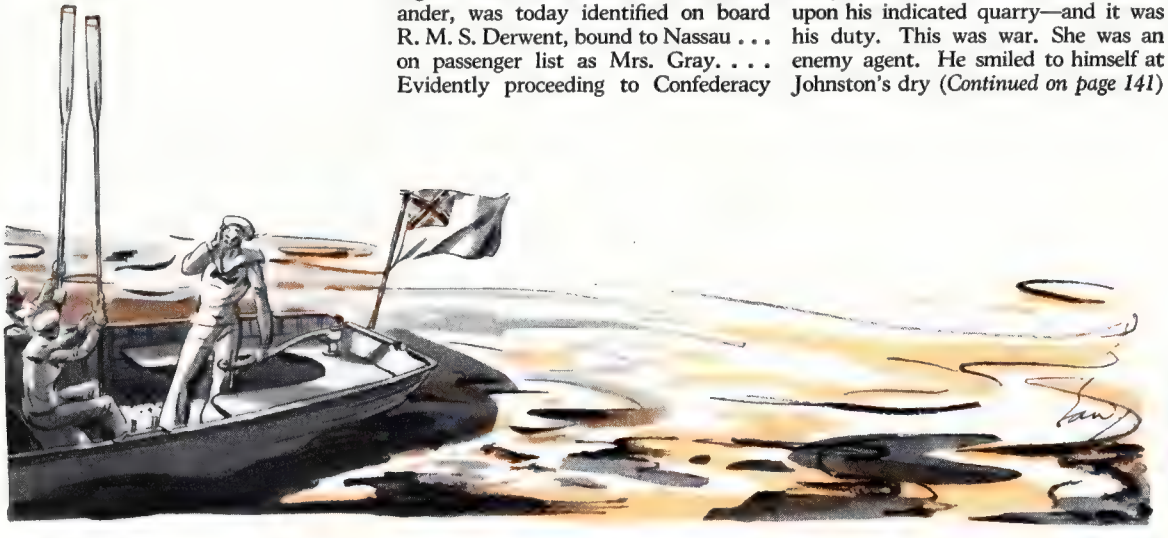
"Mr. Bennett, sah? Purser's compliments, sah."

He gave the man a coin, took the envelope. Within would be instructions and orders forwarded by his superior in Bermuda. There happened to be no one near him on the veranda. He slit the envelope, verified the fact. Yes. Several envelopes. He'd attend to them later. Captain McPhail might have seen the beautiful lady in the hotel, and have something to say about her when he came back. The chance was worth waiting for. As he was replacing the envelopes, he noticed one marked, "Urgent. Open immediately."

He tore it open. It was from Johnston, in Bermuda. What was this? ". . . Mrs. Alison Ayres, notorious Confederate spy, recently reported at Washington under the name of Mrs. Alexander, was today identified on board R. M. S. Derwent, bound to Nassau . . . on passenger list as Mrs. Gray. . . . Evidently proceeding to Confederacy by blockade-runner . . . of extreme importance to intercept her . . . you are specially charged with this mission." . . . Of course, he had heard about Mrs. Alison Ayres. Everyone in his service had heard about her. She rivaled in celebrity the other famous Confederate woman agent, Mrs. Kate Greenhough. He flitted over Johnston's meticulously neat handwriting: ". . . 27; height, 5 feet 10 inches; hair, dark; eyes gray, large; countenance, oval; nose, straight; mouth, curved. Of distinctly handsome appearance. Is a lady and carries herself as such. Possesses great charm of manner. Has several times escaped arrest by exercising it . . ."

Mr. Bennett's head jerked up in that sudden flash of illumination. The lady in the hotel! Of course! His thoughts raced. Lafitte, of Fraser Trenholm, would naturally look after her. Their R. E. Lee had sailed yesterday. They had no other good ship available. So Lafitte had sent for Lazarus, agent for the next best ship, the Antelope, sailing tomorrow. And Lazarus had sent for Captain McPhail. It was as clear as daylight. And he was specially charged with the mission of intercepting her. It was of extreme importance. He could imagine that it was. Heaven knew what secrets she had got hold of in Washington.

LIFE was suddenly vividly interesting. Somehow, he must prevent her from getting to Wilmington. How? How? He wondered why Fraser Trenholm's people had let her run the risk of coming to a hotel—remembered suddenly that Mrs. Lafitte was away—that all the other Fraser Trenholm houses were overcrowded bachelor establishments. No. Nassau was British territory—Washington didn't want another Mason and Slidell affair. Nothing could be done here. He was surprised, himself, at the nature of his thoughts. He was not thinking of the woman. He was, in every fiber, merely the hunter intent upon his indicated quarry—and it was his duty. This was war. She was an enemy agent. He smiled to himself at Johnston's dry (*Continued on page 141*)



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The Secretary of Labor Takes the Stand

New Roads to Security

Question. You are Secretary of Labor in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Miss Perkins?

Answer. I am.

Q. And you are also in general charge of the President's announced objective, security for the men, women, and children of the United States?

A. That's an exaggeration. Many people besides myself are working on that problem. I am Chairman of the Committee on Economic Security.

Q. What is the goal of that committee?

A. We seek measures which will safeguard the average American against such misfortunes as unemployment, old-age destitution, sickness, and accident.

Q. I notice that you mention unemployment at the head of the list. Is this

the most serious problem, do you think?

A. There can be no economic security while millions are out of work. We may as well face the fact. The Administration has not only done so; it has actually increased employment through its various recovery methods. But the problem of unemployment has not been solved and it remains the most serious of all causes of insecurity.

Q. How widespread is this insecurity? Is it true that 90 per cent of the American people suffer from it?

A. The percentage depends upon the degree of insecurity which is included. Certainly the depression has borne heavily upon every section of our society.

Q. But this was once a fairly happy and self-confident nation; what has happened to cause this?

A. As I see it, the rapid succession of inventions, increasing urbanization, ever-growing dependence upon industry, and commercialization of agriculture have operated toward this insecurity among 90 per cent of our people.

Q. What, in a word, can we do about it?

A. Let me put it in three phrases—stimulation of private industry, a public works program, and unemployment insurance.

Q. You are referring, of course, only to the problem of unemployment when you offer these remedies?

A. Oh, yes. Old age, sickness, and accident insurance are for related problems.

Q. You believe, then, that job insurance is a major step toward ending economic insecurity?

A. I do, always remembering that it, alone, is not sufficient.

Q. How many people now gainfully employed would benefit through job insurance?

A. About 20,000,000—nearly all of the industrial workers—would benefit by a plan which was nationwide in its coverage.

Q. Suppose we had inaugurated such a system in 1924. Would the country now be better off? Why?

A. I can answer that by citing a recent study which has been made. According to this, a reserve fund of $4,000,000,000 might have been built up when the 1929 slump started. It would have required a job insurance system starting in 1923. Contribution would have been at the rate of 4 per cent of wages. There would have been a four-week waiting period and then half-wages would have been paid.

Q. Would this have halted the depression?

A. Who can say? But $4,000,000,000 paid to workmen would certainly have delayed it and mitigated its effect.

Q. How heavy a burden would job insurance be on the taxpayer?

A. It would be negligible. The only possible cost would be government supervision of the system. The funds would come wholly from contributions by employers, by employees, or both. That's the difference between it and the relief payments under which we now groan. Keep this in mind: Job insurance payments would be made, as a substitute for wages, out of savings set aside in periods of prosperity.

Q. And now we would have no relief payments had we started this plan some years back?

A. I didn't say that. We would certainly have had some payments to make in this depression. But a vast number of people would not have gone on the relief rolls at all. England has had such insurance. Now her relief bill is less than half of ours, relative to population.

Q. Should the system be national in scope?

A. I think it should be nationwide in operation. But there is no need for absolute uniformity. Experiments with different provisions are much to be desired.

Q. Why isn't it a job for the states? What objection is there to separate programs wholly controlled by the states?

A. That's an old question. My answer is that we must protect employers in progressive states against competition from those in states which refuse to enact job insurance laws.

Q. Many people insist, however, that a federal job insurance law cannot stand the test of constitutionality. What do you believe?

A. Naturally, I think it can. The best legal advice we can get is that a coöperative federal-state insurance system would be upheld.

Q. What do you mean by a "coöperative federate-state system;" is that what the Wagner-Lewis bill provides?

A. Essentially. The general principle of the Wagner-Lewis bill was correct. It imposed a federal excise tax on the payrolls of all employers with a certain number of workers. To put it in very simple terms, this tax is remitted to the extent that employers make contributions to job insurance funds created by the laws of the various states. Each system would have to meet certain federal standards, of course.

Q. What, in general, is the attitude of industrialists and financiers to job insurance?

A. On the whole, their attitude is excellent. Leading industrialists have coöperated in drafting the program. Of course, some business men, unquestionably in the minority, attack unemployment insurance on the theory that it contravenes "good old American individualism." It does nothing of the sort.

Q. Is it true that job insurance benefits will be limited to low incomes?

A. Most of the proposed systems are for people who earn $50 a week or less. These represent 90 per cent of all employees, however.

Q. Why isn't the man getting $15,000 a year just as much entitled to his share of protection during a long depression?

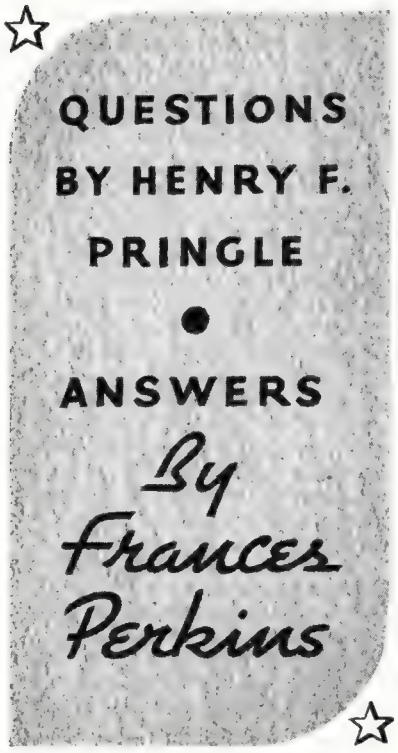
A. A man who earns that much should be in a position to take care of himself and his family during a depression. Besides, most persons earning that much are either self-employed or executives.

Q. It seems to me that job insurance is mainly for the factory worker; should not so-called "brain workers' also be protected against the day when younger and quicker minds take their jobs?

A. Brain workers are also protected to the extent that they fall within the defined income group

Q. Would the benefits of job insurance apply to workers fired for incompetence?

A. Payments would not be made to anyone who voluntarily leaves his post or is discharged for cause. But discharge for cause would be so defined that the worker would be protected against the mere whim of a foreman or other



official. That is, he could not be let out on a trumped-up accusation.

Q. How about men who strike?

A. Payments would not be made to workmen on strike. On the other hand, they would not lose their benefit rights because they declined to become strike-breakers. Let me illustrate: A man is out of a job. A strike is in progress at some other factory and he is offered a job there. He could accept if he liked. But if he refused, his benefit payments would go on anyway.

Q. How can a job insurance system be protected from men who prefer to remain idle even when work is available?

A. Our national network of employment offices will supply jobs to the idle and separate the unwilling from the willing. That won't be as difficult as you might think. Willingness to work will be tested by the offer of a suitable job. The habitually idle could not get benefits. They must have been working for an extended period to be eligible.

Q. Under your ideal system would a man be forced to enter some trade for which he was untrained or which was distasteful to him?

A. No. The unemployment offices would make every effort to place men in jobs where their particular abilities could best be used.

Q. What proportion of the cost of job insurance will the employer contribute? The employee?

A. My personal view has always been that the workers should not be required to contribute to the basic payments. They might elect certain additional benefits and pay for them. Under the plan we advocate, the question of employee contributions would be decided by the states.

Q. Why should the employer contribute at all? Isn't the benefit solely to the worker?

A. That's a narrow view and an inaccurate one. Unemployment is a risk of industry. The employers get the profits; they should also bear the risks. Besides, an employer is careful to see that his plant and machinery do not deteriorate during a slump, even though the plant is idle. He must do as much for the workers who are involuntarily idle as a result of causes beyond their control.

Q. How is it that the English system is again showing a surplus?

A. For one thing, it has been in operation since 1911. In 1924 they started to confuse relief and job insurance, and the fund was depleted. But in 1931 insurance was divorced from relief. Since then the fund has been self-sustaining, and last year it actually paid back a part of the loans advanced by the British Treasury.

Q. What form of government agency would supervise the ideal insurance plan?

A. The most essential institution in job insurance is the employment office. If that is inefficient or corrupt the whole plan breaks down. No system can possibly work unless there is an efficient, nationwide employment service.

Q. How will you eliminate politics? How will you devise a scheme so that the worker who knows a district leader will not be favored at the expense of his fellows without influence?

A. The members of the United States employment service are now being chosen on the basis of merit. The merit system is the best way to eliminate politics.

Q. How can any system take care of migratory workers under unemployment insurance?

A. It is difficult to take care of migratory workers. This can be done, to some degree, through an interstate transfer fund, administered by the federal government, to which a part of the federal tax for unemployment insurance purposes might be allotted.

Q. How can job insurance provide for such seasonal workers as those in the garment trade?

A. There is no difficulty in providing for seasonal workers. I presume you mean how can adequate funds be accumulated to take care of the benefits that would be payable. The proper kind of unemployment insurance system will have a tendency to reduce seasonal unemployment. The seasonal unemployment remaining will be compensated within certain limits.

Q. Won't job insurance "pauperize" a large number of our citizens?

A. I most emphatically think not. It will be a vast improvement, economically and morally, over the present relief system. Yet no one can fairly say that even relief has pauperized the American people to a degree approaching that which would have existed if there had been no relief.

Q. Wasn't the British insurance plan actually a government dole?

A. Part of the time it was—during the period from 1924 to 1931, when relief and job insurance became confused.

Q. How will this be avoided under your plan for job insurance?

A. That's its very purpose. True job insurance is no more a dole than any other insurance. Suppose, as a private individual, you have contributed to an endowment life insurance policy for twenty years: Will you consider yourself living on a dole when you retire and enjoy the benefits of that policy?

Q. How many workers in the United States are now covered by job insurance plans: private, coöperative, or through trade unions?

A. A very small fraction of the total. There are in all about sixty such systems and they cover about 150,000 workers. This is according to figures compiled in 1931.

Q. I understand, of course, that job insurance is but part of the program for economic security. Can it be made effective unless, at the same time, old-age pensions are established?

A. Yes, we could have unemployment insurance without old-age pensions. But it would be less effective than under the more comprehensive system with benefits for both classes.

Q. At what age should old-age pensions take effect?

A. Most advocates favor sixty-five as the age for retirement.

Q. Do you favor a maximum age at which workers would be required to retire, thereby opening their jobs to younger people?

A. I think that would be exceedingly unwise. Many a man over sixty-five is vitally needed in the operation of a factory.

Q. Are you willing, Miss Perkins, to give your reaction to the so-called Townsend plan, being agitated in California, whereby old people would receive $200 a month on condition that they spend it promptly?

A. It's not possible to ignore a proposal arousing hopes which cannot possibly be fulfilled. The Townsend plan is economically and socially unsound. Under it there would be distributed $2,000,000,000 per month in pensions. Why, the entire national income in 1933 was less than $40,000,000,000, and this pension scheme, alone, would be, annually, $24,000,000,000! It would give to 9 per cent of our population, the people over sixty, more than half the entire income of the country. The supporters of the Townsend plan are utterly reckless in their use of figures.

Q. What is an adequate old-age pension which is economically possible?

A. It is hard to answer this for the entire country. An adequate pension for one section is not large enough in another. Average relief costs vary from $6 to $7 per month per family in some states to $45 per month in urban and industrial communities. I'll say this: The old-age standards should be higher than the relief standards.

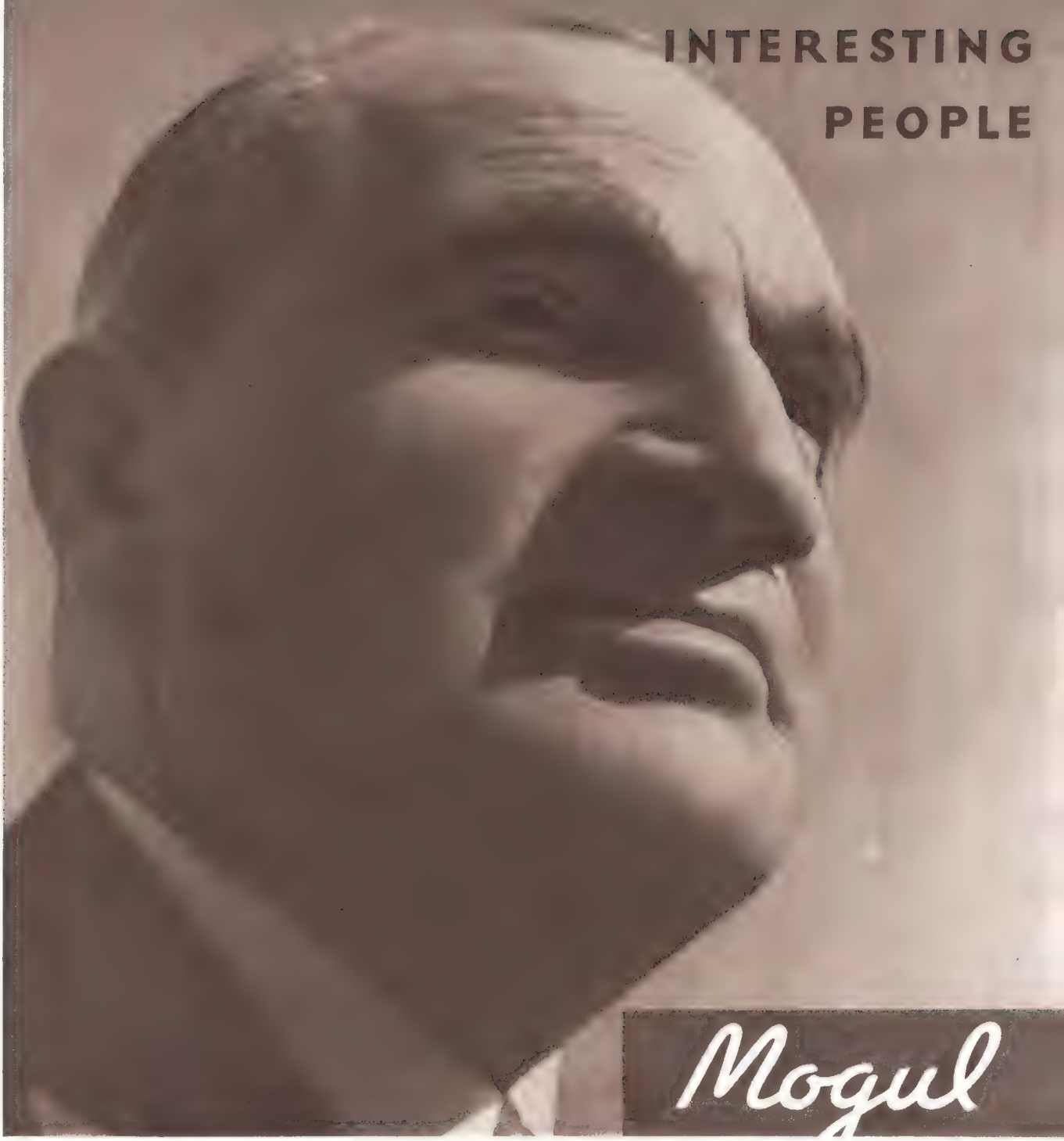
Q. Will such pensions be much more expensive than old-age homes?

A. On the contrary, they will cost much less. The human saving, in self-respect, will be beyond estimation. But there will be large savings in cold cash as well. One student of the problem has estimated that out of every $100 which has gone to keep up the nation's almshouses, $60 is spent for overhead. That enormous overhead will be almost entirely eliminated under a pension plan.

Q. Now I'm through, Miss Perkins. What is your answer when the charge is made that your whole program is "socialistic" and therefore bad?

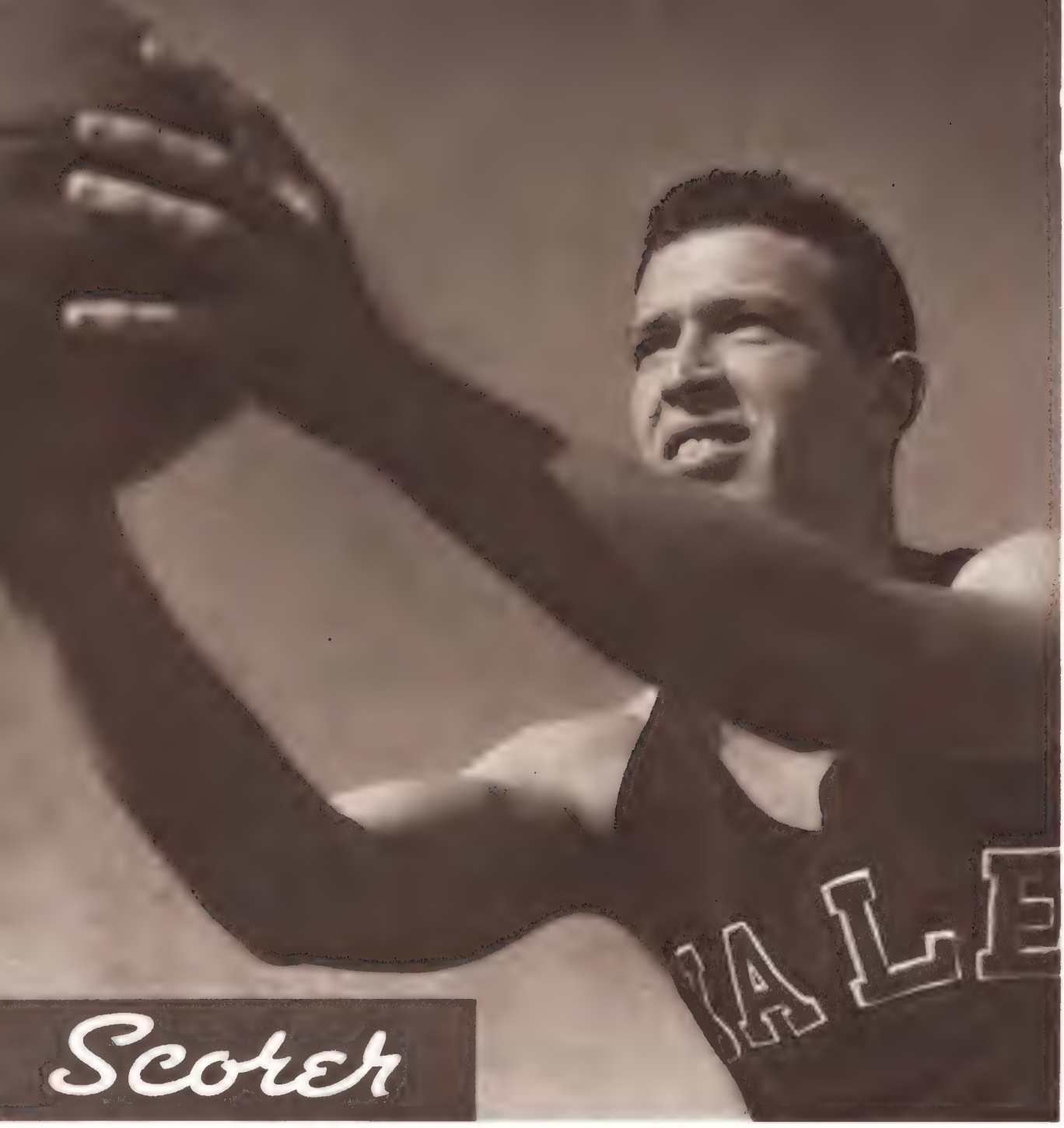
A. I'll reply to that with another question. Is social security—a decent, orderly, self-sufficient life for the people of this country—socialistic?

INTERESTING PEOPLE



Photograph by Maxwell Frederic Coplan for The American Magazine

JOHN JEREMIAH (trackhand-to-president) PELLEY, as head of the newly formed Association of American Railroads, holds the biggest job—the most significant—in the history of U. S. railroading. He's the super-director of all the great systems. It is up to him to drum up business, keep peace among the roads, keep the track clear for the new speed era. Always a railroad man's man, he knows everything from tamping ties to changing the flow of commerce. Born in Anna, Ill., 1878. Captained the high school football team. Began his rocketing railroad career as a baggage buster at the little Anna station. Up through most divisions of two railroads went Pelley, landing on top as president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. Married. Lives in New Haven when not in Washington. Likes parties, bridge, dances well, but never smokes or drinks. Plays a good game of golf—won 2 railroad tournaments. Once bet 499 dinners with his employees that they couldn't better a safety record. He paid up.



Photograph by Maxwell Frederic Coplan for The American Magazine

THIS long-armed youth is basketball-flipping his way into fame. Out of all of last year's great basketballers playing this year, Egbert (Eggie) Miles, Jr., Yale's dashing captain, stands out as the game's most consistently brilliant performer. Chosen by a jury of coaches for the All Eastern Intercollegiate League five. As a guard, he turned in the league's highest score. His deadly spot-shots to the forwards, his clean defensive work, his almost unerring accuracy give the Elis (where the first college basketball team was formed in 1893) a real triple-threat player. When the spring winds dry the courts he'll slip on white flannel trousers and swat a tennis ball as Yale's new captain. Broke all records in a national intercollegiate match by playing in the longest set—2 hours, 57 minutes. Score: 28 to 26 games. He lost. Born in New Haven 22 years ago, 190 pounds, 6 feet tall. Lives with his parents in New Haven; frequently walks to school in the morning with his father, who is Professor of Mathematics.

Photograph by Avery Slack for The American Magazine

THE few remaining crowned heads of Europe have bowed in awe at her digital dexterity. Virginia Morgan, 23, is the youngest recognized American harpist. Premier Benito Mussolini, scowling Italian music lover, shouted out loud that she was the best harp player he had ever heard. With her two sisters, forming the Morgan Trio, she opened the series of winter musicales at the White House for the Roosevelts. On her recent U. S. coast-to-coast tour she christened the harp which has traveled all over the world with her. Name is Michael. Together they are appearing for her third concert this month in New York. Born in Providence, R. I. On the night of her fourth birthday she crept down the dark stairs of the Morgan house, felt her way into her father's forbidden music-room, flicked her fingers across the strings of his pet harp. Was caught. Punishment: One new, small-sized instrument to learn on. Fences, collects harp-shaped jewelry, Siamese cats. Three of them travel with her on the road.

Photograph by Wynn Richards for The American Magazine

HER hobby has turned into a prancing steed. Mrs. Floyd Bostwick Odlum is the first woman to head a large retail store on New York's famed smart shopping mart—Fifth Avenue. Began work 2 years ago—for the fun of it. Her innovations brought in the customers, upped the business, put her behind the president's desk. Got the job through her husband, investment-trust head, who, when he discovered he owned a big women's apparel shop, didn't know what to do about it. She did. Rummaged around, modernized, persuaded a grand duchess to direct a photographic studio, put in a tray service for purchasers who are hungry—all Odlum oddities. Born in St. George, Utah, 1892. Lives now in Forest Hills, L. I. Two sons: one at school near home, the other at Dartmouth College. Occasionally the whole family goes to the thousand-acre Odlum farm in England; more frequently they go back to their Utah mountains to fish, hike, loaf. One of the best-dressed women in the country—one of the busiest.

Photograph by Will Connell for The American Magazine

EVER see Popeye, the sailor? Popeye, the spinach-eater? Here's his father—E. C. Segar (with the big cigar). The creator of the comic-strip and animated whisky-voiced hero has been in turn a paper hanger, house painter, trap-drummer, window dresser, and motion picture operator. When he heard that cartoonists made big money he took a correspondence course. Worked at a tempestuous pace for 18 months. Got his diploma, went to Chicago. Got a job. Discovered Popeye when he saw a sailor eating spinach. Now Segar's sailorman with the swinging stride is a loud laugh in any moving picture playhouse. Segar was born in Chester, Ill., in 1894. Has a big house in Santa Monica, Calif., a boat, some fishing tackle, a wife, two sons. In his studio near the sea he works regular hours, is never late with his Popeye pictures. Has made thousands of feet of film—thousands of Popeye socks-in-the-jaw. Also swims, sails, works his garden. Is considered the local radish expert. But he hates spinach.

Photograph by George P. Higgins for The American Magazine

IN the boiling, swirling center of activity in the U. S. Capital, in a square, bare room in the big Commerce Building, sits Samuel Clay Williams, chairman of the multi-headed monster, National Industrial Recovery Board. Ever since he moved into General Johnson's old office, this smooth dynamo has been silently charging the battery of boards on which he serves. A business man (formerly president of one of the big four tobacco companies) he's fished NRA out of the goldfish bowl, put it behind office walls. His biggest job is getting people back to jobs. A large, comfortable, calm man. But in action he's lightning. Slams on a slouch hat, waves good-by with a big hand, in three great strides he's on his way to tussle with his economic advisers, to whirl into shape a labor policy problem. Born (1884) in the hamlet of Mooresville, N. C. A footballer at Davidson College in North Carolina. Went into tobacco by way of the law. On a vast farm in his native state he breeds prize sheep, thoroughbred cattle.

Photograph by Rudolph H. Hoffmann for The American Magazine

THIS thoughtful young lady is seriously contemplating just what it feels like to be photographed for the first time. Startled by all the fuss, Sandra Jean Burns, adopted daughter of the irrepressible pair of radio foolish funsters, Burns and Allen, is ready to duck behind Gracie's protecting shoulder. Nicknamed Sandy, because the woman who made nitwittedness a fine art (and profitable) thinks it's cute. 5 months, 16 lbs., blue-eyed, reddish-brown hair, Sandy's got the Burns household buffaloed. Whatever she wants, she gets; the bottle, a rattle, or her boxing gloves. Gloves are Pappy Burns's idea of the best non-finger-sucking device. Until she was 12 weeks old, Sandy lived in New York. Gone Hollywood now. Original, she refuses to express herself on what she's doing in the movie capital, Katherine Hepburn, the California climate. Likes to have Gracie brush her hair, sing her to sleep. A good sport, she gazes with amusement at the crowd of cooing admirers around her crib.

Photograph by George W. Vassar for The American Magazine

THIS man believes in getting his plot on the spot. That's why David Garth, author, bell-hopped in Bermuda, hotel-clerked in Havana, pursered on a South American liner, poked his nose into a revolution. At 26 he's been in most of the queer corners of the world, published books, many short stories (his first appeared in this magazine). Is always there when something happens. Jots down notes in a little green book. In a South American revolution, he whipped it out, put into words the sound bullets make against a stone wall. It's something like *s-s-p-h-a-t-t*. In the picture he's polishing off the final version of his first serial, *Never Mind the Lady*, which begins on page 8. A St. Louisan. At Williams College in Massachusetts, juggled jokes as managing editor of *The Purple Cow* (college scream-sheet). Played lacrosse; swam the 440 for the varsity. As you read the second installment of his serial, the author'll be on his way to Copenhagen, Oslo, Moscow, points north, east, with a new notebook.

Roosevelt — Master of His Fate

By Walter Lippmann

ABOUT three quarters of the members of the House in the new Congress belong to the President's party. Of the remaining one quarter who compose the nominal opposition a very considerable number are insurgent Republicans who are on the whole more sympathetic to Mr. Roosevelt than they are to the official organization of their own party. It is doubtful whether the so-called Old Guard Republicans feel certain that fifteen per cent of the House of Representatives will stand in steadfast opposition.

A political majority of this size is almost unknown in countries where elections are free. Mussolini, to be sure, holds an occasional election and obtains practically all the votes; Hitler, a few months ago, held a poll in which the opposition mustered only ten per cent of the electorate. But these are not elections as we understand them. For in Italy and in Germany it is a criminal offense to be an opposition candidate; it is a prison offense, occasionally a capital offense, to make a speech or write an article or even whisper that the ruling party is less than perfect. For any man to vote "No" means he must risk his life, more likely his job, almost certainly his standing in the community. An overwhelming vote under these conditions is a grim joke, and no one honestly believes that it is a true measure of public sentiment.

In free countries it is safe to assume that no party will normally pull more than sixty per cent of the vote. A greater proportion than that is rare. When it appears, it is a sign that the result is temporary and exceptional. Almost always it signifies the collapse of the opposition rather than the positive strength of the victors. Something of this sort occurred in Britain in 1931, when the National Government rode into power over the divided and distracted Liberals and Labor men. Something of the same sort happened here in 1912 when Woodrow Wilson carried all but eight states, owing to the division in the Republican party. These great landslides in which the victors win seventy or eighty per cent of the contests never mean that the people are seventy or eighty per cent unanimous for the victors. They mean that perhaps fifty per cent are really for the victors and that from twenty to thirty per cent are uninterested in the vanquished.

UNDER these circumstances a victorious leader like Mr. Roosevelt is compelled to ask himself what kind of mandate the people have given him. What have the people asked him to do? What have they authorized him to do? It is easy for a public man to misunderstand so great a success and by misunderstanding it to destroy himself. Now, we may rest assured that Mr. Roosevelt will not fall into the easy error of supposing that the people have endorsed each and every one of his policies. There are civilized countries where the men in power have come to think that because they are temporarily omnipotent they are congenitally omniscient. To these delusions of grandeur Mr. Roosevelt is not subject.

In a free and sane country, after such a victory the real danger for a public man is much subtler, much less obviously foolish. It is the danger of thinking, first, that his supreme object must be to hold together his huge majority and, second, that the way to hold it together is to give to all of its constituent factions as many as possible of the things they want. This notion, partly conscious but mostly unconscious, ruined the Hoover Administration within six months of the inauguration in 1929 and dissipated in almost no time at all the overwhelming Republican majority.

It was Mr. Hoover's attempt to cater to every conceivable interest during the framing of the Hawley-Smoot tariff which destroyed his leadership in Congress and his hold upon public opinion. Mr. Hoover did not use his authority to promote a farm and tariff policy which be believed would in the long run work well and be approved by the people. In a vain attempt to make the various blocs loyal to his leadership, he consented to policies which pleased particular blocs at the moment. He did not realize that the popular judgment in 1930 and in 1932 would be based, not on gratitude for alleged favors in 1929, but upon approval or disapproval of the actual results; that a public man will not obtain the confidence of the people merely by being amiable enough to let them seize the steering wheel and run the car into a ditch. If he is a statesman, he must take them to the place where they will want to be when they get there, instead of letting them take him and themselves to places where they do not really want to go.

In these critical times, given the position in which the President now finds himself, it is of paramount importance that he should use his political power in all major questions with a view to the consequences two, three, and four years hence. There is no point in trying to please as many people as possible at this session of Congress. That a political leader must and ought to make concessions and compromises on minor points goes (*Continued on page 105*)

The House of

By Ellery Queen

"AND this," proclaimed Monsieur Dieudonné Duval with a deprecatory twirl of his mustache, "is of an ingenuity incomparable, my friend. It is not I that should say so, perhaps. But examine it. Is it not the—how do you say?—the pip?"

Mr. Ellery Queen wiped his neck and sat down on a bench facing the little street of amusements.

"It is indeed," he sighed, "the pip, my dear Duval. I quite share your creative enthusiasm . . . Djuna, for the love of mercy, sit still!"

The afternoon sun was tropical and his whites had long since begun to cling.

"Let's go on it," suggested Djuna hopefully.

"Let's not, and say we did," groaned Mr. Queen, stretching his weary legs.

He had promised Djuna this lark all summer, but he had failed to reckon with the inexorable Law of Diminishing Returns. Under the solicitous wing of Monsieur Duval, that tireless demon of the scenic-designing art (and one of the variegated hundreds of his amazing acquaintance), he had already partaken of the hectic allurements of Joyland Amusement Park for two limb-crushing hours, and they had taken severe toll of his energy. Djuna, of course, what with excitement, sheer pleasure, and indefatigable youth, was a law unto himself; he was still as fresh as the breeze blowing in from the sea.

"You will find it of the most amusing," said Monsieur Duval eagerly, showing his white teeth. "It is my *chef-d'œuvre* in Joyland." Joyland was something new to the county, a model amusement park meticulously landscaped and offering a variety of ingenious entertainments and mechanical *divertissements*—planned chiefly by Duval and not to be duplicated anywhere along the Atlantic. "A house of darkness . . . that, my friend, was an inspiration!"

"I think it's swell," said Djuna craftily, glancing at Ellery.

"A mild word, Djun'," said Mr. Queen, wiping his neck again.

The House of Darkness which lay across the thoroughfare did not look too diverting to a gentleman of catholic tastes. It was a composite of all the haunted houses of fact and fiction. A diabolic imagination had planned its crazy walls and tumble-down roofs. It wound and leaned and stuck out fantastically and had broken false windows and doors and decrepit balconies. Nothing was normal or decent. Constructed in a huge rectangle, its three wings overlooked a court which had been fashioned into a nightmarish little street with broken cobbles and tired lamp-posts; and its fourth side was occupied by the ticket booth and a railing. The street in the open court was atmosphere only; the real dirty work, thought Ellery disconsolately, went on behind those grim and insane walls.

"*Eh, bien,*" said Monsieur Duval, rising, "if it is permitted that I excuse myself? For a moment only. I shall return. Then we shall visit . . . *pardon.*"

He bowed his trim little figure away and went quickly toward the booth, near which a young man in park uniform was haranguing a small group.

MR. QUEEN sighed and closed his eyes. The park was never crowded; but on a hot summer's afternoon it was almost deserted, visitors preferring the adjoining bathhouses and beach. The camouflaged loud-speakers concealed all over the park played dance music to almost empty aisles and walks.

"That's funny," remarked Djuna, crunching powerfully upon a pink, conic section of popcorn.

"Eh?" Ellery opened a bleary eye.

"I wonder where he's going. 'N awful hurry."

"Who?" Ellery opened the other eye

and followed the direction of Djuna's absent nod.

A man with a massive body and thick gray hair was striding purposefully along up the walk. He wore a slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, and dark clothes, and his heavy face was raw with perspiration. There was something savagely decisive in his bearing.

"OUCH," murmured Ellery with a wince. "I sometimes wonder where people get the energy."

"Funny, all right," mumbled Djuna, munching.

"Most certainly is," said Ellery sleepily, closing his eyes again. "You've put your finger on a nice point, my lad. Never occurred to me before, but it's true that there's something unnatural in a man's hurrying in an amusement park of a hot afternoon. Chap might be the White Rabbit, eh, Djuna? Running about so. But the genus Joylander is, like all such orders, a family of inveterate strollers. Well, well! A distressing problem." He yawned.

"He must be crazy," said Djuna.

"No, no, my son; that's the conclusion of a sloppy thinker. The proper deduction begins with the observation that Mr. Rabbit hasn't come to Joyland to dabble in the delights of Joyland *per se*, if you follow me. Joyland is, then, merely a means to an end. In a sense, Mr. Rabbit—note the cut of his wrinkled clothes, Djuna; he's a distinguished bunny—is oblivious of Joyland. It doesn't exist for him. He barges past *Dante's Inferno* and the perilous *Dragon-Fly* and the popcorn and frozen custard as if he is blind or they're invisible. . . . The diagnosis? A date, I should say, with a lady. And the gentleman is late. *Quod erat demonstrandum*. . . . Now, for heaven's sake, Djuna, eat your petrified shoddy and leave me in peace."

"It's all gone," said Djuna wistfully, looking at the empty bag.

"I am here!" cried a gay Gallic voice, and Ellery suppressed another groan at the vision of Monsieur Duval bouncing toward them. "Shall we go, my friends? I promise you entertainment of the most divine . . . *Ouf!*"

Monsieur Duval expelled his breath violently and staggered backward. Ellery sat up in alarm. But it was only the massive man with the slouch hat, who had collided with the dapper little Frenchman, almost upsetting him. He muttered something meant to be conciliatory, and hurried on.

"*Cochon*," said Monsieur Duval softly, his black eyes glittering. Then he shrugged his slim shoulders and looked after the man.

"Apparently," said Ellery dryly, "our White Rabbit can't resist the lure of your *chef-d'œuvre*, Duval. I believe he's stopped to listen to the blandishments of your barker!"

"White Rabbit?" echoed the Frenchman, puzzled. "But yes, he is a customer. *Voilà!* One does not fight with such, *hein?* Come, my friends."

THE massive man had halted abruptly in his tracks and pushed into the thick of the group listening to the attendant. Ellery sighed, and rose, and they strolled across the walk.

The young man was saying confidentially: "Ladies and gentlemen, you haven't visited Joyland if you haven't visited *The House of Darkness*. There's never been a thrill like it! It's new, different. Nothing like it in any amusement park in the *world!* It's grim. It's shivery. It's terrifying . . ."

A tall young woman in front of them laughed and said to the old gentleman leaning on her arm, "Oh, Daddy, let's try it! It's sure to be loads of fun."

Ellery saw the white head under its leghorn nod with something like amusement, and the young woman edged forward through the crowd, eagerly. The old man did not release her arm. There was a curious stiffness in his carriage, a slow shuffle in his walk, that puzzled Ellery.

The young woman purchased two tickets at the booth and led the old man along a fenced lane inside.

"*The House of Darkness*," the young orator was declaiming in a dramatic whisper, "is . . . just . . . that. There's not a light you can see by in the whole place! You have to feel your way, and if you aren't *feeling* well . . . *ha, ha!* Pitch-dark. Ab-so-lutely black . . . I see the gentleman in the brown suit is a little frightened. Don't be afraid. We've taken care of even the faintest-hearted—"

"Ain't no sech thing," boomed an indignant bass voice from somewhere in the van of the crowd.

There was a mild titter. The faint-heart addressed by the attendant was a powerful young Negro, attired immaculately in symphonic brown, his straw skimmer dazzling against the sooty carbon of his skin. A pretty colored girl giggled on his arm.

"C'mon, honey, we'll show 'em! Heah—two o' them theah tickets, mistuh!"

The pair beamed as they hurried after

Darkness

Unlike the others, James Oliver Adams was antagonistic, almost sneering, in his attitude

the tall young woman and her father.

"You could wander around in the dark inside," cried the young man enthusiastically, "for hours, looking for the way out. But if you can't stand the suspense there's a little green arrow every so often along the way that points to an invisible door, and you just go through that door, and you'll find yourself in a dark passage that runs *all* around the house in the back and leads to the—uh—ghostly cellar, the assembly-room, downstairs there. Only *don't* go out any of those green-arrow doors unless you want to stay out, because they open only one way—into the hall, *ha, ha!* You can't get back into *The House of Darkness* proper again, you see. But nobody uses that easy way out. Everybody follows the little red arrows . . ."

A man with a full, rather untidy black beard, shabby, broad-brimmed hat, a soft, limp tie, and carrying a flat case which looked like an artist's box, purchased a ticket and hastened down the lane. His cheekbones were flushed with self-consciousness as he ran the gantlet of curious eyes.

"Now what," demanded Ellery, "is the idea of *that*, Duval?"

"The arrows?" Monsieur Duval smiled apologetically. "A concession to the old, the infirm, and the apprehensive. It is really of the most bloodcurdling—my masterpiece, Mr. Queen. So—" He shrugged. "I have planned a passage to permit of exit at any time. Without it one could, as the admirable young man so truly says, wander about for hours. The little green and red arrows are nonluminous; they do not disturb the blackness."

The young man asserted: "But if you follow the red arrows you are bound to come out. Some of them go the right way, others don't. But eventually . . . after exciting adventures on the way. . . . Now, ladies and gentlemen, for the price of—"

"Come *on*," panted Djuna, overwhelmed by this salesmanship. "Boy, I bet that's *fun*."

"I bet," said Ellery gloomily as the crowd began to shuffle and mill about.

Monsieur Duval smiled with delight and with a gallant bow presented two tickets.

"I shall await you, my friends, here," he announced. "I am most curious to hear of your reactions to my little *maison des ténèbres*. Go," he chuckled, "with God."

AS ELLERY grunted, Djuna led the way in prancing haste down the fenced lane to a door set at an insane angle. An attendant took the tickets and pointed a solemn thumb over his shoulder. The light of day struggled down a flight of tumble-down steps.

"Into the crypt, eh?" muttered Ellery. "Ah, the young man's 'ghostly

cellar.' Dieudonné, I could cheerfully strangle you!"

They found themselves in a long, narrow, cellarlike chamber dimly illuminated by bulbs festooned with spider webs. It had a dusty appearance and sagging walls, and it was presided over by a courteous skeleton who took Ellery's panama, gave him a brass disk, and deposited the hat in one of the sections of a long wooden rack. Most of the racks were empty, although Ellery noticed the artist's box in one of the sections and the white-haired old man's leghorn in another. The rite was somehow ominous, and Djuna shivered with ecstatic anticipation. An iron grating divided the cellar in two, and Ellery reasoned that visitors to the place emerged after their adventures into the division beyond the grating, redeemed their checked belongings through the window in the grate, and climbed to blessed daylight through another stairway in the right-hand wing.

"Come *on*," said Djuna again, impatiently. "Gosh, you're slow. Here's the way in." And he ran toward a crazy door on the left which announced ENTRANCE. Suddenly he halted and waited for Ellery, who was ambling reluctantly along. "I saw him," he whispered.

"Eh? Whom?"

"*Him*. The Rabbit!"

Ellery started. "Where?"

"He just went inside there." Djuna's passionate gamin-eyes narrowed. "Think he's got his date in *here?*"

"Pesky queer place to have one, I'll confess," murmured Ellery, eying the crazy door with misgivings. "And yet logic . . . Now, Djuna, it's no concern of ours. Let's take our punishment like men and get the devil out of here. I'll go first."

"I wanna go first!"

"Over my dead body. I promised Dad Queen I'd bring you back—er—alive. Hold on to my coat—tightly; now! Here we go."

WHAT followed is history. The Queen clan, as Inspector Richard Queen had often pointed out, was made of the stuff of heroes. And yet, while Ellery was of the unpolluted and authentic blood, it was not long before he was feeling his way with quivering desperation and wishing himself at least a thousand light-years away.

The place was fiendish. From the moment they stepped through the crazy doorway, to fall down a flight of padded stairs and land with a gentle bump on something which squealed hideously and fled from beneath them, they knew the tortures of the damned. There was no conceivable way of orienting themselves; they were in the deepest, thickest, blackest darkness Ellery had ever had the misfortune to encounter. All they could do was grope their way, one shrinking foot at a time, and pray for the best. It was literally impossible to see their hands before their faces.

They collided with walls which retaliated ungratefully with an electric shock. They ran into things which were all rattling bones and squeaks. Once they followed a tiny arrow of red light which had no sheen and found a hole in a wall just large enough to admit a human form if its owner crawled like an animal. They were not quite prepared for what they encountered on the other side: a floor which tipped precariously under their weight and, to Ellery's horror, slid them gently downward toward the other side of the room—if it was a room—and through a gap to a padded floor three feet below.

Then there was the incident of the flight of steps which made you mount rapidly and get nowhere, since the steps were on a treadmill going the other way; the wall which fell on your head; the labyrinth where the passage was just wide enough for a broad man's shoulders and just high enough for a gnome walking erect; the grating which blew blasts of frigid air up your legs; the earthquake room; and such abodes of pleasantry. And, to frazzle already frayed nerves, the air was filled with rumbles, gratings, clankings, whistlings, crashes, and explosions in a symphony of noises which would have done credit to the inmates of Bedlam.

"Some fun, eh, kid?" croaked Ellery feebly, landing on the tail of his spine after an unexpected slide. Then he said some unkind things about Monsieur Dieudonné Duval under his breath. "Where are we now?"

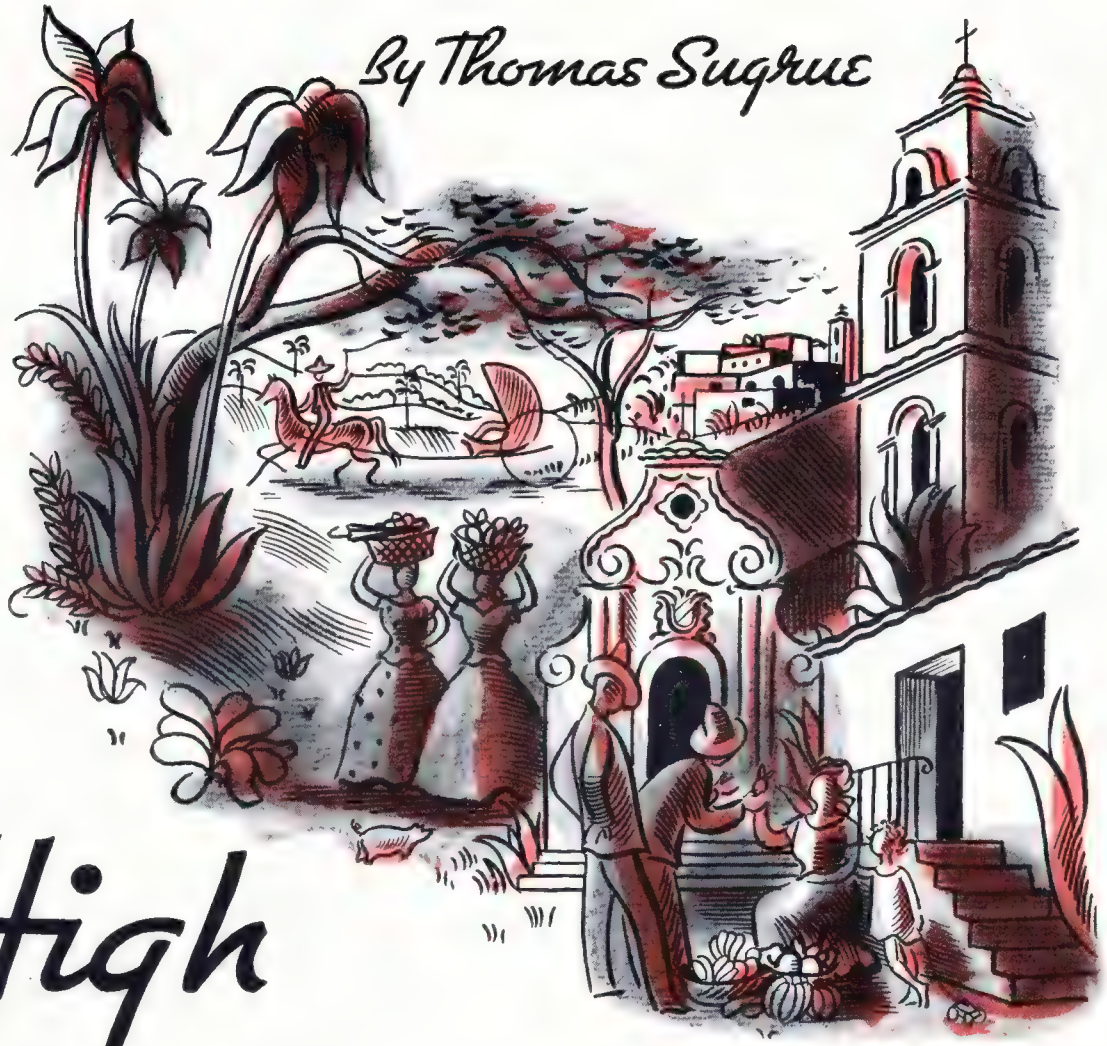
"Boy, this is *dark*," said Djuna with satisfaction, clutching Ellery's arm. "I can't see a thing, can you?"

ELLERY grunted and began to grope. "This looks promising." His knuckles had rapped on a glassy surface. He felt it all over; it was a narrow panel, but taller than he. There were cracks along the sides which suggested that the panel was a door or window. But search as he might he could (*Continued on page 145*)

"Duval!" Ellery Queen shouted. "See that nobody leaves the house. A man has been murdered up here"

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

By Thomas Sugrue



High Sun

Back from Old World wanderings, our roving reporter turns to the West Indies

I CLIMBED aboard a ship for my second leave-taking of America within six months and looked squintingly down the Hudson River toward the Harbor of New York.

Only a short time before, I had sailed up the same harbor, with the same sun shining in my eyes and the same skyline bending against my shoulder, and had glanced toward the same river with a sure feeling that nowhere on earth did there exist a city so great as New York, a country so beautiful as that which I knew lay beyond it. I had returned from England and Africa and Turkey and the countries of Europe with that certain bit of truth clutched in my mind. . . .

Yet now I was not sure. I had not seen all of the earth, and tales of wonder had come to me which I could not, without reasonable inspection, doubt. There was the sea, and Havana, and Mexico City, and Honolulu, and Shanghai, and Bangkok, and Bombay, and Benares, and Capetown, and Buenos Aires, and Rio de Janeiro, and the Amazon, and the Andes, and, for that matter, the moon and the sky and heaven itself.

HAVANA! I was going there. I would know about that, but, knowing, mystery would still remain for me in realms unvisited, on the shores of untraced rivers and the heights of peaks unwon. Even the dark mystery of the Antilles would remain for me, for I knew I could only taste of the enchanted Caribbean at Havana. It was the hub of the West Indies, the center of its tremendous trade in sugar, spices, coffee, rum, tobacco, cocoa, fruits, and cotton. To its shrines of pleasure, thousands of Americans flocked each year in the name of all the Indies.

I could hope only for hints there of the strange and unknowable beauty in the islands round about—the black magic of Haiti, the fabulous springs of Jamaica, the jungles of Puerto Rico, where the tree worshippers dwelt in some ancient, unremembered time, of Dominica, Barbados, and Martinique. Leisurely tourists embarked for those places from Havana, but my quest was not leisurely. Athirst for farther places, I would only taste and go on. . . .

When I went to my cabin there was

an old man sitting on the No. 1 Position bed.

"I don't see what right they have to put two people in a cabin like this," he said, by way of introduction. "It's not big enough. My niece has a cabin down the way and it has two closets and two wash basins. This has only one. They ought not to do things like that."

"Well," I said, "this is a corner cabin with more windows than most of the rooms and lots of ventilation. Maybe that's supposed to make up for the other things."

"They ought not to do it," he said.

"Well, I'll only be here until we reach Havana," I said, "and that's only three days."

He seemed cheered by the fact and went out. The next day he asked if he might borrow one of my books, and the third morning he said to me, "I see you don't use a pillow. I don't like 'em much either."

That was the extent of our conversation during the voyage. Yet I liked him. He was the most unself-conscious person I have ever met.

There were 77 women aboard and 25 men, most of the latter attached to wives. Except for a horse trader, a girl from the Bronx, and myself, everyone was going on a seventeen-day cruise of the Caribbean. The first night we all walked around the deck and looked at one another. The next day the ship rolled a bit and people fell against each other and got acquainted. By late afternoon the swimming pool was full of water and people and the shuffleboard and ping-pong decks were crowded. At dinner the new frocks and linen suits appeared, with funny little squares where the tags had been pulled off, and afterwards there were bridge and dancing. One of the officers began matching up people, and before I could get out of the way I had to dance with a girl from Costa Rica, who told me, with a bright smile, that, "I speak no English."

The next day I bumped against a girl in the pool, and while I was apologizing and getting the water out of my eyes she told me that she worked in City Hall in New York. We climbed out and sat down and talked about her favorite politicians for a while, and she said, "Don't you just love old John H. McCooey?" I was pretty certain that I had attended Mr. McCooey's funeral quite some time ago, but since I have never been quite sure whether I dream the things I do or do the things I dream, I said nothing, and just then two girls from Pittsburgh came along and sat down beside us, and I forgot about Mr. McCooey. One of the girls from Pittsburgh asked me if I knew the anthem of her city, and I said no, and she said, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Then the captain came along to see how we were doing, and said that it was going to be a nice cruise because everyone was so congenial.

We slipped up on Cuba during a rainstorm the next afternoon, and only the flash of the lighthouse on Morro Castle was visible as we (*Continued on page 137*)

Beauty's daughter

By Kathleen Norris

What has happened so far:

"IF YOU want to hold a man like Quentin you ought to—well, flirt with him!" Madga Herendeen said to her daughter, Victoria Hardisty.

Victoria laughed.

"Flirt with my own husband?"

"Something like that. If you weren't crazy about Quentin it wouldn't matter. but you *are* crazy about him, and this making the house nothing but a sanitary factory for spinach and milk and cribs—I tell you, it isn't smart!"

Lately Victoria felt that she agreed with her mother—this still glamorous Madga, who, after two unsuccessful marriages, had run off with Lucius Farmer, a famous mural painter, leaving her daughter to take care of herself as best she might. Her early life with her mother had been an unhappy one for Victoria, leaving her with a rather biased outlook on life. Magda had flitted from one man to another, and Victoria had been an unwilling audience to a continual series of notes, phone calls, flowers, then a gradual decline to boredom—and finally a new fancy. All of the women in Magda's set were doing the same thing and, observing this, Victoria became convinced of one thing—that if she ever married, her home and children would be her main consideration. Never would she make love and romance the prime factor of her life.

By the time Victoria met the eminent surgeon, Quentin Hardisty, widower and father of a sickly child, he had already been told of her views by their mutual friends, Dr. and Mrs. Keats. Consequently, their marriage was based on more or less practical considerations—with one exception: Victoria, despite her resolutions, was secretly and wholeheartedly in love with Hardisty.

For years their household ran smoothly, Victoria tremendously happy in the rôle of mother, Quentin more than proud of his lovely children. Then Magda, a little shabby, a little tawdry, returned from abroad to live with them. After just a few days she warned Vicky to keep Quentin romantically interested in herself. And, try as she would to be sensible and understanding, Vicky was nevertheless beset by many fears when Quentin began to show an undue interest in their new neighbor, the beautiful, ash-blond, white-skinned Serena Morrison, wife of an invalid.

The story continues. . . .

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"I met Mrs. Morrison," Quentin called out. "She tells me that you went to see her today, Vic. I'm glad. She's a lovely woman"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

VICKY made a point of calling upon her neighbors a day or two later, to invite them to dinner. She did it in response to Quentin's suggestion, to be sure, but she did it for her own satisfaction as well. She felt a burning desire to know Serena better, to study her at close range, to assure herself, and reassure herself, over and over again as to Serena's being just an ordinary person—beautiful, to be sure, but nothing more.

Feeling oddly formal in her silk gown, with calling cards in her purse and white gloves carried as a final touch, Vicky sat in the patio of the Morrison house with the injured man and his lovely wife, and talked somewhat stiltedly and constrainedly. She and Dr. Hardisty lived very quietly, she explained; "as indeed a doctor has to do when he is building up his practice, and has six small children!" Vicky ended, with a little laugh.

"Oh, yes, you poor thing!" Serena said so heartily that Spencer Morrison laughed his sinister laugh, and Vicky hated her.

"I DIDN'T know whether coming to dine with us would give Mr. Morrison any pleasure or not," Vicky said later, when she was walking home and Serena had volunteered to accompany her.

"I beg pardon?"

"I was wondering if Mr. Morrison would think it more bother than it was worth."

"Oh, he can walk that far," Serena said vaguely.

"Does he ever use a wheeled chair?"

"Spencer?" Serena widened her eyes.

"I was wondering if he ever used a wheeled chair."

"I don't know. I don't know that he's ever tried one," Serena said vaguely. "Maybe he did at the hospital."

"It must be terribly hard!" Vicky commented, with one oblique glance for the wife who could talk this way of her husband's affliction.

"Oh, it is," Serena agreed. "Because I've always been accustomed to so much excitement—dances and dinners, and going to legation teas. That was one of the things I thought of when I married Spencer—"

VICTORIA did not pursue the subject. They were in the little lane that separated the two properties now, and suddenly she stooped and picked up a small, bright object. And as she did so she felt her heart begin to beat faster and the blood in her face.

"Quentin's cigarette lighter!" she said. "He's been looking for it everywhere."

"Imagine," Serena commented, undisturbed.

"He probably dropped it," Vicky said, suddenly trembling, "when you and he were talking here in the lane last Sunday."

"Oh, probably that's when it was," Serena agreed. "It must be wonderful to be a doctor," she went on, apparently unconscious that anything was wrong. "Silent—strong—with those miraculous hands! I could worship a doctor's hands!"

Victoria did not speak again. Serena accompanied her to her own steps, and then observed that she thought she would walk on down toward the village.

"It's too nice to go indoors—this is the time that Spencer gets so restless, anyway!" she said.

Half an hour later Quentin came upstairs, to find Vicky changing her gown for dinner.

"I met Mrs. Morrison—gosh, she's a lovely creature!" Quentin observed, plunging at once into his ablutions. "She'd started to walk to the village, it was too much for her, and she asked me to telephone for a taxi to pick her up. But instead I ran her downtown—it seems he wanted the mail, I guess he gets his own way pretty well!—and then I took her home. It only took me ten minutes. She tells me"—he looked out of a towel, his hair in wild, wet confusion, to say in satisfaction—"she tells me you went to see her today, Vic. I'm glad. She's a lovely woman, and she'll be great company for you. I mean, you don't see many people, and a woman

like that, who's traveled, and met everyone—it's a sort of privilege—"

Victoria, at her dressing table, continued to brush her hair. Once she looked steadily at Quentin, in the mirror, but he did not see her.

"You like her, don't you?" he said. "And she likes you. She said you were a superior person, and she was a little afraid of you, but she likes you, all right! What'd you two talk about?"

"I find her rather hard to talk to," Victoria observed.

Quentin stared at her in amazement.

"Hard to talk to! Gosh, I can talk to her," he said. "She seems to me to be very simple."

"She's simple enough. It isn't that. She just doesn't seem interested."

"I think you're rather hard on her, my dear," Quentin said.

Victoria looked up in a quick impulse to speak, but thought better of it and was still.

"I told you they could come Thursday night?"

"Yep. Who else are you going to have?"

"Gita and Gwen and ourselves and Mother."

Quentin turned, his face coloring with amazement.

"Why, my dear, you can't do that!" he said quickly.

"Do what?"

"Why, have those people, the first time, and not make an occasion of it!"

Vicky was genuinely astonished.

"How d'you mean, Quentin?"

"Well, I mean that they're important people; his father is Sir Percival Morrison. I *do think* that if ever—if ever we're going to spread ourselves, this is the time!"

"But he's an invalid, Quent!"

"He is and he isn't. He's lost an eye, of course, but he's an Englishman, and you'll find them regular sticklers for formality. Oh, no, we'll have to make it a formal affair. I'd ask the Rays and the Sinclairs and Dr. Austreicher."

"I see!" Vic murmured as he paused. Her heart was lead.

"Why do you say 'I see'?" Quentin demanded suspiciously.

"Well, we haven't given that sort of affair since before the twins were born. We've had nothing but Sunday lunches,

"This is the one your husband chose," the saleswoman said, "but I'd much rather have your taste . . ." Victoria hardly heard her. Her head was spinning

and bridge dinners for just four people!"

"Why, but there's nothing so formidable about it, Vic!"

He spoke with a sort of amused impatience. It was not amusing to Vic. She understood his mood too well; his fussing over every detail of the approaching dinner; his strange, excited spirits when the night finally came. Quentin, who usually loathed such affairs, was as nervous as a young wife over the candles and flowers, and welcomed the guests with a joviality and assurance that seemed to Vicky almost as bad as his usual manner of grim and polite endurance.

THE Morrisons came last; the man, who wore a black patch over one eye, limping a little, evidently glad to drop into the nearest chair; Serena shining in flawless beauty. Vicky herself felt

tired; things had not gone any too well throughout the long rainy day, she had small heart in the affair. But Serena, in violet velvet, looked as if she were new-created of lotus petals flushed with sunshine, of gold buttercups pale in mellow shade. Every woman in the room suffered instantly a loss in appearance; Vicky especially felt herself brown and thin and frowzy of hair.

"I must look like a rough bear, I hate this brown lace dress, anyway; I don't know what she did to the tops of the sleeves," Vicky thought, "but they feel as if they were pulling my arms out straight."

The cook had been cranky today because wet, sooty drafts had penetrated his kitchen; Mollie and Nurse had caught the contagion of the general nervous excitement, and had jarred on each other. Rain had kept the children indoors except for one wet scramble, and from that scramble they had managed to bring in enough mud and rain to demoralize the whole household, even the usually placid Anna. For the rest of the time they had scattered blocks, paints, mechanical building devices, crayons, food, wherever they could penetrate; they had built railways of chairs, and had camped in the attic with a realism that included the lighting of a bonfire.

Then Gwen had been aggrieved. She had heard that the dinner party was to include Gita Stewart and herself; it had been a bitter blow to learn that Gita wasn't coming at all, and the party was to be late and grown-up; she couldn't be included. Couldn't Mummy possibly telephone Mrs. Morrison, Gwen had pleaded. Couldn't they *possibly*—?

THESE things, added to the ordinary responsibilities of the hostess, mother, wife, housekeeper, had been quite enough to exhaust Vic without the new nervous agony of her fears and her mother's odd behavior. Magda hadn't wanted to be at the dinner—no, she looked horrid, and she hadn't been able to have her hair done, and she was going to slip up to town on the four o'clock train and have supper and a picture with poor Lily. Poor Lily was that withered and impoverished and notorious Mrs. Marchand who had married four husbands in her day, and flaunted a peerless beauty and a shady reputation over half Europe. Lily's only son had killed himself; one of her husbands had killed himself; one had tried to kill Lily. She and Magda had known each other in Monte Carlo and Majorca; they were fond of each other.

Altogether it was trying to have her mother escape the dinner party, and when Quentin got home early to display a significant nervous excitement over all the details, Victoria felt that her nearest and dearest were failing her and the occasion also was already a complete failure.

The earlier stages of the dinner were not a success. Just why not, Vic was unable to perceive. The ten guests were imposing enough; Julia Ray wore her pearls, and old Dr. Austreicher threw himself gallantly into the breach and talked of spiders, of marriage customs in old Austria-Hungary, of famine in Lima, of Nansen's trip through the Northwest passage; Violet Keats was, as always, intelligent and animated, and all the men except Spencer Morrison were doctors, and had much in common. But somehow Vicky felt it all a drag, the food stupid and fussy, the rooms too warm, time passing much too slowly. Perhaps she was too tired to think anything a success.

SERENA sat next to Quentin. Vicky was miserably impressed, from her end of the table, that the guest of honor did not have much to say. Anyone as beautiful as that did not have to have much to say; she made all the other women look plain and badly dressed. The violet velvet gown was cut very simply, very low; from a chain about her neck depended some beautiful amethysts; long amethyst earrings hung in her ears. Her corn-silk hair was swept about her head in its two thick braids; her eyes were shadowed delicately with violet, and were very blue. She swiveled those eyes—the word was Violet's, and caused some of the women a guilty spurt of laughter after the Morrisons had gone home.

"She swivels those eyes about," said Violet, "and nobody seems to know or care whether she says anything or not."

The atmosphere seemed definitely clearer when they had gone. They went early; the bowed, carefully walking, lean man with the neat black patch over one eye, and the superbly moving woman with her fair head held high. Everyone could discuss them then, and the contract fanatics could settle down to their game. Vicky and Violet and one or two of the other women turned the lights low in the drawing-room, gathered about the fire, and analyzed the Morrisons at their leisure. Quentin had said that he would walk through the garden with the Morrisons, but the night had proved to be still blowy and rainy, and they had had to have the car for the twice two hundred yards.

On the whole, wearily glad that it was over, limping upstairs in her stiff new slippers, Vicky pronounced the affair a drag, a bore, a failure.

"But we've had the Rays, anyway, Quent, and that's something!"

Quentin was undressing a dozen feet away from her; apparently he had not heard a word. Vicky turned at her dressing table to look at him curiously; he was deep in thought. She believed she knew what he was thinking. No use to deny it any longer: He liked Mrs. Morrison very much.

"I wish you liked Mrs. Morrison,"

Quentin said. It was said simply, patiently, in the tone of one who had borne much. Vicky felt a moment's chill.

"I do!" she countered cheerfully.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Quentin said. "I know when you like a person, and I know when you don't."

That was the way it began, then, Vicky thought, going on with her undressing in silence. It was beginning to seem like a nightmare—a waking nightmare. Quentin sensitive and critical—Quentin, who for all these strenuous, happy years had thought everything that she thought and did and said perfection! The first anger she had ever felt against him rose in her like a choking flood. What had Mrs. Morrison ever done that Quentin should want his wife to like her, hurt his wife's feelings for her sake!

IT WENT on and on; he never saw it; she could see nothing else. Vicky grew nervous and irritable, wondering about it; wondering whenever he was out of her sight where Quentin was, wondering how often he saw Serena, and under what circumstances.

He liked Mrs. Morrison, and she was obviously mad about him—well, what of it, what of it, what of it? Weren't two human beings supposed to like each other, just because they happened to be married to other human beings? Couldn't a man love his wife, be loyal to her and his children, and yet find stimulating the affection of the woman next door?

The questions hammered back and forth in Victoria's heart like the clapper in a bell. She could not escape them. They were no sooner laid for a moment, than they started up afresh, all the stronger for the respite.

"I saw Serena today," Quentin said one night, when their acquaintance with the Morrisons was of only a few weeks' standing.

"Oh, that was nice. Did she come to the office?"

"No, I took her to lunch."

"Oh?" A pause. Then the inevitable interrogation, as unwelcome to Victoria as to Quentin, but dragged from her nevertheless by a power stronger than herself: "Happen to meet her?"

"No-o. I spoke of it Sunday. She said that she was going to be in town."

"I see." And, do what she would, the pause would seem to have significance, and, do what she would, she could not seem to fill it with some casual pleasantry.

Society had discovered Serena; she was much in demand. When the Junior League girls posed for the San Francisco merchants as advertising models, it was Serena who was chosen to wear the silver robe from Vansartoff's. Sunday supplements began to use her picture: the beautiful Mrs. Morrison watching the polo; the lovely Mrs. Morrison in the costume of Queen Elizabeth; society's loveliest young matron, Mrs. Spencer Morrison, with her adored little daughter Gita.

Presently Victoria and Quentin had to dine with their neighbors. Quentin, who rarely went to dinners, had accepted this invitation as a matter of course, without consulting Victoria. She knew in advance that the event would hold no pleasure for her. She felt like a rough-headed child in a home-made gown when the night came, and she and Quentin walked across the side lawn and past the berry patch and the pasture field, and went through the old gate into the lane, and so on to the Morrisons' for dinner. The affair was indeed informal. Only their four selves were at the table. Serena was no such housekeeper as Victoria Hardisty, but she made no apologies for a poor dinner and indifferent service. The winter night was clear and cold; after dinner there was a fire intermittently replenished by Quentin, and Victoria and Spencer Morrison played backgammon and then cribbage.

At first they played in the sitting-room, but presently Spencer suggested his rather untidy study, where there was an electric heater. He and Victoria went in there, and she exerted herself charitably to make the games interesting. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock struck; Victoria was overcome with sleepiness and she felt that she could decently suggest going home. Her heart was not in the game; she felt nervous and distracted. Presently she rose; they really must go now; after all, she had a houseful of small children to consider, and Quentin must make an early start in the morning.

Her host seemed petulant and angry that she should break up the evening, but contented himself with asking her to come over any day, any hour, to get her revenge. "Come tomorrow at about two, if you can," he urged.

"Doesn't Mrs. Morrison play?" Vicky asked, with an inward smile at the idea that she could find time tomorrow, or any day, for an idle afternoon game with a neighbor.

"Oh, yes, plays backgammon very well," Spencer answered, with his characteristic little bitter smile twisting his mouth. "But she gets no particular thrill from playing with me."

THE drawing-room was almost dark when they reached it, but Serena immediately snapped up the lights. Only one lamp had been burning, and in its light and that of the fire Quentin and she had been sitting in big chairs at the hearth. Had they been there all these long two hours? Vic wondered. Quentin, at all events, seemed quite ready to start for home, and bundled up Vicky carefully for the cold three or four minutes it would take them to cross the gardens. Serena, who was as silent, as cryptic as ever, made no protest; Spencer Morrison had already said curt good-nights and was limping up the curve of the stairway, holding to the black iron rail, his figure a stooped and incongruous note among the creamy Spanish walls and the bright color and gleam of the old hangings and tapestries and candlesticks. There were beautiful things in the house, although they were dusty and badly arranged.

Serena detained Quentin for a moment at the door.

"Are you working tonight? Sometimes I see your light quite late. Last night you were late."

"Last night I was playing bridge with three men," Quentin told her.

She watches his light, Victoria thought, disappearing into the outer blackness with a farewell nod over her shoulder.

"If you're working tonight," Serena said to Quentin then, without the slightest expression in her voice or her face, "come over when you finish and I will give you a cup of chocolate."

"Good night!" Quentin said.

He followed Vicky down the porch steps. When they reached their room he said that he thought he would do a little work, fifteen minutes, maybe.

"But change your clothes, dear, get into something comfortable," Vicky said.

"I'll not be long!" He came over and stood near her, as she pulled her evening gown over her head and stood revealed in her brief silken underthings.

"You're tired, Vic," he said in an odd voice. "You're doing too much, these days!"

For a moment his hands went to the shoulders of his coat, as if he would pull it off. "I believe I'll turn in," he said.

But when Victoria returned from the bathroom, her hair loosened, her fingers coaxing cold cream into her face, he had gone downstairs.

THE next morning at breakfast she said to him casually:

"You didn't go back to the Morrisons' last night, did you?"

"Well, yes, I did," Quentin answered, looking off his paper. "I'd meant to take her a book, and left it on my dresser. I ran over with it, and she was making chocolate. She says she often has a little supper after he's gone upstairs. We sat in the kitchen a while."

Well, what was a wife to say to that? Victoria said nothing; more, when he asked her innocently, "You don't mind, do you?" she answered on a level note, "Not at all."

After that night there was another change. And this one, to her sinking heart, seemed to Victoria much more ominous than the first. Quentin was always good-natured and gentle now; absent-minded, uninterested in what went on at home. He no longer defended Mrs. Morrison, or seemed especially to want to exchange (*Continued on page 151*)

Feud

By Sherwood Anderson

Another fragment of real life—set down in sharp, clear outlines by a distinguished author who knows, loves, and lives with the small-town people of whom he writes

JOHN LAMPSON and Dave Rivers had been friends when they were boys and young men, but they got into a fight, and then later John Lampson died. Dave was ashamed because, after the fight he had with John, he didn't go to him and try to make it up. A long time afterwards, and just because he was ashamed, he took it out on John's son.

There were really two fights between John and Dave. When they were both young men they went out of the hill country of eastern Tennessee to work together in the West Virginia coal mines.

They both had the same thing in mind. They didn't want to be coal miners. What they wanted was to make enough money in the mines to come back into the hills and buy farms. A good many hillmen do that. When they are young they go off to the mines or to a factory town. They work hard and save money, and then they come back. A hillman is a hillman. He doesn't want to live his life away from the hills.

You may know how miners work. Two men work together in a little room far down under the ground. It is dangerous work, and a man must have faith in his partner. Any little slip, a moment of carelessness on the part of one man, and both he and his partner may be killed.

So there are these friendships that spring up between miners. "Here I am, working with you, day after day. I am going around with your life held in the hollow of my hand." Such an experience makes two men feel close. Dave and John, both powerful men and both unmarried, had such a friendship.

And then John and Dave fought. They fought over a woman met in a West Virginia town, and I don't know much of that side of their story. They fought once underground and once on the main street of a mining town. As it happened, neither man got the woman. She married another miner and left the town in which they were working.

They fought twice, and Dave Rivers won both fights, and then they quit working together, but both stayed on in the same town.

I think later that when both men got home to the hills and each man got his own little farm in the same neighborhood and had married—it happened that they married second cousins—I think that both men wanted to make it up but that neither man would make the first move. "He began it," Dave Rivers said to himself. "Well, he licked me," John Lampson said. The result was a growing resentment. The two wives kept at them and both men were stubborn. . . .

BUT this story is not concerned primarily with two men. It concerns John Lampson's son, Jim Lampson, and Dave Rivers' daughter, Elvira.

In the hill country girls often get married at sixteen, and at that age young men push out into the world. Jim Lampson is a sensitive, rather slender man and he began paying court to Dave's daughter, Elvira.

It happens that I know about the courtship, for two reasons. I am fond of taking long walks alone in the hills, and one night I saw the two walking together hand in hand on a mountain road. And then young Jim sometimes talks to me. He is ambitious. He wants an education, and sometimes comes to me to borrow books. It was young Jim who told me what had happened between himself and Dave Rivers. His voice shook when he told me the story.

Jim is in love with Elvira and he got bold. It was Sunday, and he went to Dave Rivers' house, and there was Dave all dressed up and sitting on the porch.

"What do you want?" Dave asked gruffly, addressing young Jim.

Jim said that (*Continued on page 112*)

Suction

By Kimball Herrick

BIG Adam Vabloski whipped little Johnny Chekis once, twice, three times, four times. After the third time you might have thought it was getting to be a ritual for Big Adam, the meanest, toughest man in all South Ewing, to batter the smiling little Johnny into a bruised pulp. But Johnny was coming up.

The first three times the little man simply took it and did the best he could, which was characteristic of him. The fourth time he started it, which was also characteristic of him.

Johnny and Adam were shovel men at the Shoredale, that huge gray lump of a grain elevator which squats heavily on the dirty rim of industrial South Ewing's little river. They were shovel men, which doesn't mean that they merely swung ordinary hand scoops. A grain shovel is a power shovel, and the Shoredale's shovels were powered with the giant force that boiled in the red-brick engine house in the shadow of the big house itself.

A grain shovel does not even look as if it deserves the name. It is simply a square yard of stout wood, with two looped handles springing from one edge and two curled hooks on the shiny face of it. Johnny and Adam, two of the best shovelers along the whole crooked length of the black river, know all about shovels.

Also, they know perfectly well that the black shovel rope which hooks onto the two curled hooks of a shovel and passes out through a box-car door, and through a platform pulley and up to wind around a shaft—they know that this rope is a deadly snake. When it's pulling a half-ton avalanche of grain to a car door it's as taut as hard steel, but when the shovel is just being thrown back into the piled-up grain in the car end, and the shaft is not pulling on the rope, it lies lax and twisted and loose.

If you are an expert shoveler and you don't like the man who is handling the other end of your car, it is a simple matter to throw your shovel with a quick jerk which forms two or three coils that will nicely fit a human foot. This is especially simple, since the accustomed method of good shovel men is to ride backwards on their ropes toward the car door with one foot extended as a plain target, as Johnny Chekis does. And once the other man's foot is ensnared and the shovel rope tightens and starts to travel to the door and beyond, your man rides with it upside down, out through the door like a trussed carcass of beef in a packing house. And, of course, a human ankle can't be drawn through a pulley that was meant only for a rope, nor a human head dropped on the steel rods of a track platform, without a great deal of damage.

LITTLE Johnny Chekis is smart. After Adam had licked him brutally three times, after a wicked little iron crowbar had accidentally dropped from the cleaning machines overhead and had plunked its sharp point quivering into the wood track floor two feet behind him, after a mere hunch had made him jump quickly between two box cars as the hook on the bull rope, that steely strand which pulls box cars into place like children's toys, had accidentally slipped off a car and rifled directly through the air where he had just been—after all these little accidents and a few more had happened, Johnny got the idea that the twitch of Adam's heavy black mustache when he looked at him was not a smiling twitch. Especially since Adam Vabloski had been quite definitely in the neighborhood of each little mishap.

And because Johnny is smart and has eyes in the back of his head, he threw himself to one side one day just before his dusty foot slid into the coiling loop of Adam's shovel rope.

Johnny said nothing then, but when the five o'clock whistle had sent the Shoredale's crew straggling off down the tracks toward town, he waited around a corner and confronted the big man.

"Adam," he said sharply.

"What you want, punk?" the big man boomed at him.

"You drop crowbar, come pretty close to me. The hook comes off car end, come pretty close to me, too. And today you swing a little loop in your shovel rope, and pretty near catch my foot."

Adam growled threateningly, "What you mean?"

"I mean I teach you how to set hook and how to handle shovel," Johnny said, and sent a hard, tight fist straight into the hairy face above him.

Then Johnny took his fourth licking, as he had taken the others, smiling. But this time, when six of the Shoredale's crew came between them, Johnny saw a brightening discoloration under Adam's thick left eyebrow, and there was a certain puffiness at the corner of the big man's mustache.

Johnny grinned through swollen lips. "Next time is five times, Adam. Five times is lucky number for me, and next time I lick you, you *gurol Polske*. I lick you good next time, Adam, and you don't come back to this Shoredale after that. Don't forget this thing I tell you."

Johnny didn't need to be told that there might be other accidents in the neighborhood of Adam Vabloski after that. He knew very well that Adam did not like to have little men fight him a second time. And a third and a fourth time were just that much worse in the viewpoint of the bulky man who preferred his beaten foes to get up cringing and servile and forever afterward abjectly acknowledge his mastery. Certainly, Adam did not like little men to

grin at him through swollen lips when he had licked them.

It didn't take much reasoning to know that Adam would now be watching for a surer chance, a safer accident than any that had happened yet.

But it took the long, lean, dusty foreman to give him the chance.

"Johnny—Adam," roared the foreman over the grind of the Shoredale's legs. "Upstairs. Go upstairs. The weighman wants a bin swept down."

"It's Number 61," the weighman said, when Johnny and Adam had ridden skyward a hundred feet to reach the lonely floors that rest over the huge bulk of the Shoredale's close-packed bins.

"She's full of dirty wheat and we need her for corn. Sweep her down good. And here's another thing. The speaking tube runs down the south wall of that bin and the tube is getting balky on us. I'm afraid she's rusted out in a spot or two. Watch for it and holler up. We'll have the millwrights fix it. Joe'll be on the scale floor and he'll look in on the manhole every coupla minutes. You'll be riding the grain down, boys."

Through the manhole on the scale floor Adam and Johnny slid down the corner ladder and into the soft footing of dusty, sample grade wheat. Joe dropped a light and called, "O. K.?"

"Sure."

"All right, I'll ring the floor to start drawing the bin. How do you want to run?"

Adam Vabloski answered, "Tell 'em to draw good, we keep up wit' 'em."

Johnny grinned in the yellow light of the boxed-in square.

"Sure, Joe."

They waited in silence for a moment, their eyes on the center of the square in which they stood, walled off from the rest of the world. Beneath their feet wheat stretched solidly and invisibly

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

The pressure was crushing, and the nearness of the brown wheat frightened Adam to frenzy

downward for seventy feet, hundreds of tons of it. At the bottom a man would be pulling a slide now, opening a spout and letting a thick column of wheat pour out.

There!—the slide was open. In the center of the bin Johnny saw the first trickle of grain, the first mysterious little commotion and sliding of kernels that told of the stream pouring out far below them, sucking down a long, lazy whirlpool of grain.

Adam grunted and grasped his broom.

"I take dese wall," he muttered, gesturing to the blankness in front of him and at the right. "I watch the tube," he added importantly. "Got plenty time to sweep down and look at tube, too, while you try to sweep dose wall dere."

Johnny laughed and glanced at the round iron tube that climbed the wall behind the big man. "You just keep to your side and you be all right, Adam. I sweep plenty good this side."

Adam sneered.

Methodically they set to work cleaning down the walls, and after the first few strokes the air became dim and misty with dust. Back and forth along the walls they traveled, their feet sinking in the wheat while the level of the bin gradually receded. It was as if they rode the top of a slow elevator which was plunging farther and farther into the dark earth, leaving the small square of light above farther and farther behind.

The wheat fell away from the walls and slanted a little toward the center, where the constant whispering and rustling of kernels marked the innocent-looking whirlpool. Rung by rung the ladder appeared to climb out of the wheat, and foot by foot the round iron speaking tube appeared.

Each time as he passed it Adam carefully felt of the tube, peered at it, and tapped it lightly with the handle of his broom.

DOWN and down they drifted at a snail's pace. Keeping the walls swept down as they went was a light task, and Johnny had plenty of time to sit on the edge and watch, fascinated, the persistent tumbling of the kernels in the center of the bin. Once a splintered stick of wood appeared at the edge of the bin and slowly worked its way toward the center. Both men gazed at it. It worked a little, skidded around, stood on end, and then disappeared.

Adam's eyes narrowed as the stick went out of sight. Cautiously he glanced up at Johnny. They had dropped another foot or two and Johnny was getting up to wade back and forth across his two uneven wood walls, swinging his broom.

Adam said nothing, but more than ever he watched the speaking tube as he constantly passed and repassed it. There was a cunning look in his dark eyes that Johnny could not see through the twenty feet of still, dusty air that separated them.

Down they rode on the surface of the grain. The manhole above was thirty feet away now and they were almost halfway down. Then suddenly Adam stiffened. His hand was on the speaking tube. His fingers had caught a rough, rusty spot. Grain was sticking in little holes.

QUICKLY his powerful fingers explored the tube and pressed harshly against the thin crust of iron. It gave way in a two-inch circle. With his back to Johnny and his broad frame covering the movements of his hands, he pulled a dirty bandanna from his pocket and stuffed it hard into the hole, hard enough so that a full, bunched fistful of it wedged into the tube. He worked fast, for his feet were going down with the grain.

Then he passed on toward the corner as if nothing had happened. His movements now were more rapid and nervous and presented an odd contrast to the easy, graceful swing of Johnny's work on the other side of the bin.

Adam waited impatiently for a call from Joe above, who poked his head through the manhole at intervals and bawled a hollow, echoing inquiry down the shaft.

He had only a moment to wait.

"What do you say down there?" came Joe's voice. "Find anything on that tube?"

Adam answered, "Find notting yet. Everything is good."

Johnny looked up. There was a triumphant note in Adam's voice that he did not like. Across the bin he stared at the big man.

"What you look at, punk?" Adam snarled. "Turn around and sweep dat walls. And don't make so much dust here, or I break dis broom on your no-good head."

"You go to hell."

"What you say?" Adam asked viciously.

"I say take quick jump to hell. Don't start fight with me, Adam, because this next time is my time, and when I lick you dat's the last time you come to Shoredale."

Adam glanced quickly up the shaft to make sure Joe had gone. Then he grinned, a feral, menacing grin, and, hunching his huge shoulders, advanced around the wall toward Johnny's side.

Johnny was amazed. That the big man should choose a place like this to start a fight was incredible. The footing was insecure and shifting, the air was gray with dust, their twenty-foot square was worse than a cage.

Adam kept advancing, and in surprise Johnny edged away a little. Both men had dropped their brooms, and Adam's huge hands dangled before him like an ape's as he came slowly around the outside, his teeth showing in a fierce grin.

Johnny hadn't expected this. He had felt sure that next time he and the big man met it would be outside on solid ground, where he could dodge and sidestep and slip in for fast, straight blows that would hurt and wear down the big man. He meant to drive him from the Shoredale.

But this was different. Adam meant to close with him, to grasp him in those big, hairy arms. Quickly he took stock of the situation. It would never do to grapple with Adam, and yet no footwork was possible in the sliding grain.

Still, he had not formed a plan when Adam reached for him. Instinctively he speared a hard fist through the wide-open arms in front of him and heard the spat on Adam's cheek. It left a red mark, but Adam kept coming, and as Johnny drew back a step he suddenly realized his own disadvantage, and at the same moment guessed that Adam knew it, too—the heavy, whiskered shoveler was getting a better footing than he was. Both were wading in the grain, but Johnny was sliding and slipping, and Adam, his weight taking him a little deeper, was standing more firmly, more securely.

THEN Adam was on him, coming right through the rain of fists on his face, and catching his shoulder and his waist. At the first twist of his opponent's body, Johnny knew what was ahead—Adam was twisting him toward the middle of the bin, where the little sucking slide kept up its plaintive whispering.

Rage welled up in Johnny's heart and he laughed harshly. So that was where he was going? Well, the big man would have to work to put him there. His knees cracked with the strain of his bending body. Adam was sunk firmly in the grain, had a leverage that he couldn't get.

Under his breath Johnny cursed his lightness. Adam was growling in his ear, the victorious growl of a bear with his prey. Johnny strained again, tried to push the whiskered, dusty face away with a hard shove, tried to twist the bull neck at his shoulder. It was no use; he was falling, he was going to roll over.

Just as he tipped beyond the last point of balance he went limp, relaxed and rolled. Something had come to him in a flash. Fiercely he writhed and partly broke loose from the other's clutching grasp. Together they stretched across the center of the bin, but Johnny rolled clear.

Adam half raised, snorting viciously, and reached for him again, but Johnny was away, and, as the big man rose to one knee, his heavy left foot sank a little deeper than usual in the red wheat, almost to his knee. Bellowing with fierce impatience, Adam put his other leg down and struggled up erect, squarely in the center of the dusty, blank-walled cage.

Adam screamed once with frustration; then he turned *(Continued on page 107)*

Within your reach

–every kind of soup you ever want!

ASPARAGUS
Purée of luscious asparagus. Strictly vegetable. Makes delightful Cream of Asparagus.

BEAN
Substantial, old-fashioned Bean Soup—purée style.

BEEF
A thick, hunger-satisfying soup containing hearty diced meat, vegetables and barley.

BOUILLON
A clear soup, made from choice beef, blended with herbs, vegetables and aromatic spices. Invigorating!

CELERY
Made from the choicest quality celery. Strictly vegetable. Delicious as a Cream of Celery.

CHICKEN
Not just a *broth*—it's the real Chicken *Soup* with tender pieces of chicken meat and rice.

CHICKEN-GUMBO
A famous Southern Creole chicken and vegetable style soup—flavored with okra and tomato. Unusual!

CLAM CHOWDER
All the broth and meat of juicy clams—flavored with tomatoes—and garnished with potatoes and onions.

CONSOMMÉ
The formal soup. Beautifully clear. A rich beef broth, lightly seasoned—and delicately flavored with vegetables.

JULIENNE
Dainty, clear, sparkling consommé, garnished with whole peas and shredded vegetables.

MOCK TURTLE
Beef broth, tomatoes, celery, herbs, toothsome pieces of meat, richly blended with sherry.

MULLIGATAWNY
An unusual Oriental style chicken soup. Laden with flavorous vegetables, herbs and seasoning.

MUSHROOM (Cream of)
A purée made from choicest cultivated, whole, fresh mushrooms blended with fresh, double-thick cream—liberally garnished with mushrooms.

MUTTON
Mutton broth garnished with fresh mutton, barley and vegetables—splendid for children and invalids.

NOODLE with chicken
A full-bodied chicken broth containing hearty egg noodles and delicious pieces of tender chicken meat.

OX TAIL
Vegetables, barley and sliced ox tail joints in an Old English style ox tail broth—with sherry.

PEA
Purée of delicious, nourishing peas. Strictly vegetable. Even more nourishing served as Cream of Pea.

PEPPER POT
The real famous "Philadelphia Pepper Pot" with macaroni dumplings, potatoes, spicy seasoning and meat.

PRINTANIER
Exquisitely blended chicken and beef consommé with vegetables in fancy shapes.

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Pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a sparkling purée enriched with finest creamery butter. Strictly vegetable. Serve it too as Cream of Tomato.

VEGETABLE
It's a meal in itself. 15 fine garden vegetables cooked in rich beef broth. A family favorite.

VEGETABLE-BEEF
Real old-fashioned Vegetable Soup—rich beef broth, thick with vegetables and substantial pieces of meat.

Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NRA CODE

"I'll take the old things"

New things are important
To progress, I'm told;
But you take the new things,
And I'll take the old.

Old houses with beams
That are darkened with age.
Old books with a dog-ear
On 'most every page.

Old slippers whose wrinkles
Are those of my feet.
Old pipes that the years
Have made mellow and sweet.

Old friends who know when
To be silent, when gay,
And who when they talk
Have something to say.

Old Four Roses Whiskey—
And by old, I mean *old*—
With a rich-ripe aroma
And a color like gold.

Not a whiskey like many
Of those that I've seen,
That are tasteless and flat,
Or else fiery and green.

But a whiskey distilled
In the old-fashioned way,
By the methods they followed
In grandfather's day.

Distilled from choice grain,
And aged in the wood—
Aged by Nature herself
Till it's better than good.

Yes, you take the new things—
The new liquor that's sold.
I'll stick to Four Roses,
A whiskey that's *old.*

★ ★ ★

Four Roses is a proud product of the old Frankfort Distilleries, a company that's been making fine whiskey for four generations. It's made the only way truly great whiskey can be made—by the slow, costly *old-fashioned* method. Four Roses is a blend of *straight whiskies,* and comes sealed in the patented bootleg-proof Frankfort Pack that *must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

We'd like to send you a copy of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book"—$100 worth of humor by a master writer. Send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Dept. 490, Louisville, Ky.

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FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES
LOUISVILLE • BALTIMORE

Try these other famous whiskies: PAUL JONES, ANTIQUE, OLD OSCAR PEPPER, SHIPPING PORT.

Taking off the Halo

(*Continued from page 39*)

something growing and changing around me.

"It would have been more fun for Mamma now, too—young folks to be interested in, and me home all day. You mustn't think I blame her," she added hastily.

"Well," I began lamely, "at least you have the consolation—"

"I don't want consolation; I want to live," she snapped.

Here was a situation where the mother's selfish fear had made her the villain in the piece.

How much better if she had made the world a good place for herself, independent of her child. Even raising guinea pigs would have helped.

I TOLD the story of this defrauded girl to a mother who is practically in mourning because her only son is going to be married.

"What a beautiful devotion," she breathed ecstatically. "How I wish I had raised a child like that."

Now, what can you do with such a parent? If you were a daughter-in-law, would you enjoy having her to dinner? Devotion is a noble word, but it cloaks a lot of things that amount almost to murder.

Take Benny. Two office men were discussing him.

"What's the matter with that lad?" said one. "He's been in your place three years and he hasn't moved up a notch."

"Yes, I know it. Good education, fine family, nice boy. But to get ahead in my business you've got to recognize new facts and make up your mind at once. And Benny doesn't qualify. When his mother discovered that she couldn't boss the boy's father, she turned all her guns on Benny. Most brought-up child in America. She chose his food, his clothes, his sports, his friends, his schools, his clubs, everything. Did it all for his good, you know. She was so all-fired efficient and kind, it never occurred to him to stand on his own hind feet. And he'll never learn."

Here was a woman who didn't try very hard to make a good wife. She covered up by being a good mother. And Benny reaped the doubtful benefits.

What happens if the girl or boy is stout enough to rebel against twisted mother love?

The other day a friend whom I have always considered the soul of human kindness phoned: "I want you to go see my daughter. She has eloped with a perfect nobody. I want you to tell her how we feel. She'll suffer. You watch." I shuddered. There was positive relish in that woman's voice. "I shall do everything in my power to break up this marriage and send that girl of mine back to college, where she belongs."

I went to see the girl. She was happy over her new yellow dishes and her cute apartment. Her husband had a good job. He was ambitious, he was good to her. The puppy was his, she said.

"But why elope?" I asked.

"You've no idea of the waste emotion that runs around loose at our house," she said. "Whether I married at twenty, thirty, or forty, the fireworks would have taken place. Mother would have gone on and on about what marriage does to a woman and how she slaved for me. The worst of it is, she did. But all that talk about sacrifices always made me feel like an ungrateful louse—I wanted my mother to have a good time.

"Don't you think," she added wistfully, "that my mother ought to be glad I'm happy? She and Dad started out in one room with a chair, a packing case, a bottle of champagne, and a pint of oysters. She had her chance; what's so criminal about my taking mine?"

I didn't tell her that parents have a disagreeable habit of expecting far more of their children than they do of themselves. No, I admired the puppy and the dishes and went away from there.

This particular mother married before she finished high school. And, whenever anything unfortunate happens to her, she blames it on her lack of education. She fears to join a club, lest some college woman start discussing the culture of the Javanese. It doesn't occur to her that anybody who can read can go to the public library and write a pretty good paper on the culture of the Javanese—or of silkworms. Consequently, she had set her heart on a lot of higher education for friend daughter.

How much more courageous the rural mother who was asked to head a group of 4-H club girls. Mind you, she was a very busy woman—500 chicks, cream to take to town, all the chores that go with farm life.

"Well," she hesitated, "you know I never got beyond the eighth grade. But if you will tell me just what to do, I think I can get the hang of it."

No talk of sacrifices, notice; this woman was too smart to close life's doors on herself.

We all want our children to have what we think we have missed. Many a mother, denied music lessons in her youth, has kept a dogged youngster at the keyboard. When the non-musical child marries and starts raising little carpenters and telephone girls, Mamma is disappointed. How much better to have taken the lessons herself, releasing the child for some activity more in line with its tastes!

IT IS this kind of mother who makes life at home so subtly uncomfortable that strong-minded daughters hustle out and marry the first object in sight.

Wherever you see a mother who is overly ambitious, overly protective, overly solicitous, you have a neurotic woman. Her attitude is a confession that she has not come to good terms with life herself. A neurosis has its springs in a feeling of inferiority, and women are more prone to this than men because we are born into a civilization which, as the Irishman says, "still wants the first girl to be a boy."

Our first baby makes up for all this. Now we amount to something! Don't the poets say so? And look at all the pretty mamma-and-baby pictures everywhere! Ah, the beauty of motherhood! A woman can scold her husband, go round with her petticoat hanging, and be as interesting in conversation as the annual report of a funeral home, but if her children are clean, fed regularly, and sent to school on time, she'll get a big hand.

Actually I don't see why she rates a halo just for that. One very fine man, when it came to a showdown, said to his wife, "The only thing I've got against you is that you are a good mother." What he meant was that she wasn't anything else. Wise is that woman who goes shopping for friends and maybe a hobby or two along with the first pair of bootees. Dish-washing and bed-making are solitary pursuits at best and, for her soul's sake, her baby's, and her husband's, a mother needs something to think about besides Willie's teeth.

If our intentions toward our children are honorable, we should never look on

Are Mothers a Menace?

CHILDREN are prone to think—and some of them admit it—that mothers cramp their style. Undoubtedly there's something in it. What do you think?

Write us, if you feel the urge, and give your slant. For the best letter on the subject, "Are Mothers a Menace?" we will pay $20; second best, $10; third best, $5. Keep your letter reasonably brief, and address it to MOTHERS, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No letters will be considered after February 28, 1935. None will be returned.

them as exclusive personal possessions. Of course, after paying a child's bills for years and years, it's quite a shock when what you've come to think of as your private property towers six feet two in its stocking feet and says, "Good-by, Mom; I'm going to California."

Yet if all the fathers and mothers who talk so sternly of duty could check the normal human selfishness of the young, the race would die out. Aged daughters would be fetching Papa's pipe and bald-headed sons would be asking their mothers if they could go to the movies.

Mothers who weep and upbraid give a rebellious child a chance to fight back. But how about the gentle ones who merely cling? A certain mother has buried three husbands and still has a middle-aged son at home to fetch and carry for her. She is, oh, so appreciative. But she wasn't above breaking her son's engagement "for his good." So she boasts a clean conscience.

What about the mother who builds up her own ego by having a "show-off" child, one who must always have the prettiest dress, the lead in the church play, the best marks in class, and so on? Poor preparation, say I, for a world that doesn't care whether you are a microbe or a whale, so long as you deliver the goods. After being tied up in blue ribbon and set high on the family pedestal, it's hard to climb down and plod along in the procession.

Some mothers, the kind who baby their children, want to keep them babies as long as they can. But life is a changing business; and no child, if she is normal, remains at a fixed point. One mother was so enraged at a daughter who moved far away that she wrote semiannual letters of such bitterness that they finally produced a nervous breakdown.

Other mothers, unduly impressed by crime news, seem to think the world is full of bold, bad men who are going to run away with their daughters. The girls are censored and clocked and hectored until almost any escape would be welcome.

You have all heard the mother who talks about the heedless and neglectful younger generation. Strangely enough, she does not discover this until, in the normal course of development, her boys and girls go outside the family circle for friendships and interests suitable to their age.

ABOUT this time, the boy who has always been led to believe that Mamma simply adored going without a pretty dress so he could have a new toy suddenly discovers that she doesn't approve of his golf clubs at all. She mentions working her fingers to the bone. And he soon begins to seek spots that are cheerier than home.

Does Mamma call her condition jealousy? No—her diagnosis is wasted sacrifices and unrequited love.

If sacrifices are made with the idea of binding one's child close to home and mother, they aren't sacrifices at all, they are a bad investment. Mothers, like other people, cannot rest on past performance. Just because you sat up a few nights with George's earache back in 1920, you can't collect dividends for twenty years to come. That earache episode was your job.

A truly unselfish mother never calls her services sacrifices. Her whole hope is that the child can have every opportunity there is, and if it doesn't turn out as she hoped, her only thought is, "How could I have done better? Where was I blind?"

Even parents who resolve not to let their mental attitudes get in their children's way have their ego pricked, though. Not long ago I found myself in a perfect lather of self-esteem. I had just come from a home where the father was making important noises about taking a boy out of college unless he went in for athletics. The father wanted a regular collegiate King Kong for a son, and here the imbecile wanted to croon! And if the boy makes a success of his music, I suspect Father will discover a tenor on his side of the family.

Anyhow, I was feeling pretty good. Had I not cheered the daughter who wanted by turns to be a toe dancer, a sports writer, an Olympic swimmer, an illustrator, and a breeder of white rats? Yet this was the girl who now, out of the blue, said fearfully, "Mamma, when I grow up, are you going to tell me whom to marry, how to run my house, and all that?"

"Having plenty of difficulty trying to run my own, I don't think so. Why ask?"

"Because when you say you think so-and-so about anything, even when I feel differently, I find myself coming over to your side. And it worries me."

"It ought to worry you," I said. "From now on, disagree with me out loud at least once a day. Families are like political parties—a little opposition is healthy."

We laughed, but I was worried. And I resolved anew not to let the long shadow of Mamma fall across my children's path; for I wouldn't be a vampire mother for anything.

They say—

(*Continued from page 19*)

feel a lot better about it;" eighteen said, "The same;" and twelve said, "Worse!"

Almost everybody seems to like the five-day week. As one man told me, "The extra day has given me a chance to get acquainted with my family again. Sunday, you know, is just Sunday—church and a round of golf and a big dinner and some routine visits with relatives. But the extra day is a real holiday. I tell you, I would rather make a little less money than give up that extra day."

Also, the slow tempo has advantages for people who do the hard and exhausting work of the world—laborers, women who tend machines for long hours, overworked salesgirls. "What with spread-the-work and NRA," a girl in a Chicago store told me, "we work shorter hours and make less money. But my feet and legs don't hurt me the way they used to. When night comes along we've still got some pep left in us." Said the boss of a mine in West Virginia where the men are working on short shifts: "The boys kick like hell. They would like to work twice as long and make twice as much. They don't know it, but they'll live a lot longer at this rate."

Furthermore, people have somewhat adjusted themselves to a less-work, less-money way of life. They learn to amuse themselves less expensively, they begin to revive the art of conversation.

But they aren't satisfied. There's too much energy and restlessness in the average American for the present snail's pace. He wants to keep some of the advantages of shorter hours, but he also wants to work a long sight harder than he is working now.

Question (This is one of the toughest): What would you do if you were President? Not a whole policy, but the chief measure you would advocate or renounce?

Out of a hundred, about fifty said: "Balance the budget." But they were divided as to how they would do it. Divided three ways—between cutting expenditures, increasing taxes, and doing both. None of them wanted to cut out necessary relief, though many in the North and West said it could be cut one quarter and in the South said it could be cut one half, through efficiency and more careful investigation.

About twenty wanted more inflation, but under strict rein "to bring prices in line with debts." Twenty more thought the President had been too easy with big business and the banks. The remaining ten or so had plans ranging from mild socialism to straight communism.

In all these answers there was a good deal of diffidence. The attitude was: This is my idea, but I'm willing to be convinced. About forty said: "He ought to reassure the country about spending and inflation." About forty others said: "Whatever he does, I'm with him if he will tell us why. I wish he would take us into his confidence more, like he used to."

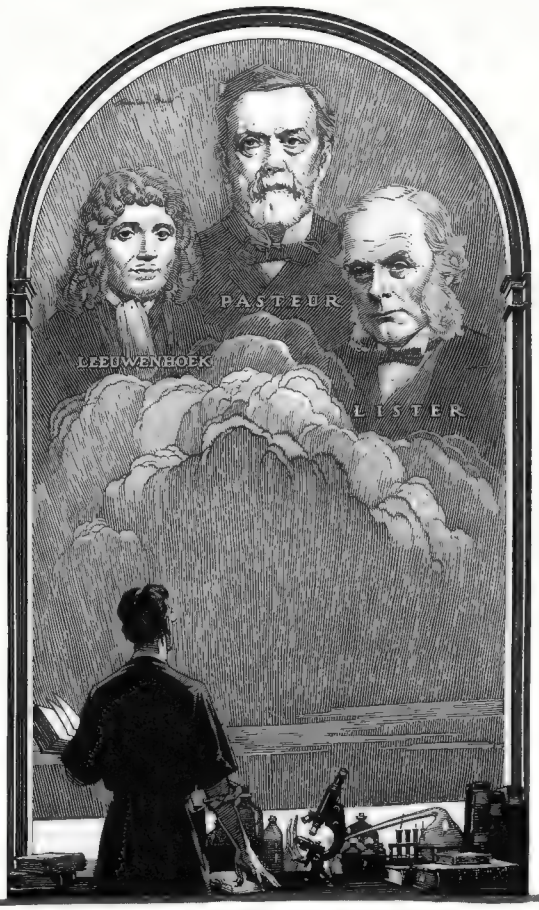
Question: What do you think the trend in this country is? Are we going back to the free ways of the 1920's, or on toward greater and greater government control?

Here again, people aren't very certain. Again and again I heard them say: "I don't believe in government in business. It's inefficient. But if things don't pick up in a year or so, we'll have to come to it."

Here, I might as well mention an interesting minority report, but one which ran as a heavy undertone through all answers: "If we have to have government control, O. K. But not with Farley as boss, or any Republican like him. We're spending 6,000 millions a year. Why not set aside one per cent of it, or 60 millions, and hire 2,400 of the finest men in the country, $25,000-a-year men, to help out?"

And along with this goes the demand for an impartial civil service, high-class, secure, which will draw the ablest young men as they graduate from school.

Of every hundred persons I questioned,



BEHRING
JENNER
ROLLINS

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REED

THEIR SPIRIT LIVES ON

PASTEUR, reviewing the bacteria of disease, Lister making surgery antiseptic while great men jeered, Van Leeuwenhoek, peering through his crude lenses, the first actually to see germs—all were men of relentless curiosity, fierce enthusiasm, and tireless application.

Something of their fine zeal inspires the men on the technical staff of this company. No experiment is too difficult for them to undertake; no problem so great that it exhausts their patience. They stand always on the threshold of some new discovery which may prove of value in the field of medicine.

His art is to kill

One, an outstanding bacteriologist, exists in a world of living parasites which you never see... parasites destructive to mankind. His task is to breed such organisms by millions that he may learn *how to kill them more quickly and in greater number.* Just now his interest is centered on Science's new theory that a filtrable virus is the cause of common cold.

Another is a wizard in that almost magical science of chemistry which has changed the complexion of existence, altered the treatment of disease, and improved the world's mode of living. Working with new and old compounds, combining them in varying formulas, his experiments on antiseptics alone number well over 6,000 a year. A third, a dean in the field of pharmacy, makes the newest developments in therapy his principal study. To him, some of the best minds in medicine confide their theories, relate their findings, outline new and interesting developments in medical procedure.

Working to Keep a Product Great

The toil of these men and their assistants has had one objective:

To widen the scope of Listerine's usefulness; to equip it, if need be, to meet new and more exacting requirements; to help it maintain the position of leadership it has always held as an antiseptic adequately powerful yet absolutely safe.

Whether you use Listerine to relieve an ordinary sore throat, or to combat germs associated with the common cold in your mouth and throat, you may rest assured that you are using a first rate mouth wash —one that has been honored the world over. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE SAFE LISTERINE *ANTISEPTIC*

for Colds and Sore Throat

Metropolitan Grand Opera every Saturday

about twenty said they wanted to go back to the 1920's, for better or for worse. Thirty wanted to head back in that general direction, with less government control than we have now, but a lot more than we had then. Thirty-five wanted to go along with just the amount of control we have now. Fifteen wanted much *more* control than now.

IN ST. PAUL, I met a woman clerk in a dry-goods store. She was about 45 years old. She said she didn't really know what she thought about things. Figures most people don't think at all. Just go along from day to day, and, even if they do manage well, couldn't tell you how.

Thinks young people are a worthless lot. Fond of boys and clothes, the girls are. And why not? If they do study to be teachers or nurses they can't get jobs. The smartest girl she knows, whose mother pinched and saved to send her to normal school, didn't have any job for three years after she graduated, and now has a miserable country school. She wants boom days back, "but that would be too good to be true;" things are a little bit better than last year, but she's "scared to death they'll get worse."

THEN there was an old Detroit lawyer in French Lick, Ind.:

"I've lived in this country for seventy-three years, and nobody has ever treated me worse than I deserved. We are a smart people, and a people of good will. Take a hundred Americans, and you won't find more than three scalawags amongst them. Is this country conservative or liberal? I'll tell you. It's 20 per cent reactionary, and 10 per cent radical, and 70 per cent liberal-conservative. That 70 per cent is what counts. It wants to get back as close to the old America as it can, but if it can't get there, it's got an open mind on what next. That 70 per cent is doing a lot of thinking."

IT WAS a fabric salesman in Louisville, Ky., who expressed the following opinion, though I got it in different words from more than one other:

"I never had any kick, when times were good, about a man making a million a year, or having a billion. But since times got tough I don't feel so good about it. It's like on a ship. When the ship's sailing along all right, I don't mind riding third-class. But when she sinks, I don't like to see the first-class boys sailing around in lifeboats while the rest of us are in the water, half-drowning. You didn't notice the Captains of Industry going down with the ship. Even the ones that went bankrupt always seemed to have a couple hundred thousand tucked away somewhere in a cousin's trust fund. No man's worth a hundred thousand a year. The ones that get it are just *in a position to exact that much.* The President of the United States gets $75,000. That ought to be tops, with all other salaries grading down."

In a restaurant in Clarksburg, West Va., I fell into talk with a mechanical-electrical engineer who has seen a good deal of the world. He is now making about half what he made in 1929, but still draws a pretty good salary.

"The more you see of other countries," he told me, "the more you realize the good fortune of this country. America has everything. The finest resources in the world, the finest industrial machines, skillful and energetic people. We don't know how lucky we are. Our only real trouble is a family quarrel about how we're going to divide it all up."

I CALLED on a lawyer in a small town in Wisconsin. He is a man of about fifty, aquiline face, scholarly, precise.

"If I were President," he told me, "I would go on the radio tomorrow and say: 'No more inflation. I will fasten the dollar to gold again. I will balance the budget. No more experimentation . . .'

"Most of the men on relief don't want to work. Several times I have had them send up men from the relief to do jobs around my place. They do only what I tell them to do, and that very slowly and sloppily.

"The world was more settled and established when I was a young man. I would be frightened to be starting out today. But my son, who is studying law, and my daughter, who is studying biology, don't seem to mind the uncertainty. They are going ahead, even though they don't know where they will find jobs.

"Tears used to come to my eyes when I heard *The Star-Spangled Banner* played. Not any more. I am not so proud of this country as I used to be. We parted from honor when we left the gold standard.

"But I am a lifelong Republican, and therefore prejudiced. I have a friend of more liberal views. You must talk to him . . ."

It is extraordinary how many men, after giving me their views, recommended me to someone on the other side.

I found this friend, a retired dry-goods merchant, in his home, a small apartment. He is in his late sixties. He has had little education, he told me. He began work as a boy, saved enough to start a small store, and is now retired on a modest income.

"It is a better country to live in, now," he said. "The mass of the people are being taken care of. There are a lot of changes still to come, but, meantime, we haven't got millions of starving people.

"Old-age pensions—of course, we must have them. Unemployment insurance? I don't see just yet how it can be worked out. But when new labor-saving inventions come along, it seems to me the profits from them should be set aside to take care of the men displaced until they can find work elsewhere.

"We Americans have always been a little wild, crazy with the excitement of a new country. It is time for us to become a patient people, a thinking people."

IN A CITY in Michigan I met a woman who is a leader of the community. She is in the forties, unmarried, well-to-do, and a director in several companies. She is an active spirit in all local relief work.

For some time she has been interested in the Russian experiment. Last summer she made an extended visit to that country, and came back pretty well converted. She said:

"I haven't much enthusiasm for the New Deal measures, or for such plans as old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, and public works, because they seem to me to be mere palliatives.

"Some day we shall have to do the job thoroughly, as Russia is doing it. Right now, with our industrial skill and resources, a well-planned socialism would give this country general prosperity such as the world has never dreamed of. Russia, of course, started with such primitive equipment that she still has a long way to go. But nothing can stop her except war.

"I should like to see an evolution toward socialism, but adapted, of course, to American needs and character. If we don't have that, I'm afraid we shall have to go through many years of painful fascism."

The number of thumbers, hitch-hikers, and wanderers seems to be only a small fraction of the vagabond army of 1932. One reason is that most of these are now on relief. They know that if they ramble on to some other town they may have trouble getting back on relief. Another reason is that tens of thousands of the former "wild boys of the road" are now swinging axes in the CCC. Most of the hitch-hikers I did see wanted a lift of only a mile or so.

Again and again I heard people say: "I'm not a Socialist, but . . ." All kinds of "buts." Examples: "But I don't see why half of all sums now paid as dividends shouldn't go into wage reserves against the next depression" . . . "But no man needs more than $25,000 a year to be happy on" . . . "But I don't see why the government doesn't take over the banks" . . . "But the government ought to set up a board, as high-class as the Supreme Court, to plan for all industry and regulate it."

IN MY travels, I called upon The Average American. Eight years ago, after a careful balancing of geographical location, age, size of family, and other details, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE found him, faintly surprised but resigned to the honor. Two articles were published about him in this magazine then. He is Roy L. Gray, proprietor of a clothing store in Fort Madison, Iowa.

I walked into his shop, and there he was, looking exactly as THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE's pictures showed him in the fabulous twenties, except that there was a little more gray in his hair. He wasn't very busy, and we sat down and had a chat.

"Business is a little better," he said. "Of course, I have had my troubles these last few years, but my family is well and I've managed to keep out of the red.

"I voted for Hoover in 1932. I would vote for him again. But I think a lot of Roosevelt and support the Administration policies, generally speaking. I wish he would tell us his plans about the budget and do the best he can to stabilize this money proposition. I think prices are about right now.

"If I were President I would cut the big spending on dams and irrigation projects, things like that. With things as they are, relief money will have to be kept up.

"The best thing NRA has done is shortening of hours, but it hasn't done much of that.

"Old-age pensions would be ideal, if they weren't too costly. It would be wonderful to get this worry about old age off of us. I certainly would be willing to pay taxes toward it.

"What most Americans want most of all is a chance to make an honest living. I don't know how we will get to that, but we'll do it somehow. The greatest damage nowadays is to youngsters coming out of school who can't find a job.

"What about the future? It will be fine

Hay Fever

MANY a hay fever sufferer can point to a calendar and foretell almost to the day when his misery will begin. Often, he knows how long it will last.

His acute distress is caused by pollen carried in the air from a particular kind of tree or grass or weed or, in rare instances, a flower. Some people may be affected by several types of pollen. Little or no relief may be secured until the particular types are known and proper measures are taken to immunize against them.

It requires patience on the part of the sufferer and thoroughness and understanding on the part of his doctor to find out, in advance of the dreaded season, whether hay fever will be brought on by a tree in April or May, a grass in June or July, or a weed in August or September.

One of the methods by which the doctor finds out which pollen causes hay fever consists of making a series of tiny scratches, about an eighth of an inch long, which penetrate the outer skin. He may make from eight to thirty tests, the number depending upon the variety of air-borne pollens in the patient's locality. On each scratch the doctor applies one drop of a different pollen solution. If a particular pollen has caused past trouble, a slight, itching elevation will appear on the skin where the scratch was made.

Based on the results of these tests, the doctor knows just what to do and when to begin to build up the immunity of his patient against the individual trouble-making pollen or pollens.

Some stubborn cases do not yield to this immunizing process, but a majority of hay fever patients have been made far more comfortable by it. Many of them have been relieved completely.

The time to begin the battle against 1935 hay fever is *now!*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
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It takes all kinds

By ALBERT BENJAMIN

VIRGINIA MARTIN, 18, Salt Lake City, Utah, one-armed stenographer, turned in the only perfect copy during a recent typing contest.

CLARENCE W. CONSOLVER, Hoquiam, Wash., collects black bear teeth and claws, and now has 267 specimens in his collection.

MOGI DU VEED, of New York City, makes his living fabricating artificial trees for penthouses, window boxes, stores, and the stage.

ROOSEVELT DOLLAR, a 28-year-old colored brick mason, recently applied for an automobile license in Nashville, Tenn.

DON RIGGS, a husky 22-year-old boy of Kansas City, Mo., is working his way through State Teachers College at Pittsburg, Kans., as a dressmaker.

ON OCTOBER 27, 1855, Henry M. Lewis deposited $3.10 in a Lynn, Mass., savings bank. Each year since, he has deposited on the anniversary that exact sum.

RAS LINDEMOOD, Union County, Tenn., held up work on the TVA project until a method had been devised for him to carry to his new home a fire started by his ancestors more than 100 years ago and never since extinguished.

EUGENIE LAJUNIE, of Pasadena, Calif., began collecting old foreign cars as a hobby and now rents them to movie studios.

DR. JOHN D. BROCK, Kansas City, Mo., amateur pilot, plans to make a flight every day for 10 years regardless of weather conditions. As this was written he had flown 1,461 consecutive days.

JOSEPH E. LOVELESS, 33 and divorced, of Prince George's County, Md., recently obtained a marriage license to wed Miss Grace V. Love.

AN EPISCOPALIAN MINISTER, Rev. Henry Scott Rubel, writes the jokes for Joe Penner, famous radio comedian.

DR. E. P. QUAIN, physician, of Bismarck, N. Dak., stone collector, has inlaid his residence driveway with rose and white quartz, white feldspar, ruby slate, free rubies, garnets, turquoise, jasper, gold ore, and agates.

MRS. C. J. HODGES, 71, has ridden her bicycle about New York City every day for the last 35 years.

PAUL KRAMER, of Tinicum, Pa., has built up a prosperous business collecting water lice from stagnant pools and selling them as food to the owners of tropical fish.

TWELVE living Manseau children, seven brothers and five sisters, recently filed records at Drummondville, Canada, showing their combined age to be 809 years—they are, respectively, 78, 76, 73, 72, 70, 68, 67, 65, 64, 61, 59, and 56.

BILL DEARMORE, owner of a hamburger stand in Van Alstyne, Texas, hired Albert Carter nine years ago and told Carter to take out of the cash drawer every night the amount of money he felt he had earned. The proposition still stands.

G. WADLINGTON, of Memphis, Tenn., a sculptor in ice, keeps his studio—a storage vault—at 18 degrees Fahrenheit.

LOUIS P. DROUIN, Boston, Mass., runs a barber shop established in 1854 in which no customer has ever been shaved, the founder having maintained a tradition of specializing in haircuts.

THE REV. AUGUSTUS F. BEARD, 101, of Norwalk, Conn., is the oldest living graduate of Yale University, Union Seminary, and Williston Academy. He is also the oldest living Congregational and Christian minister. His brother Edward, 97, who became the president of the South Norwalk Savings Bank at 92, is believed to be the oldest living savings bank president.

Do you know an unusual fact that will fit into this column? We will pay $1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. When the same information is received from more than one person, the item bearing the earliest postmark will be given credit. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries returned.

DRAWING BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

and dandy. We are going to get all these things cleared up."

Mr. Gray looked at his watch.

"Hello—I've got to be getting home. Nearly time for Amos 'n' Andy."

A TROY, MO., gas station attendant said things are just as bad as last year if not worse: "Everybody is having a terrible hard time." The cars going to the World Series made business better at the gas station, but after that, business was worse than ever. "No matter how hard you work you're no better off. People in cities talk a lot about better times, but it's just talk. In smaller places where everyone knows everyone else's business they can't make any pretenses like that."

A man in Atlanta, Ga., in the insurance business, 27, college graduate, said that the depression had caused a lot of bad family feeling. He thinks young people are sour, bitter, and rebellious because they can't have the advantages their older brothers and sisters had a few years ago. His brother, 23, couldn't afford to go to college and is a soda clerk now. Every once in a while he flies off the handle and wants to join the Foreign Legion.

ONE of the persons with whom I talked in Tennessee was a 50-year-old miner with three grown sons: "One big ole boy is hanging around now. He worked out his time in the CCC camps. One boy is with the Cumberland homestead workers, one on the Norris dam. A year ago there would be seventy-five men hanging around the crossroads. They'd get a skinful of moonshine, and they'd stay up and make trouble until they dropped with sleep. This town has been saved by the CCC and TVA. Government funds have given jobs to the boys who had no work because the mines had shut down, but even so the government is spending too much. We used to think the people ought to support the government; now the idea seems to be that the government should support the people. I don't think any good will come of it. The more you do for people the more they'll expect you to do for them." He said all children should be taken care of until they are 16, and then they should be thrown out in the world. "But if there are no jobs for them you can't turn them out."

IN MILWAUKEE a woman about 50 years old, a clerk for an electric company, said: "Conditions aren't much better. If I were President I would remove restrictions from business and give capital a chance." She is against limitation of incomes. Thinks the rank and file are going to have a more difficult time than we have had. When she first went to work for the electric light company, she said, high-school graduates could come to work and, if they were bright, advance. Now only those with special technical education have any chance. Thinks the general tendency will be back to individual effort and away from economic planning, socialism, and so on. Fears loss of her invested income and the collapse of banks more than anything.

In Ashtabula, Ohio, I met a milliner with white hair, brown eyes, and a girlish face, who has been in the millinery business for twenty years and has never known anything so dreadful as this depression. She told me she has never bought and sold so little, or such cheap stuff. She used to

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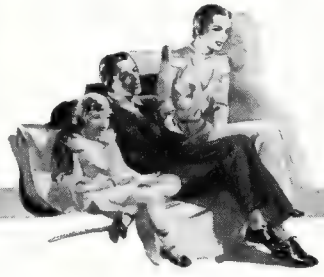

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go to Cleveland in her car once a week for hats. Now she goes only two or three times a season, extends no credit to her customers, and her car has been in dead storage since last winter because she didn't want to spend $75 to have it put in condition and pay for license plates. She said there must be money somewhere: "There are a lot of new cars in Ashtabula this year." And although she doesn't think things are any better, she has noticed that people are more cheerful.

She thinks that the scientists and inventors are working quietly now and that a new boom will come, with inventions that will be different from anything we have known. She would like to have the "clean living" of her earlier years back again: "My sakes! The young girls get away with murder nowadays." She is afraid the United States is going to turn into a nudist colony.

She thinks the rich have suffered the most during the depression: "They don't know the first thing about doing without."

In Owego, N. Y., I talked with Mr. Welch ("Sure, use my name; I don't mind"). He's 44 years old, the owner of a newspaper, magazine, cigar, and stationery store.

If he were President he would forbid communists from talking on street corners, and would take jobs away from all married women. Knows personally husbands and wives, both of whom have good jobs, while men can't get work. Thinks young people aren't interested in anything now but running around in automobiles and staying in school as long as their parents will keep them there. Thinks young people will have a harder life than their parents did. He went barefoot during *his* summer vacations, but children wear shoes and stockings in the summer now. He has a son in high school who wants to go to West Point, but is gradually coming around to his father's wish that he study to be a doctor.

Would be willing to pay higher taxes to have old-age pensions. Has an annuity. Felt very bitter about the NRA at first because it went into effect when his business was "at its lowest ebb," but things are a little better now. Says he gave his employees vacations with pay and bonuses when he could afford it, but when he has to give them cuts in salary he doesn't like the government telling him he can't.

Would like to see 1926-9 prosperity for himself again but doesn't think it good for most people. He saved money and lived sensibly, but most people didn't. Prosperity went to their heads and they spent more than they had.

AS WE talked, a four-year-old girl came in to buy two gooey love-story magazines for her mother. Maybe that proves something; Mr. Welch wasn't sure.

I feel something like Mr. Welch. Looking back on my trip, I'm not so sure. No survey of this sort, made by one man, can be inclusive or conclusive. But certain definite impressions remain on my mind.

People either think that business is better or have adjusted themselves to a slower and more cautious pace. They believe the worst is past, and that we can take our destiny in hand and eventually remold it, nearer to the heart's desire.

Their wish is more for security and stability, than for spectacular wealth, as compared to the American view in the past. There is a feeling that gambling should be confined to card tables and race tracks, rather than to the serious business of making a living.

There is an almost universal desire for a more equitable distribution of wealth, but there is no desire suddenly to take things away from other people. They want it done by a gradual adjustment—hence the emphasis on heavy inheritance taxes rather than capital levies or drastically limited incomes.

They shy away from isms, but they believe firmly that we have the resources and ability in this country to produce for a far higher standard of living than we now enjoy, and are determined that matters shall be arranged to this end in the future, under whatever party label.

Most of all I was impressed by the constant attempts, on the part of all with whom I talked, to think things out.

Three or four years ago, if I had gone around the country with my sample case of questions, I couldn't have found intelligent, even interested, answers for half of them. Now everybody either seems to have some ideas or is in there trying.

As I think back on all those hundreds of men and women I talked with, remember their faces as they groped and considered, and rather doubtfully ventured their opinions, I marvel at the impression of *good will.* After all their troubles, it is astonishing how little hatred and how much generosity remain.

And it is that quality, which I found so strong on this trip, that makes me feel better about things in this country than I did before.

No Place for a Girl

(*Continued from page 21*)

glitter so. But she said merely, "Yes."

"My father knew him well," Brad told her. "In fact, they went to school together."

"Please . . ."

Once again incredible lashes rested upon pale cheeks. Brad observed with amazement that they were wet with tears.

He said uncertainly, "I'm sorry, Miss Porter. But I don't understand—"

Jean Porter spoke in a voice that was low and unsteady: "My father was killed two months ago in an auto accident."

Brad said again remorsefully, "I am sorry."

For a moment neither of them spoke. Brad's eyes were thoughtful. Funny to have a millionaire's daughter sitting opposite him at breakfast. He became acutely aware of the blue oilcloth on the table, of the crack in the cream pitcher's spout. Well, it was too late to do anything about it now. The best thing would be to change the subject.

Brad said briskly, "It will be easier to get into that place of yours by daylight. I'll bring along some tools."

"That's kind of you. I do want to get settled."

Brad didn't want to seem inquisitive. Still . . . "You—plan to stay a while?"

"I plan to live here," Jean Porter said.

Brad's brows knit. He began, "Of course, it's none of my business—"

"Of course, it isn't." Her voice was cool, impersonal, cutting in.

Dark color crept beneath Brad's skin. His eyes glinted. Without another word he rose, moved toward the door.

Jean Porter got up, too. "We're going now?"

Brad said levelly, looking over her head, "There are a few things I must do first. If you'll make yourself at home—" And went out, letting the door slam definitely behind him.

He guessed he could take a hint. If she didn't want any interference in her affairs, she certainly wouldn't get any, from Brad Hendricks, at least! All she wanted from him was food and some help in getting into her precious house. Her house . . . the old, deserted Porter place. Brad wondered, grinning a trifle viciously, if she had the faintest idea how it would look, inside, after being shut up for years.

He was annoyed while he fed and watered the stock, while he milked seven cows and scattered grain for the chickens. He had intended to get at that plowing today; now his whole morning would be wasted. But there was nothing to be done about it; he had said he'd be back.

Brad stamped across the barn lot, across the back yard, up the steps. She wasn't in the kitchen. She hadn't washed a dish nor even cleared the table. The butter was a liquid yellow pool and Mehetabel had practically finished the cream. Brad gritted his teeth. He put the butter into the electric refrigerator and poured the rest of the cream into Mehetabel's dish so that she could get at it more easily. He stacked the dishes noisily, clattered the silver. He hoped Jean Porter would hear him. He hoped she'd be ashamed.

BUT she didn't hear him and she wasn't ashamed. She was sound asleep. Brad discovered her, after a ten-minute search, on his own bed, her bright hair spread fanwise across the pillow. She looked small and helpless and sad. Brad's righteous anger flowed out of him. Why, the poor kid was dead tired. He had forgotten about her driving all night.

He tiptoed out and paused in the living-room to pick up a magazine. He'd better stick around, he supposed. If he started plowing now, she wouldn't have the faint-

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South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Opal Haymaker says: "I had constipation. This XR Yeast relieved me *in 3 days!*"

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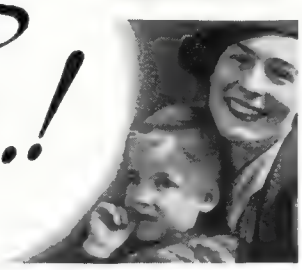

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est idea where to find him. And she was sure to wake up soon, any minute most likely. . . . She woke up at four o'clock and came into the living-room. She looked rested and refreshed, but she was scowling. Brad scowled back at her.

She began in a tone of definite annoyance, "Why on earth didn't you waken me? Here I've wasted a whole day—"

"You've wasted a whole day!" The benevolence Brad had felt toward her, sleeping, began to evaporate rapidly. "I had to let the plowing go, just sitting around waiting—"

"But why did you? I only meant to rest a minute."

"You rested, all right!"

Brad fixed two sandwiches, which they munched while tramping the half-mile between his house and the Porter place. On the rutted drive they came upon a gleaming roadster, with a flat tire.

Brad remarked, indicating it, "You didn't mention that."

Jean Porter shrugged. "Why did you suppose I walked over this morning?"

The house itself looked old and bleak and desolate in the slanting rays of the sun. There was an air of mustiness and abandonment about it.

The girl shivered. "It's sort of bleak, isn't it?"

Brad nodded, and went to work on the window she had broken the night before. His every movement signified disapproval, but he'd be damned if he'd give her another opportunity to put him in his place. As she had said, it was none of his business.

Jean remarked, pointing with the remains of her sandwich, "Now, the barn's much nicer. I like the barn."

Brad said, not looking, "Oh, it's a swell barn. Why don't you live in it?"

"Maybe I shall," Jean said solemnly, apparently unaware that sarcasm had been intended. "Eventually. Of course, it wouldn't be practicable to rebuild it right away."

The window went up with a crash. Brad climbed through.

"You wait and I'll open the door."

The house was unspeakably dark and dusty. Dim shapes of shrouded furniture stood out like lumpy ghosts. Brad worked for ten minutes on the front door; flung it open finally, to let in a warm glare of sunlight. The girl was nowhere to be seen.

Brad called lustily, "Miss Porter!"

"Don't shout so," commanded a voice from behind him. "I can hear you perfectly well. I came in the window—couldn't wait to see. Isn't it ghastly?"

She had a smudge of dust on her nose, and her hat was knocked askew. Brad had to grin at her.

"Well, it's pretty awful now, dark and dirty. But when it's clean—"

"I don't mean that. Naturally, it'd be dark and dirty. But the shapes of the rooms—and there are so many of them, all little and funny."

"They made 'em that way years ago."

THE girl nodded. "It's going to take a lot of remodeling. But if I have most of the partitions knocked out, throw two or three rooms together . . . an enormous living-room and a kitchen and a bedroom or two. Can't you see it?"

Brad said, "No."

"Oh, but it'll be divine, and quite simple."

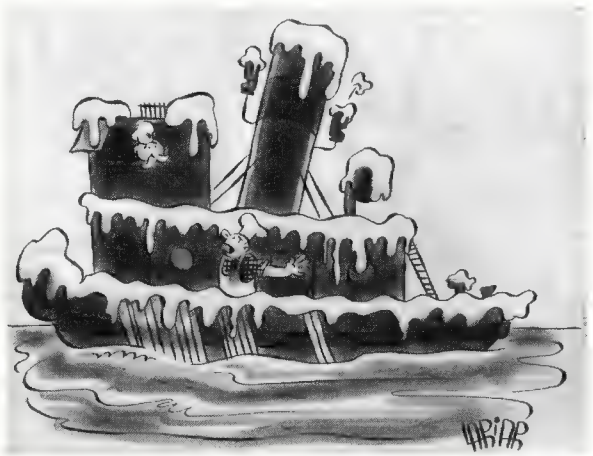
"It sounds simple."

Jean requested impersonally, "Will you go away now, please? I want to plan . . . and you bother me. Thanks for everything. I won't annoy you any more."

Brad's voice was bitter: "I'll appreciate that! But have you thought of where you'll sleep tonight, or eat?"

"Oh, I almost forgot! There was one more thing. Will you phone a garage and have a man sent out to fix my tire? Then I can go back to town."

Fifteen minutes later Brad called the garage, and washed his hands of his new neighbor. . . .



"I told you not to buy an electric refrigerator!"

Laurence LaRiar

HE DIDN'T see her again for almost three weeks. Not that he could completely ignore her presence in the vicinity. There was the loud clatter of busy hammers through the sycamore trees to remind him of her; there were trucks passing by, filled with lumber and furniture. When one had plenty of money, Brad supposed, one could indulge any crazy whim. He was aware of a faint curiosity as to how it would turn out. But he wouldn't walk over to see. He wouldn't even consider it.

He didn't have to.

One day when he came in, hot and tired from a day in the fields, the shining roadster was parked in his yard and Jean Porter sat once more upon his doorstep.

She greeted him gayly. She had come, she said, to return his hospitality. She wanted him to see her house.

"Tonight?" Brad inquired, looking down at his unspeakable overalls, at the mud on his shoes.

"We won't dine till eight. You'll have loads of time. I'll expect you."

She got up and strolled over to the roadster. Backing out, she missed the corner of the house by inches. Brad breathed more easily when she was gone.

The old Porter place had been painted. It was white, with a touch of soft moss-green on the shutters. Brad knocked at the door but no one came, so he wandered in. At least three partitions had been knocked out to make the living-room. Flowered chintzes made gay splotches of color at the tall old windows; the dark woodwork glowed with polishing. At one end was a dining alcove with a round table laid for two. Gleaming silver and sparkling glass on white linen. A man, Brad realized frowningly, grew careless living alone. He envisaged his own blue oilcloth and heavy white plates. He resolved to do a little shopping the next time he drove in to Chicago.

He opened a door and went into the kitchen. Jean was there. She wore something soft and green that swirled about her feet. Brad's breath caught for just a second in his throat. She had a pink apron tied around her slim middle and she was stirring brown gravy in a skillet.

Brad sniffed appreciatively. "Don't tell me you—"

"I didn't." Jean tossed him a smile. "Mrs. Peters did. She just left. She'll cook and clean but she won't serve. It's too menial."

When everything was on the table Jean lighted tall white candles and slipped into the chair Brad held for her. The meal progressed in leisurely and amiable fashion.

Jean asked with childlike eagerness, "How do you like my house? Isn't it perfect? Weren't you wrong?"

Brad smiled at her, admitting that it was perfect, that he had been quite wrong.

As the room grew darker the girl's vivid head seemed to catch and hold the wavering glow of the candles, reflecting it back a hundredfold. Brad felt a little dazzled.

Over coffee Jean told him, "My motives for inviting you weren't purely hospitable. I—want advice."

Brad should have been warned, but his mood was one of singular expansiveness.

Jean went on, "You see, I spent rather more than I intended on the house." One rosy-nailed finger traced an intricate pattern on the white cloth. "I don't know a thing about farming, so I thought perhaps you could suggest another way for me to earn some money. Just enough—to live on."

Brad's jaw dropped slightly.

"Money? But you can't mean—I thought—" Brad broke off uncomfortably. The whole thing was too fantastic.

"You thought I had a lot of money,

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didn't you?" Jean finished it for him.

"Is there any good reason why I wouldn't think so?"

"Not unless you read the papers. It was all there." Her lips twisted. She quoted: "'Wall Street broker dies penniless. . . . Huge fortune lost during past five years. . . . Was auto crash really accident?' . . ."

Jean enumerated, telling the items off on her slender fingers, "I have this house and my car and quite a few clothes. And a little over a thousand dollars."

Brad frowned. "But what were you thinking of, fixing up this house, spending all that money when you have so little?"

Jean's eyes widened. "It wasn't much, really. And if I'm going to live here—all my life—"

"Don't you see how foolish this move was in the first place? With money or without, New York is where you belong. Why didn't you get a job there?"

Jean inquired, leaning her chin on her palms, "Haven't you heard about the thousands of unemployed in the cities?"

"And haven't you heard about the plight of the American farmers?"

Brad couldn't just ask bluntly, "Why don't you get married?" That was most certainly none of his business. But the diamond shone in the candlelight, a glittering enigma.

Brad did say levelly, his dark eyes solemn, "Nevertheless, if you want my advice, I'll give it to you: Go home."

Jean said with ominous sweetness, "But you don't understand. I am home."

"You know, whether you'll admit it or not, that it was foolish coming here! There's something else back of it, something you've run away from. You're afraid to go back!"

Jean got to her feet, and Brad rose, too, facing her. There was a kind of icy fury in her voice: "What if I am? What business is it of yours?"

"None," Brad admitted. He was angry, too, and anger always made him reckless. "But I think I get it now. Some man. Why didn't you give him back his ring?"

Jean controlled her voice with an obvious effort: "Because I'm still engaged to him. Because we love each other. Is there anything further you'd like to know? If not, will you please leave now . . . and never come back? Never!"

Brad said, "Okay," and, turning smartly on his heel, went out. . . .

BUT he came back the next day to apologize.

Mrs. Peters answered his rather hesitant knock. She looked more worried than even the lifetime job of supporting a lazy husband warranted. She said at once, "Swimmin'! Can you imagine swimmin' in April? Just because it's a warm day."

Brad said soothingly, "But it is warm, Mrs. Peters."

"Deceivin'." Mrs. Peters shook her head darkly. "This weather's the wors' kind. She'll catch her death!"

Brad didn't argue about it. As he started down the overgrown path that led to Sugar Creek, sounds of splashing reached his ears. He caught sight of a wet, mahogany-colored head.

He called, "Hey! I came to apologize."

Jean looked around, startled; then she smiled. "As long as you said it first—I'm sorry, too. I guess we both lost our tempers."

Brad admitted that. "But you did ask for advice."

"Yes, but that didn't give you any right to—" Abruptly Jean laughed. "If we're not careful we'll be at it again." She floated placidly, eyes closed and arms outspread.

"I wanted to warn you, too," Brad said.

"Warn me?" Jean turned over and swam a few strokes, then waded up and stood, wet and glistening, on the bank beside Brad. "What about?"

"About get-rich-quick suggestions you'll probably get. Like," he enumerated, "raising rabbits or guinea pigs or mushrooms, or starting a tea-room—"

Jean's eyes opened wider. "You know that mightn't be such a bad idea—a tea-room."

Brad said piously, "Heaven forbid! Haven't you heard about all the starving women who are trying to run tea-rooms?"

Jean shook her head. She looked deep into Brad's eyes . . . and smiled a little. "You're nice, you know it? You like to act—oh, hard-boiled and don't-give-a-damn, but underneath I actually believe you're trying to look out for me."

Brad said, "It's just that I hate to see anyone get gypped."

THE next day it began to rain. And it rained and rained.

Brad wondered how Jean was faring. Weather like this was difficult to cope with, even for one accustomed to quiet farm life. How boring it must seem to a girl who was used to the movement and color of the city. Brad felt compassion stir in him, and the not too unwilling beginnings of a sense of responsibility.

On the fourth day of intermittent rain and dull, overcast skies, Brad donned an ulster and boots and tramped through the dripping trees to the Porter house.

Perhaps the neighborly thing would be to suggest some form of amusement. After all, Chicago was barely forty miles away and tomorrow would be Saturday. If they left after he had done the morning chores, they could make it easily by noon. They could have lunch, see a show, dine and dance, and still get home comfortably by midnight. He could have the Wiley boy do the evening work.

Mrs. Peters answered his eager knock. She exclaimed hospitably, "Come in, come in. An' you without a hat on in this weather! I'm s'prised at you."

Brad's grin was boyish, exuberant. "You shouldn't be, after all the years you've known me. How's Lem?"

"Tol'able. If you come to see Miss Porter, she's gone."

"Gone?"

"To Chicago. Lef' yesterd'y."

"But—what for?" Disappointment made Brad's tone bitter.

Mrs. Peters said confidentially, "Amusement, mos'ly, I expect. Although she's goin' to order hives an' things, too. Lem gave her a list, and she plans to get started right away—"

Brad interrupted sternly, "Hives? Lem? What are you talking about?"

Mrs. Peters said succinctly, "Bees!"

And went on to explain. Lem had always been interested in bees. He had a kind of a way with them. He even read about them in his spare time. And, added Lem's wife with resigned candor, he always had plenty of that. But he had never had sufficient money to go into beekeeping in a big way. Oh, he'd had a colony or two. In fact, he had one now.

"That's how come he brung some honey for Miss Porter Tuesday."

The honey, it seemed, had suggested something to Jean Porter. When she first came, she had found some old recipe books of her grandmother's in the kitchen. And, looking through one of them, she had noticed a recipe for a confection called Honey Kisses. Nothing would do, Mrs. Peters told Brad, but that she should stop in the middle of her work and make up a batch of it. And it had been very good.

Naturally, Miss Porter and Lem had progressed from the subject of honey to bees. Miss Porter's idea was that if a person raised bees he could not only sell the honey, but could also make up these kisses in large quantities and sell them, down on the highway. Miss Porter thought it would be cute to build a tiny house, shaped like a hive, and call it The Beehive. Lem could attend to the bees and Mrs. Peters could make the candy, and Miss Porter could sell it and the honey in her little house on the highway. They'd talked of nothing else all day Tuesday. And Wednesday. And on Thursday Miss Porter had departed for Chicago.

Five minutes later Brad departed for home. His face was stern as he splashed along the muddy path. The little fool! He'd gone out of his way to warn her—about rabbits, about guinea pigs, about mushrooms. Just because he overlooked bees . . . Oh, well, it was her business. And her money. And she could always go back to her fiancé, Brad thought bitterly; back to New York and all her friends. The sooner she lost her money, the sooner she'd do that, so perhaps it was all for the best. Brad washed his hands of the matter.

HE DIDN'T see much of Jean Porter for a while. He was busy and she was busy. By mid-May the enterprise she and the Peterses were embarked upon was well under way. Fifty white-painted hives were interspersed among the gnarled trees of the old Porter orchard. A hive of enormous proportions, to a bee's eye, was built beside the highway. For miles around neat signs suggested: GET YOUR HONEY AT THE BEEHIVE—SEVEN MILES. And: PORTER'S HONEY KISSES—THREE MILES. And: LIKE SWEETS? ONE MILE TO THE BEEHIVE.

Brad wondered how she was managing. Of course, she hadn't had time to get a honey crop yet. He asked Lem about it one day, and Lem explained importantly that they were buying their honey for the time being.

"Cuts the profits, temp'rarily, but we'll make it up in short order when our crop comes in. Las' Sunday there was nine cars parked by the Beehive at once't!"

Brad doubted that. The following Sunday he walked down to see for himself. There were fourteen cars. The Beehive was positively dazzling in the spring sunshine. On its spotless counter were jars of pale amber honey and packages of creamy, wax-paper-wrapped Kisses. Jean, in a starched white smock with a fat bee embroidered on the pocket, was briskly efficient. Two more cars drew up.

During a slight lull, she said to Brad, "Have a sample?"

Brad had a sample. It was delicious. He

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bought a pound of Kisses and tramped home, feeling a little foolish. . . .

He saw Jean frequently as the summer advanced. Now and then they swam together. Not often, though. Jean was too busy. And she was so happy she glowed.

"You know," she told Brad once, proudly, "I made a profit the very first month. Not much—seventeen dollars; but it was a profit."

"At that rate," Brad teased, "how many years will it take to get back your original investment, the money you spent for bees and hives and signs—"

Jean said firmly, "Don't interrupt."

Brad saw that her expression was entirely serious.

"The second month's profit was much larger. And now that we're using our own honey crop . . . Oh, Brad, don't go trying to—to dampen my enthusiasm! I've never in my whole life had so much fun. Don't you know the thrill of it? To start something and see it grow, to feel that you have what it takes to get along . . ."

That was in July. Brad was positive that Jean was happy then . . . and for a while longer. It was late in August that he noticed, or thought he noticed, a change in her . . . an almost imperceptible dimming of her bright spirits.

The success of the Beehive was established now beyond the shadow of a doubt. Jean was talking of installing a small restaurant in connection with it "—not until spring, of course. The season's practically over now. But, Brad, I could put up more signs: HOT BISCUITS AND HONEY AT THE BEEHIVE. . . . Mrs. Peters is grand on biscuits."

WITH September came the first cool autumn days. Business at the Beehive slowed up as auto traffic on the highways decreased. Jean decided to close the place on the fifteenth. Lem and Brad boarded it up for her securely.

"Till next year," Jean said, and there was a funny little tremor in her voice.

It was a rainy fall. Cold breezes whipped through the sycamore trees, and the sky was a leaden blanket for days on end. Walking over to see Jean one dismal afternoon, Brad found her in her cozy living-room, firelight flickering across a square white envelope in her lap. Brad noticed that it had a New York postmark and was addressed in a firm black hand.

Brad stood there with his back to the fire and cold foreboding gripping his heart.

Jean said simply, "I'm glad you came, Brad. I'm—going away."

"Away?" Brad repeated the word without inflection.

"Back to New York. You've always said I—belonged there. And now I have this letter from Jimmy—"

"Jimmy?"

Jean nodded. "Jimmy Pratt, the man I'm engaged to marry. He says he's missing me—more than he thought he could ever miss anyone."

"Did it take him so long to discover that?"

"You don't understand, Brad. You see, Jimmy and I were engaged before Father died. Jimmy's sweet, but he hasn't any money. You know, other people's polo ponies and other people's yachts . . ."

Brad didn't know, but he let it pass.

JEAN'S low voice went on: "So afterwards, when we found out how things stood, we couldn't marry. But we still—loved each other, so we didn't break our engagement. We thought we'd wait a while and see what happened."

"Couldn't this Jimmy go to work?" Brad asked politely in a voice of ice.

"You make him sound awful, but he isn't really. We were just—being sensible. And now he wants me to come back. He wants to get married right away. He has a sort of a job, and someone who's going abroad has offered him an apartment."

"You mean," Brad asked unbelievingly, "you'll go back to him just because he crooks his finger? After he let you down once? I thought you had some pride. I thought—and what about the Beehive?"

Jean closed her eyes. Her mouth trembled a little. "I—don't know, Brad. I really don't know. I want to go on with it—but I'm frightfully fond of Jimmy. I was all—wrecked inside when I first came here. Maybe that's why I was arrogant and insulting. I'm not so bad now, am I?"

"You weren't ever. But if you go running to this man—"

"I won't run to him. He's coming after me. Next week."

Jean wasn't aware that she had put out her hand until Brad's closed over it. It occurred to her, with a little shock of surprise, that he had never touched her before, except that first morning after her arrival when he had bandaged her wrist. Brad's hand, big and hard and calloused, pulled her to her feet. The letter on her lap fell to the floor. Brad's arms went around her and his face bent to hers. Their lips met. Jean's eyes closed slowly, shutting out the reeling ecstasy of the universe. His kiss . . . somehow she had known it would do this to her, tear her ruthlessly into tiny bits, put her back together again into a different person, a person who laughed and cried a little, ridiculously, at the same time.

Brad said, "I knew this would happen! I knew it the first time I saw you, sitting there on the doorstep with your eyelashes waving at me! I knew it and I tried to stop it and I couldn't. And now you say you're going back. To him! I won't stand for it! You wouldn't, would you? I—love you."

Jean's fingers crept upward to his hair. She rubbed her cheek against his coat.

"I love you, too. I couldn't have married Jimmy. Not—after I knew you. I just thought I'd go East for the winter—and maybe when I came back you'd be so glad to see me—" A faint reproach crept into her voice. "I've been so miserable, darling. You took dreadfully long to make up your mind."

"Oh, I did, did I? With you wearing another man's ring—and I was so afraid you'd leave—that I'd lose you— Why would I want to let myself in for all that?"

Jean said, "Why, indeed?" She raised her lips.

AFTER a moment Brad said humbly, "I was a fool."

"Yes, darling."

A sudden thought occurred to Brad. He exclaimed, "But you said he was coming here! We'll have to stop him!"

"I can wire. I—meant to wire anyway. I was going back alone—"

"Come on, then. And when we're in town sending the wire—can't we get married? We've waited too long now."

"Haven't we!"

The telegraph office was in a funny little red-brick building on Main Street. The courthouse, where people procured marriage licenses, was right around the corner.

Jean nodded approvingly when Brad explained this to her. "Convenient."

They went to the telegraph office first. Jean wrote on the yellow slip, "No, thanks. Good luck." It was hard to write even that much with Brad hanging on to her other hand.

The telegraph man suggested, helpfully, "You can have ten words for the same price."

Jean thanked him, her gray eyes shining. "But there is really nothing more to be said."

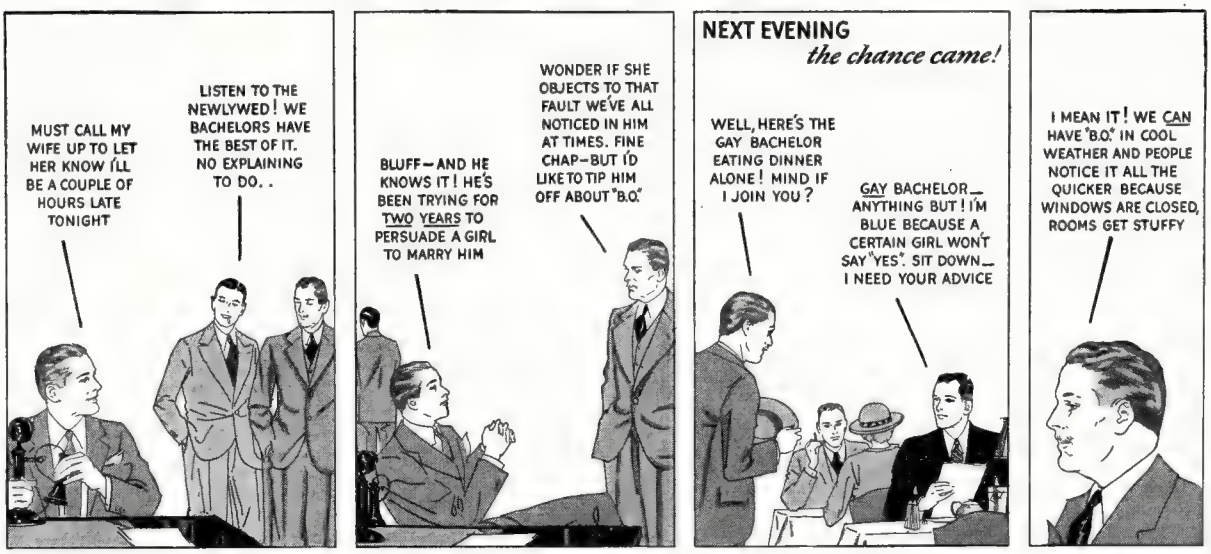
Brad nodded his head solemnly in agreement. And turning, the two went out and walked rapidly around the corner.

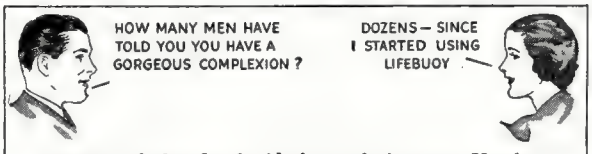
✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

"H-m-m-m . . . there's nothing here about mooses wearing shoes . . ."

Jay Irving

WHY HE WAS A BACHELOR


MUST CALL MY WIFE UP TO LET HER KNOW I'LL BE A COUPLE OF HOURS LATE TONIGHT
LISTEN TO THE NEWLYWED! WE BACHELORS HAVE THE BEST OF IT. NO EXPLAINING TO DO. .
BLUFF—AND HE KNOWS IT! HE'S BEEN TRYING FOR TWO YEARS TO PERSUADE A GIRL TO MARRY HIM
WONDER IF SHE OBJECTS TO THAT FAULT WE'VE ALL NOTICED IN HIM AT TIMES. FINE CHAP—BUT I'D LIKE TO TIP HIM OFF ABOUT "B.O."
NEXT EVENING
the chance came!
WELL, HERE'S THE GAY BACHELOR EATING DINNER ALONE! MIND IF I JOIN YOU?
GAY BACHELOR—ANYTHING BUT! I'M BLUE BECAUSE A CERTAIN GIRL WON'T SAY "YES". SIT DOWN—I NEED YOUR ADVICE
I MEAN IT! WE CAN HAVE "B.O." IN COOL WEATHER AND PEOPLE NOTICE IT ALL THE QUICKER BECAUSE WINDOWS ARE CLOSED, ROOMS GET STUFFY
YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND FOR WARNING ME! NEVER DREAMED I WAS OFFENDING. BUT FROM NOW ON IT'S LIFEBUOY FOR ME AND NO "B.O."
NO "B.O." NOW to spoil his wooing!
DARLING, TO THINK I'VE WON YOU AT LAST!
I.. I WAITED UNTIL I WAS ABSOLUTELY SURE WE'D BE HAPPY TOGETHER



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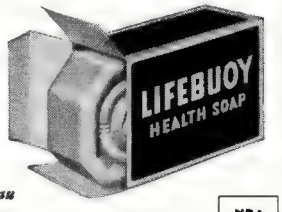
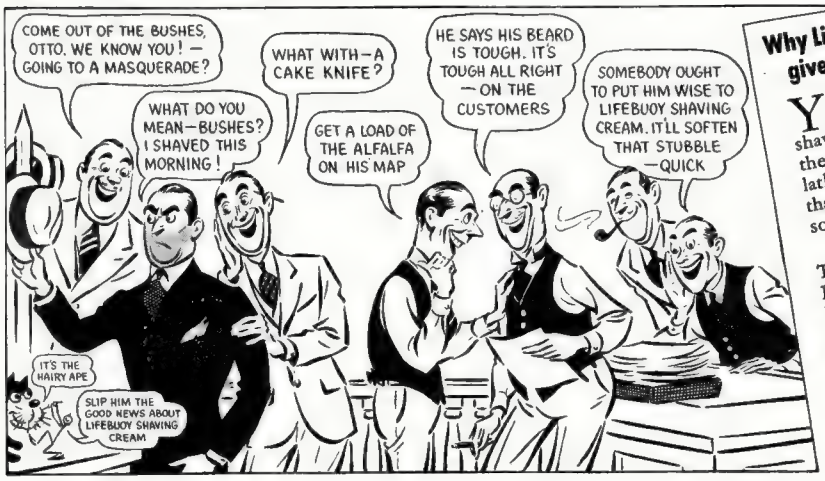


NRA CODE

TAKING THE OFFICE "BLUEBEARD" FOR A RIDE...


COME OUT OF THE BUSHES, OTTO. WE KNOW YOU!—GOING TO A MASQUERADE?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN—BUSHES? I SHAVED THIS MORNING!
WHAT WITH—A CAKE KNIFE?
GET A LOAD OF THE ALFALFA ON HIS MAP
HE SAYS HIS BEARD IS TOUGH. IT'S TOUGH ALL RIGHT—ON THE CUSTOMERS
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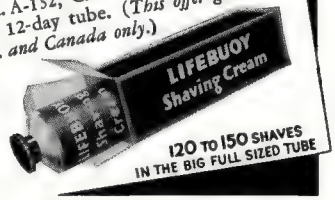

Bringing Up Shirley

(*Continued from page 27*)

actors will influence her. She goes to see her own previews, privately, as a rule, to escape the crowds. She seldom remarks on them, just chuckles. Once she rocked back and forth in glee and clapped her hands, like any child. Once she said, "I think I could have done better than that!"

I never urged Shirley to go to the studio with me. She wanted to go then, as she wants to go now. Motion-picture acting is simply part of her play life. It is untinged with worry about tomorrow or fear of failure. A few times when we have left the studio together, she has looked up at me and said, "Mommy, did I do all right?" Since there is no right or wrong about it, but only Shirley playing, I have replied, noncommittally, "All right." That was the end of it.

When she is cast for a new part, the director gives me a scenario script and I teach Shirley her lines. This is not a task for Shirley, although it sometimes is for me, since, in a very subtle way, I must communicate to her by my facial expression the feeling that goes with her lines. This necessitates my studying the entire play thoroughly. I do not know whether Shirley understands the plays in which she appears. We do not discuss plots and characters, or, indeed, any phase of her motion-picture work. Her playing is really play. She learns her lines rapidly, just as any child learns nursery rhymes or stories, such as, *Little Black Sambo* and *The Little Red Hen*, both of which she loves. We usually go over the script the first time with enthusiasm. Sometimes, when it is issued, Shirley cannot wait until we get home to hear her lines read.

"Turn on the dashboard lights," she said one night. "And read my lines while you drive."

WHEN she is working on a picture, I usually go over the next day's lines at bedtime. Her rehearsals out of the studio are quite unconscious. Sometimes I have heard her in the playroom repeating her lines as she built her blocks.

After her little experiences with comedies, Shirley was used now and then in large productions, but she did not become famous until a year ago with Fox's production of *Stand Up and Cheer*. Overnight we, who had lived an inconspicuous and very modest life in our bungalow at Santa Monica, found ourselves in the floodlight of motion-picture publicity. Four thousand letters a week were showered upon us. Gifts came through the mail. A young man in England sent Shirley a toilet set. A little girl in France sent her a doll. People knocked at our doors. Bolder ones pressed their faces against our windows. The telephone rang from morning till night. It simply was too much for us, not to speak of the child, who was tugged at, fondled, gushed over, and followed.

Shirley and I were sitting in the corner of an out-of-the-way restaurant in Los Angeles not long ago when she asked the question I had always feared to answer. I had purposely chosen an inconspicuous table, but somebody caught the glint of her honey-colored curls and the flirtatious roll of her hazel eyes—one of her baby mannerisms—and presently a dozen persons, friendly and well-meaning enough, were trooping by our table.

When the last admirer had gone, she looked at me and said:

"Mommy, why do people always want to touch me and ask questions?"

"Shirley," I replied, "haven't you ever noticed that everybody loves little kittens and rabbits and baby birds? Don't you love them? You're just like a little kitten—a little rabbit. And you're a happy child, too. People like happiness."

She studied me with grave eyes for a moment, then her attention flitted back to her lunch. I breathed a sigh of relief. I was afraid it was dawning upon her that those people adored her image and her acting. I was afraid she would begin to act for me.

A FEW months ago it was necessary to take Shirley to the airport at Los Angeles for an airplane shot. Usually we work in the strict privacy of the Fox lot at Westwood. We entered the field in a roundabout way and worked quickly, so as not to attract attention. But in a few moments the guardrail of the field was lined with people, cheering and shouting and laughing at Little Shirley Temple.

Then somebody set up the cry, "Hold her up! Let's see her!" A policeman seized her and put her, laughing, on his shoulder. She was very happy. But, as we skirted the crowd, thousands of hands clutched for her and, suddenly, she gave a little cry. Somebody had pulled her curls. It hurt. I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life. Her lip quivered for an instant; then she said tremulously, "Mommy, why do they want to pull my hair?" I was sorry, I say, but I think that Shirley was beginning unconsciously to learn that fame and crowds are not always pleasant.

It has been so hard to stay away from crowds. We are just human beings, after all, and like to travel and see spectacles. We have had so many opportunities since Shirley rose to motion-picture fame a little more than a year ago. We have been invited to open some of the largest expositions in the United States, because of Shirley. A New York theater offered us $10,000 a week for Shirley's personal appearance four times a day. But we had to turn down these offers. When Shirley Temple is performing on the screen in every city of the world, our little girl is safe at home, fussing with her elder brothers as baby sisters always do.

Shirley, herself, has never ridden on a train. The farthest she has been from home is Lake Tahoe, near San Francisco, where we motored just a few months ago on George's vacation.

So far I have been very fortunate in keeping my little girl. I try simply to meet situations in a common-sense way as they arise. Between shots on the Fox lot not long ago, Shirley ran jubilantly into the bungalow which the company provides for us during working hours. She wanted to draw crayon pictures—you know, the big-headed, scrawly kind. The wardrobe mistress, however, handed her a little pink cap with ermine tails, which any little girl would delight to wear, and asked her to try it on for the next scene.

Shirley slipped it over her curls and looked up.

"Straight?" she asked.

"Straight," replied the mistress. "It looks fine."

Shirley turned away to a dressing table where her drawing things were, a huge mirror looking down upon her, and commenced to draw without so much as glancing at her image in the glass. I was very happy. That was the way I wanted her to be—living outside of herself, never inside.

When she was a baby, I worried about her health a great deal, a silly thing to do, and took her to a child specialist once a month. She was in perfect health and, for that matter, has always been since she was born, except once when she had a little cold. I still get letters from specialists asking for Shirley's diet. The fact of the matter is that she has no diet in a fancy or scientific sense. She eats, under persuasion sometimes, what all American children eat. Right now I have a letter from a dentist, wanting to know how I have cared for Shirley's teeth. I simply wash them with a toothbrush and an ordinary dentifrice.

(All of which reminds me that Shirley lost a baby tooth at Lake Tahoe, but Santa Claus, in whom she still devoutly believes, left another standing in its place within three days. She was right on the eve of making a picture. After all my worry, Shirley's director told me that a temporary tooth could have been manufactured and installed in very short order.)

Every motion-picture actor has a "stand-in"—that is, a person of his height and general build, who stands in his place on the set while lights and cameras are focused for a new shot. This sometimes takes twenty or thirty minutes. Shirley's stand-in, whom she has called quite seriously both "stand-out" and "step-in," is a lovely child named Marilyn Granas, seven years old, the playmate of Shirley's studio hours. When Shirley is not appearing, she is playing dolls with Marilyn, studying her primer under the tutorship of Miss Lillian Barker, who teaches her one hour a day, or doing light dance routine under studio direction. Sometimes she plays with Harold Lloyd's children, of whom she is very fond, and she still has her playmates of those days when her yard was her own.

WHEN my little girl became a film star, I saw to it that she did not become a star in the Temple home—not any more, I mean, than the baby girl is star of any home.

I know that Shirley's rise to fame changed the status of our household. I am employed now at a good salary to take care of Shirley, teach her her lines, and be present with her on the lot and on the sets. With my salary and George's, and the money of Shirley's that we have spent to

make her home life a better one, we are enabled, all of us, to live on a higher economic level. We have a playhouse for Shirley in the back yard. We have a Spanish court, in which she may ride around in her toy motorcar or on her tricycle. She has a bedroom and a playroom. The boys have a bedroom together and George and I have a room. All in all, it is a cozy and lovely little home we have made for her. Both of the boys may finish college if they choose. I do not know that it would have been possible without Shirley. Jack is in his second year of pre-medical work at the Los Angeles branch of the University of California. Sonny is in his second year of junior high school and wants to be a cowboy.

Shirley, by the way, wanted to be a dressmaker yesterday, and today has decided to be a vegetable woman. Sometimes she plans being a movie actress. She may be what she wishes, because her father has put in trust for her most of the money she has made. Much of it is invested. He is trustee and should be a good one, because for fifteen years he has been in the banking business—teller, cashier, and all. And he is still a branch-bank manager. Shirley's success has not changed his routine. And George gives Shirley her bath every night, as he always did.

But what I am getting at is that, in spite of Shirley's financial success, she is not running the Temple household. When she is disobedient and I am too tired to be sensible, I sometimes give her a spank or two. Some psychologists, I am told, say that corporal punishment is undesirable. But it works.

SHIRLEY has always been what mothers call a good child. Since birth, she has slept through the night. She was never destructive, never marked books, scrawled on the wallpaper, broke dishes, struck, pinched, or pulled hair. Sometimes she does fuss with her brothers. She gets in their way while they are studying. She's no star to them; just a nuisance, like any little sister. They tell her to go away and leave them alone, and she tells them she won't. Then I have to arbitrate.

The boys have always been very fond of their little sister, Jack particularly. When we lived in the bungalow and went out to bridge parties (we have very little social life any more for obvious reasons), Jack always took care of Shirley, even in those days when her feedings had to be given with a tiny spoon. She never would take a bottle and it became necessary to feed her with a spoon after three months.

Neither of the boys has aspired to be in the films. When they were told once that several motion-picture directors were going to call to interview them as possibilities for the rôle of David Copperfield, which neither could play, they put on their hats and coats and quietly walked out.

When Shirley brings Roddy, the spaniel, into the living-room, we send Roddy and Shirley out again. When Shirley wants candy, and goodness knows she can afford to buy it, she gets it if it is time for it.

It is hard to refuse her anything. But I will not spoil her.

We are always very careful of our manner of speaking around the house. In one of her earlier pictures, one of Shirley's lines read, "Aw, nuts." A storm of protest broke about the studio's ears. We

If everyone in this office uses Pepsodent Antiseptic (as used in recent tests)

there should be 50% fewer colds!

New way in "cold prevention" pointed out in revealing tests with 500 people. Facts on how effective Pepsodent Antiseptic really is.

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this office there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records. . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this office, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

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Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

weren't worried personally. Shirley never repeated the exclamation at home. But all of us are being cautious now—her family and the men at the studio. Several times she has appeared in plays with an underworld background. I do not think she understood what the pictures were all about. They were written because they provided strong, dramatic contrasts. But it will not happen again, I am told. Everybody has agreed that her plays, from *Bright Eyes* on, will be more suitable to her cheery, winsome personality.

We have never taken Shirley to Sunday school or church. We've tried to live our religion in the home. Since first she began to talk, she has said her prayers every night, when she goes to bed. It is the same prayer I said when I was a little girl: "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep . . ." And when it came to "Bless Mommy and Poppy and brothers and ———," she found she had so many friends that her prayer was interminable. There was Adolph Menjou to be blessed, Sir Guy Standing, Jimmy Dunn, Lois Wilson, and the whole film public. She finally cut it down to "and all." Shirley always goes to sleep immediately after her prayer. I stand up from the bed and she is gone.

A few days ago I heard her mumbling to herself over a newspaper comic strip of *Tarzan*. She can't read yet and is not urged to read, but she makes plenty of sense out of pictures.

"Thank you, God," I heard her say, "for sending me Tarzan."

WHEN I go to bed, after having been with Shirley all day on the lot, I say my prayers, too, for my little girl's safety. I do not mean her physical safety, although once I was worried for that—without grounds. In *Little Miss Marker* she was, for picture purposes, thrown from a horse—an optical illusion, of course. The horse reared, and she was lifted from it swiftly by invisible wires fastened to a harness under her clothing. It was all the director could do to keep her from laughing. But I did not laugh. My heart was in my mouth. I was even more frightened when another shot was taken of her lying on the ground, five feet from her rearing horse.

I suppose I was pale, because Mr. Menjou walked up to me and said, "I don't blame you, Mrs. Temple, for being frightened. A horse is a horse."

No, it is not physical harm that I fear so much. I fear for my little girl—for herself. I do not want her little fun in the films to take her from me. I want her to be natural, ingenuous, sweet. If she ceases to be that, I shall have lost her—and motion pictures will have lost her, too.

If she ceased to appear in films tomorrow, it would be all right with me in my heart. It would be all right if the baby—not the shadow on the screen—came back to me. I simply would go back to my housework, which the housekeeper does now, because I like housekeeping and morning shopping and a little girl to lead by the hand.

Mississippi Pearl

(*Continued from page 31*)

Bilbo wins because—driven mostly by the desire for food and clothing and twenty or more 5-cent cigars every day—he works furiously, finds out what the people want, and promises in violent oratory to get it for them—and sometimes does. Every important newspaper in his state has fought him tooth and nail. To counteract the press, in every campaign he stumps the state, omitting no city, no crossroads, driving his own car over dirt and gravel roads. In his last campaign he often rose at 4 A. M. in order to make eight speeches during the day. He is thick-skinned, holds no grudges, has a better sense of humor and is a better winner or loser than most politicians. He is shrewd, a great showman, and lucky.

He has been lucky in that he has never been opposed by a real statesman.

A prominent Mississippi business man told me: "The way to beat fellows like Bilbo is to put up against them high-class men in whom the voters have confidence—but you can't get good men to go into politics these days."

Other men, not so prominent, said: "Bilbo is the kind we need in politics. He's one of us and he will be a great senator. The political friends of the rich are responsible for all our poverty. It's about time the friends of the poor got into power and straightened things out."

Whether you agree or not, that's the way many voters are reasoning these days.

Bilbo is a vote-getter, and a vote-getter is different from a statesman. Bilbo has much in common with Alfalfa Bill Murray in his ability to talk the language of the farmer. His political platform resembles Huey Long's and he is a more clever stump speaker than Bill or Huey.

Bilbo is by no means the power in Mississippi that Long is in Louisiana. But Bilbo is quite likely to outstrip the Kingfish in effective performance for the Cause in the Senate. Long makes many enemies and rules by fear. Senator Bilbo can be ingratiating, and he'll be in there working night and day behind the scenes.

He is taking lessons from Senator Harrison on how to behave in the Senate, and outwardly he will be rather circumspect. The Right Wing would do well not to underrate him. Bilbo is no mental giant, but he is a persuasive campaigner, and indications are the Share-the-Wealth crowd will invite him to help them stump the United States in 1936, when, if their present plans work out, Huey Long will run for President in a campaign appealing to the farmer, the laborer, the ex-soldier, and the unemployed.

BORN on a farm, often broke and in debt, Bilbo has a real sympathy for the poor man. But essentially he is no fervent crusader nor has he Huey Long's lust for power. Bilbo is in politics because he likes the game and it's a way to make a living.

Baldish and thin-lipped, at the age of fifty-seven he is a snappy little dresser who wears red suspenders, a red handkerchief waving from the breast pocket of his coat, who sleeps in red pajamas, and whose sartorial elegance reaches its blazing peak in a red necktie from which blares a diamond horseshoe. Senator Bilbo bought it at an auction in 1916 for $92.50.

It's his lucky piece, and although he has owed as much as $14,000 and at one time couldn't pay the mortgage on his house, he has never gone to the pawnshop with the diamond horseshoe pin.

He uses horn-rimmed glasses when he reads, but doesn't like to wear them much in public, for he thinks they are not becoming. When I saw him he was planning to buy some new frames that would make him look more distinguished, before he appeared in the Senate.

He laughs when they call him names that to most Southerners would be fighting words.

"That's part of the political game," he says. "Nobody ought to be annoyed by that."

He was quite surprised once when a man about whom he had said mean things cracked him over the head with the butt of a revolver and almost fractured his skull. He carries neither gun nor bodyguard and is quite willing to face his enemies alone at any time.

But he boils with indignation when they say he is only five feet, three inches tall.

"I'm five feet, six!" he protested dramatically, and stood up to show me.

His size has never been a handicap. A Mississippian shook his head with reluctant admiration as he told me, "When Bilbo's warmed up on the stump he's seven feet, ten inches tall."

Bilbo is no upstart in Mississippi. He has been in politics for twenty-six years. He has won five elections and lost two, serving his state for sixteen years. He was elected state senator ($250 a year) in 1907, lieutenant governor ($250 a year) in 1911, governor ($7,500 a year) in 1915, governor in 1927, and United States senator ($10,000 a year) in 1934. He is the only man to be twice elected governor of Mississippi since 1889. He was defeated for representative in Congress in 1918 and for governor in 1923.

I note the salaries of these jobs because Bilbo likes to think in terms of money. While I was talking with him at one time, his secretary informed him Mr. So-and-So wanted Bilbo to telephone him.

"The number," she said, "is 1355."

"1355," Bilbo repeated. "Thirteen dollars and fifty-five cents. Needn't write it down. I'll remember it."

During his campaign Bilbo's private office in Jackson, Miss., was a hotel bedroom ($1–$2 a day).

While I was waiting to see him, his secretary told me: "Governor hasn't luxurious quarters, but he stays here because the proprietor of the hotel was good to him when Governor wasn't so successful."

I said that was a very noble thing to do, and later when I got to gossiping with Bilbo I asked, "How much do you pay for these quarters?"

"Nothing," he answered promptly, proud that he could inspire such practical friendship. "The manager of the hotel likes me and gives them to me. And my laundry, too."

Bilbo has no time for anything but politics. He uses his spare time going around asking people how they are and listening with tremendous interest to their answers. He is a dry, personally and politically, and was one of the most prominent members of the Ku Klux Klan when it was politically powerful. But he supported wet, anti-Klan Al Smith in his presidential campaign against Hoover and delivered Klannish and Dry Mississippi to Smith by an enormous majority. He did it mostly by quoting a Northern Negro woman who was a Republican campaign worker and who, according to Bilbo, had said she had visited the White House.

The Republicans were flabbergasted by that. If they denied it they would lose the Negro votes in the North. If they did not deny it, they would lose the white votes in the South. So they just stammered out a few statements that nobody could understand and Bilbo thought he had been very clever, indeed.

Bilbo knows where to stop, however. "The day is past," he assured me, "when the demagogue can fool the people."

I SPOKE of his recent senatorial campaign, in which he had called Senator Stephens, his principal opponent, such names as "a vicious, malicious, pusillanimous, cold-blooded, premeditated, plain, ordinary liar."

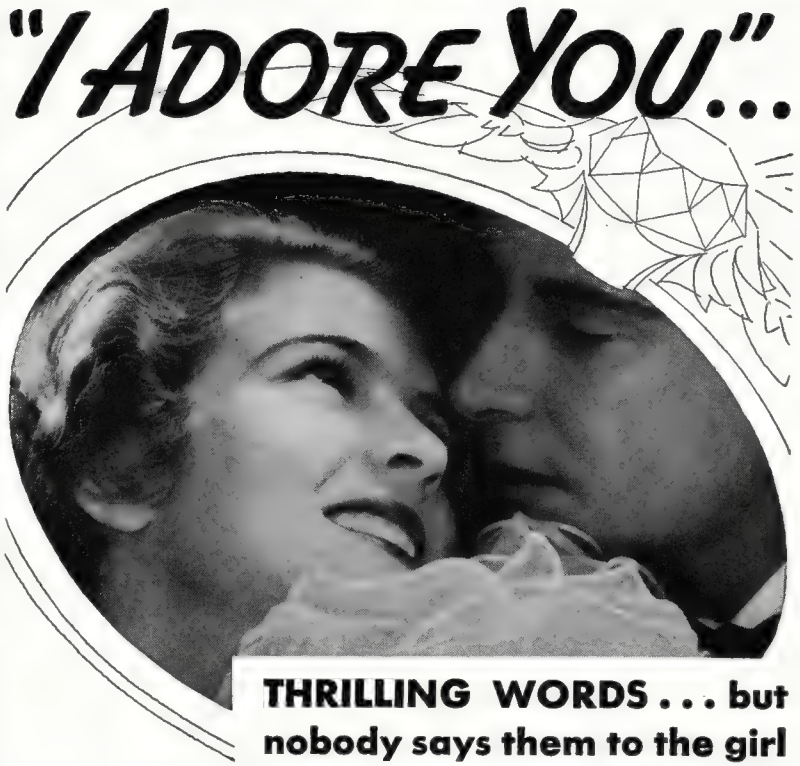
"Pretty hot fight, wasn't it?" I asked.

"We had a very pleasant campaign," he said, as though he were speaking of a Sunday picnic. "I really was very considerate of him." He smiled. "It's always a family fight down here, and a family fight is the best of all. We're all Democrats, and we have to deal in personalities because there are no issues—we're all in favor of the same things. So you don't try to show the other fellow is in favor of this or against that, you just show he's a low-down blankety blank."

And in Mississippi you can indicate it sometimes by strange arguments. One of the most effective epithets hurled by Bilbo against Mike Conner, the present governor, is: "He's a *Yale* man!" Governor Conner was born in Mississippi but studied law at Yale, and that LL. B. degree has cost him plenty of votes.

Many Mississippians, you must remember, still fear the Republican North and distrust anything Yankee. With a majority of its population Negro—in some counties there are five blacks to one white—it still remembers reconstruction days.

One of Bilbo's arguments against Senator Stephens was that the senator had once voted to give a government job to a Republican. His only kind word had to do with Senator Stephens' vote to kill Senator Norris's amendment which—Bilbo pointed out—"required all appointments



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So what a shame when a girl lets Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! It's so easy to guard against this complexion trouble.

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OF COURSE, I USE COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC SKIN — THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S EASY TO HAVE A GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY.
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in certain departments of government to be made on merit and not political preferment"!

Thus, Bilbo chuckled, Stephens had helped keep "thousands of places for Bilbo to fill. Bilbo will have charge of making every appointment so far as it relates to Mississippi. All who vote for Stephens in the hope or on the promise of getting a job will be doomed to disappointment. You had better vote for Bilbo and be a winner. It's the only safe course to adopt."

SENATOR BILBO was born in a log house on a farm near Juniper Grove, Pearl River County, Miss., six miles from the railroad station at Poplarville. He was the youngest of a family of ten children. His father was a Scotch Presbyterian and his mother a Baptist. At the time of his death in 1917, the senior Bilbo owned 400 acres of cotton and corn, 3,000 sheep and several hundred cattle.

When Theodore Bilbo was a boy, schools in most parts of Mississippi ran only four months a year, in the summertime. At 20, Bilbo went to the University of Nashville, and was there three years. When he was 28 and 29 he studied law at Vanderbilt University and was admitted to the Tennessee bar. Betweentimes he was earning a living as a laundry man, a sawmill hand, and as a news butcher on the railroad. He taught school for six summers, was a traveling organizer of Baptist Sunday schools, and could step in and preach a rousing sermon when the minister needed a rest.

As a news butcher he learned much about the art of persuasive oratory and was a first-class salesman.

It was then that he became interested in psychology and phrenology and character-reading. He says he can tell by looking at the bumps on your head and by the shape of your face whether he can bring you into camp by waving his arms and shouting or whether it's best for the Bilbo cause to take you into a private room and whisper. He has spent more time learning the science of getting elected than he has the science of government.

At 22 he made his first political campaign, running in his home county for circuit clerk.

"My opponent," he told me, smiling, "was a one-armed Baptist preacher, my own pastor. I was beaten by fifty-six votes. The voters may have questioned my ability but they never doubted my nerve."

Bilbo was 30 and a practicing lawyer in Poplarville when he ran for the State Senate, and after riding horseback more than 2,000 miles through five counties, delivering at least two speeches a day, he was elected by a big majority. The State Legislature meets only once in two years, so he had time to go to the University of Michigan, after election, and take four months of special law work.

Then came the session of the State Senate, and an episode which almost blasted Bilbo out of public life forever. This involved a sum of $675 and has popped up in every anti-Bilbo speech in the last twenty-five years.

Senator McLaurin had died, and the State Senate was voting to fill his unexpired term. The leading candidates were James K. Vardaman, who had just finished a term as governor, and LeRoy Percy. Percy had the backing of the rich people of the delta plantations. Vardaman was supported by the folks in the hills.

After the election of Percy, Bilbo, who had voted for Vardaman, announced he had taken $675 as a bribe from the Percy faction. L. C. Dulaney, a Percy supporter, was accused of giving the bribe, and indicted.

Bilbo testified he took the bribe as a self-appointed private detective in order to trap the Percy crowd. On the vote as to whether Bilbo should be expelled from the Senate, fifteen men believed him. A two-thirds majority was necessary to throw him out, and the count was 28 to 15. If one of the fifteen had changed his vote, Bilbo would have been expelled.

Dulaney was acquitted and at the next election became a State Senator without opposition, while Bilbo was elected Lieutenant Governor and, presiding in the Senate, swore him in.

Elected governor in 1915, Bilbo began to speak of himself as "Bilbo the Builder." During his administration Mississippi became the first state to ratify the prohibition amendment and refused to ratify the women's suffrage and anti-child-labor amendments. An industrial school for wayward boys and girls and a tuberculosis sanatorium were built, more money was spent for schools and for pensions for Confederate veterans, an illiteracy commission was established, public hangings were abolished, and a law was passed compelling farmers to dip their cattle to kill the tick.

BILBO yields to no man in his hatred for the South African tick, and you'd think, offhand, it would be safe for any politician to attack this dangerous carrier of Texas fever. No one would guess the tick had enough friends to count on Election Day.

The Mississippi law says no governor can succeed himself, so, his term ended, Bilbo began to look around for another political job, and decided to run for Congress. He probably would have won if he just had laid off the tick.

Himself a farmer, he was in favor of the state's new law for compulsory dipping of cattle. Hundreds of farmers, however, opposed it, and blew up some of the state's dipping vats with dynamite, and declared they would vote for no man who tried to force their cattle into them. They thought it killed the cattle as well as the tick. For once Bilbo refused to change his mind to meet popular opinion. He attacked the tick as furiously as later he was to attack the money barons and Wall Street. And so the farmers defeated him.

He has been careful, since then, not to oppose the farmer. During his second term as governor he proposed a reduction in the cotton crop through a plan to pick two rows and leave one standing, and President Hoover's farm board adopted the idea. Bilbo was furious because they didn't give him credit for the plan but he doesn't mention it now. The farmers are opposed to crop reduction now—and so is Bilbo.

Although Bilbo was beaten by the farmers, he helped elect Lee M. Russell to succeed him, and during Russell's term Bilbo served a jail sentence. Governor Russell's former stenographer sued him for $100,000, charging breach of promise and other things, and Bilbo, who was sought by the girl as her chief witness, was not to be found until after Governor Russell had been acquitted.

Bilbo was charged with contempt of court and sentenced to thirty days in jail. Charging it was a political trick, he sat in his cell trying to think up a good way to confound his enemies, and decided that, the necessary interval having elapsed, he would run for governor again. He went to the window and yelled "Hey!" to passers-by until a small crowd collected, and through the bars made an impassioned speech announcing his candidacy.

He was released after ten days and came out on the run, dealing orations to all and sundry, and kept it up for three months, but he was defeated.

I asked him why he lost that campaign.

He grinned and shrugged his shoulders. "I didn't get enough votes."

One reason was he hadn't started soon enough, and he made no such error in his next race. Thirteen months before the 1927 primaries for governor he gave a tremendous free barbecue for 18,000 persons and announced his candidacy.

He was elected.

Bilbo stepped into a stormy four years. The depression was to crack down upon the nation in the middle of his term. His enemies controlled the legislature. Neither side would compromise. He refused to sign their tax bills, and they refused to vote for his. He demanded a state sales tax, and they gave him a pitiful one fourth of one per cent. It was a sorry performance by both sides, and the sufferers from the stubborn political warfare were the people of Mississippi, who found, when Bilbo left office, the state had only $1,326.27 in its treasury. State warrants were in default, nobody wanted state bonds, and appropriation obligations outstanding amounted to $7,486,760.

Again, it seemed certain, Bilbo was politically dead.

IT WAS during Bilbo's last term as governor that somebody started the whispering about The Case of the Mysterious Bullet, which was fired in his office in the State Capitol. Not many persons other than Bilbo know how that bullet got into the edge of the shelf of the mantelpiece, and he won't tell whether it was fired by man or woman, by accident or design. But the bullet is there. I saw it.

Most persons, in Governor Bilbo's spot, would have had the bullet hole puttied up and varnished over, but it is significant that he made no attempt to hide it nor any effort to explain away the whispered tales as to how it got there. He thrives on the wild and sometimes libelous stories they tell about him, and he knows it. They keep people talking about him.

Practically broke when he left the governor's office, Bilbo went to Senator Pat Harrison for assistance. Senator Harrison will run for reëlection in 1936. His strongest opponent is likely to be Governor Mike Conner, Bilbo's special enemy, and Senator Harrison will like it very much if Bilbo will make a lot of campaign speeches for Harrison in Mississippi. So Harrison promised ex-Governor Bilbo an important job on one of the commissions in Washington. But such appointments must be confirmed by the Senate.

Senator Hubert D. Stephens, Harrison's colleague, let it be known he would block any attempt to get the Senate to confirm any appointment for Bilbo. So Senator Harrison arranged things at the AAA in

Washington, and the man who had twice been Governor of Mississippi took a job clipping pieces out of newspapers. For that service Bilbo was paid $6,000 a year.

It was no sudden impulse that made Bilbo quit his $6,000 job, after a year in Washington. He had planned for several years to run for senator when Stephens' second term expired. So, opposed mainly by Senator Stephens, Bilbo was elected United States Senator.

Some Mississippians say Senator Pat Harrison, had he so desired, could have prevented Bilbo's election. Harrison announced he was going to vote for Stephens but otherwise took no part in the warfare.

Whether Pat Harrison secretly favored the election of Bilbo or whether he just wanted to remain friendly to both factions I do not know. But here we have a situation that is worth noting: The chairman of the finance committee of the United States Senate is said to have been more or less responsible for the election of a senator who is in favor of "an orderly, legal redistribution of the wealth of the nation."

I FOUND the average Mississippians, even those who had voted against Bilbo, were rather content with the new senator.

Here and there I found friends of Bilbo among the more prosperous citizens. Rather, I should say, enemies of Stephens, who thought he hadn't done much to quiet the general unrest and who voted for Bilbo, not because he was a great man, but because they thought he was better than his opponent.

Nobody said, "I voted for Bilbo because he is a great builder and humanitarian." Instead:

"It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. You might as well vote for the fellow you think will get you something." . . .

"Bilbo's been in politics a long time and he knows his stuff. He'll be a good senator for Mississippi, because he wants to hold his job." . . .

"I don't pay any attention to his past record. I voted for him because I'd like to have a pension when I get old." . . .

"Of course I voted for Bilbo. Ain't he for the bonus?" . . .

"All his life Bilbo has been persecuted by politicians who ran against him. He's not any worse than the others." . . .

Almost always I found in Mississippi, as I have found in other states throughout America, a general dull resentment against all politicians and an honest wish that in some way, somehow, they could put into office men they could really respect.

Lacking statesmen as candidates, they vote for the fellow who promises action and who seems to want the job more than he wants anything else in life. Sometimes I find intelligent, unselfish men who think perhaps, these days, that's as good a way as any to select our leaders—in politics, in business, in any group activity.

Better, they believe, to have a dashing General Up-and-Attem who does *something*, and who sometimes is right and sometimes wrong, than Hon. John J. Bump-On-a-Log, who, because he just sits and sits, never makes a mistake.

At least, the General Up-and-Attems put on an exciting show.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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She'll make it for you within 24 hours, or we miss our bet.

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Charlie

(*Continued from page 33*)

fellows in your college," said the sergeant. "No reverence for anything. No real spirit. You never really get behind the team."

"What you want me to do? Pray or something?" asked Salters.

"You wouldn't know how," answered Carey.

"You teach me, Big Boy. Show me your religious side, will you?"

"Sure, I will," agreed Carey, lifting his head.

He added, "Hey, God, why should we keep on playing overtime? Blow the whistle and let's all go home. There's not ten dollars in the bleachers, so why should we stay here bucking the line?"

"He doesn't seem to hear you, Big Boy," said the corporal.

"Speak up, God," said Carey. "You call the signals and we'll carry the ball."

"Look at that!" exclaimed the corporal.

Carey, turning his head, saw a horse with a bald, white face coming through the fog towards them. The saddle he carried was empty.

"It's Charlie!" said the sergeant. "It's the major's horse!"

He stood up and waved. "Hello, Charlie. How are you, kid?"

"He got a load off his mind when the major went West," remarked the corporal.

"'The origin of the salute,'" quoted Carey, "'is the knightly gesture of lifting the visor in recognition of a friend. A certain chivalry underlies all the customs of war.' Damn his heart!"

"He didn't have a heart, but it's damned, anyway," said the corporal.

"Come here, Charlie. That's the boy," said the sergeant.

THE horse came up to him and pricked his ears.

"He knows you, Big Boy," said the corporal.

"I had to hold him for two hours while the major was making up his mind to go somewhere," said the sergeant. "Charlie always had more brains than his master."

The horse began to blow out his breath and sniff loudly at the wounded side of Carey.

"Now you know the stuff we're made of, Charlie," commented the sergeant. "Going to leave us, boy?"

Bald-faced Charlie had started on at an unhurried walk, picking his way through the gleam of the barbed wire.

"Wait a minute!" shouted the sergeant.

He ran after the horse, his feet sinking in the mud, his knees sagging like the last five minutes of the game; but he overtook the major's horse and returned with it.

"What's the idea?" asked the corporal.

"Maybe Charlie knows the way home. Get the boys up. We're going to turn Charlie loose and follow him."

It was hard to rouse the men, they were so utterly spent, but Carey was brisk about it. Finally he reached the last man on the ground. It was Willis, doubled into a knot.

"Hey, you awake?" shouted Carey.

He saw Willis' eyes open.

"Get up! We're going home!" said Carey.

Willis shook his head.

"Get up, yellow dog!" called Carey, and struck him heavily across the face.

"You bum!" said Willis, but kept both arms wrapped around his body.

"Sorry, kid," answered the sergeant. "I guess you've got it pretty bad. But up we come. Charlie's waiting on special purpose for you."

He lifted the bent body and shifted it into the saddle on the back of the horse. Willis, doubling over, clung with both hands.

"Go on, Charlie!" called the sergeant. "Look at him go! Keep your heads up, boys. This is the way home."

THEY went on, staggering. Every man in the Second Battalion carried at least one wound. Private Harmon, heir to seven millions, had been shot through the leg. Sometimes he walked and sometimes he crawled, until the sergeant took one of Harmon's hands over his shoulder and helped him forward in this way.

Corporal Salters elbowed his commanding officer out of the way and took charge of Harmon.

"You're commanding the whole Second Battalion, you fool," explained the corporal. "You're not the pack train that follows it."

The sergeant took the lead, following the horse, which sometimes almost disappeared in swirlings of the mist; and still Charlie, with pricking ears, followed a steady course.

Sanders fell to the rear. The sergeant ran back to him.

"I'm all right," said Sanders. "I'll catch up in a minute—"

The sergeant made him catch hold of one of Charlie's stirrup leathers. This added weight and all the mud did not slow the regular step of the horse.

They reached trenches ruined by shell-fire, with tatters of bags, jumbles of broken timbers. To cross this confusion was like steering a small boat through a choppy sea. Carey shepherded those sagging figures over the barrier, singing out, "Here's a milestone for you, boys. This shows you that we're on the way home!"

They were well beyond that line of trenches when Charlie disappeared. Carey, thinking that it might have been a shell hole into which the horse had slid, ran forward, and found Charlie stretched on the ground with a gaping wound in his side. Willis was dead. The streaked mud on his face made him look like a grinning mask of comedy.

The sergeant did not touch the dead man, but he leaned to stroke the head of Charlie; then he went on. If he could hang to the line which Charlie had sketched for them—but how could he keep to any direction across the vast junk-heap of the battlefield with never the glimpse of a star to guide him? The slant of the moonlight through the mist could tell him something, to be sure, but in a way far too inaccurate.

They had to go slowly. Every now and then one of the men dropped to hands and knees. Some of them had to be helped to their feet. Partridge lay flat and begged them to go on.

"Look!" said the sergeant. "We're a team. We've got to hang on all together."

He gave his help; Partridge got up and staggered ahead, his mouth hanging open and his eyes empty of knowledge.

Then, dim before them through the mist, dark outlines blossomed high in the air, disappeared, rose again. The earth was commencing to dance; a small rain of descending clouds and clattering bits of wreckage showered about the Second Battalion.

It halted without command. That way was blocked by a barrage through which not even a bird could have flown.

"Listen," said the corporal. "Who started this damn' war, anyway?"

The others had fallen prone to rest but the commanders remained on their feet for a wavering moment.

"You don't like it, eh?" asked Carey.

"I don't mind the shells and the poison gas; it's the mud, Big Boy."

"'A certain chivalry—'" quoted the sergeant.

"Say another prayer, Big Boy," suggested the corporal. "We got Charlie in answer to the last one."

"Hey, God, are you quitting?" demanded the sergeant, of the mist. "The whistle hasn't blown, but are you out of this game?"

Said the corporal, "I wouldn't want a drink. I'd only like to hold the glass in my hand. I'd just like to sniff it. I wouldn't roll it over my tongue. I'd just sit and look at it for a couple of years "

THE sergeant, resting on one knee, saw the mist thinning and, in the distance, the dim silhouette of a horse which moved across the horrible jumble of the field.

"Second Battalion, on your feet!" shouted the sergeant. "There's Charlie again, showing us the way home! Charlie, or his ghost, by God!"

The greatest miracle was the strength that poured like blood renewed through his body. He could stride about among the Second Battalion and jerk the fellows to their feet where they stood reeling. But they saw that faint image of the horse through the mist and started towards it.

It was Charlie they found, with men hanging to the stirrup leathers, two holding to his tail.

The sergeant saw this, and that the ears of the horse were still pricked forward, and that something hung out from his wounded side.

A red madness came over the sergeant. He stormed among his men and beat them from their hold on Charlie.

"Give him his chance. Let him be!" he shouted. "You'd nail Christ to the Cross again, the lot of you."

So Charlie went on, with his head nodding cheerfully, and the Second Battalion reeled after him.

Twice Charlie stopped, as though he were not quite sure of his way and wished to consider it. But both times he went on again, until a dark river was faintly visible flowing through the mist. It was not water, because it moved above the surface of the ground with an odd wavering, and

now the sergeant could hear the muffled treading of feet.

This meant capture, probably, but Carey paid little attention to the thought, for now the hindquarters of Charlie sank to the ground and he looked, with his attentive ears, like a great, foolish caricature of a rabbit, sitting up to view the landscape before hopping away to safety. But Charlie would never hop away, the sergeant knew. His numb legs bore him hurrying towards the horse just as the forehead of Charlie sank down with a certain shuddering. The sergeant was barely in time to drop cross-legged to the ground and take the head of Charlie in his lap. At the same time a voice sang out, "Who goes there?"

It was Corporal Salters who yelled in answer, "The Second Battalion—" but here his voice changed and burst into horribly neighing laughter.

It was Colonel Alfred Pearson Van Goss, young in years and further endowed with the eternal youth of West Point, who left the column with a detail to inquire into the nature of those shapes which dropped to the ground and rose slowly again.

AS HE proceeded, smartly, with a thirty-inch step in spite of the mud, he came on a picture of a dozen men or so who were trying to get forward but were merely making an absurd wriggling through the mud.

The voice which had announced a Second Battalion and gone out in laughter before saying the second battalion of what, had been undoubtedly American. But this, of course, was not a battalion. A battalion, Van Goss knew, cannot be reduced to such an absurdity.

Here a large-caliber shell sailed through the air with a rhythmical zooming that sounded like several vast motors out of time. It plumped into the ground and lifted two hundred cubic feet of France into the air. This portion of France began to rain down on everything except, of course, the person of the Van Goss.

He noted, through the rain, the singular picture of a man seated cross-legged on the ground with the head of a horse in his lap. This was a manifest absurdity, because the horse was either dead or dying.

"Who's in command here?" demanded the colonel.

"Charlie," said the man on the ground.

"Charlie?" echoed Colonel Van Goss.

"Hysteria," said a firm-faced young man at the side of the colonel.

"Charlie the horse," said the man who sat on the ground.

"Stand up," said the colonel.

But Sergeant Carey was looking earnestly down into the eyes of Charlie and seeing in them the last flickerings of life.

Even the thrilling pathos of the speeches of Old Grads between halves, even those appeals to die for the dear old Alma Mater, had never dimmed the eyes of Carey, but now tears began to pour down over the mud on his face.

"Get up!" said a neat young lieutenant. "Get up and report to the colonel!"

"Go to hell, you cockeyed carbon copy of nothing!" said the sergeant.

"Get some stretcher bearers here," commanded the colonel. "These poor devils are out of their heads. Can no one tell me who's in command?"

"Charlie!" shouted Carey. "And God Almighty, you blithering fool!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Her husband fooled her . . . . for her own good!

● Pretty, cheerful Mary . . . always the best of wives! But now, coffee is making her edgy, ruining her disposition. And still she enjoys it so much she can't give it up.

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Too much water

(*Continued from page 38*)

us with his car, to catch and hold us for ransom.

I leaped to my feet, and raced up the stairway. For hours and hours I ran . . . miles . . . and then, being very tired, I sat down again. There was another blast from an auto horn, and I realized that Joe was gaining on us, and I leaped to my feet and ran into a big, bright room.

I sat down in a chair, very impolitely, I must admit, before I noticed that there were other people in the room. And as soon as I sat down there was another blast from an auto horn; and I got up again and ran in every direction. But I could not run very fast, for my arms were still full of the presents I had brought for dear old Aunt Isobel Greene. And the false face seemed somehow to hamper my breathing. While I was still running, I heard Freddy introducing me:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is my friend, Mr. Henry Withersbee, who has come along to see me through it. He is a cold-water boy."

I STOPPED running then, for I perceived we had outdistanced Joe, and the danger was over. And I said to an old lady who was sitting propped up with pillows in a chair, "We are both one." And then I said to her, "Do you have parrot disease?"

She screamed, and I saw at once that I was on the right track in my hasty diagnosis. I should have been a doctor, Bertie. The question was quite logical. For she had one of those noses that come out a long way, and then bend over. And there was an elderly gentleman who was sitting at a desk, and he had a nose that came out quite a way and bent over. It was quite evident to me that they were turning into parrots—if that is what happens to you when a parrot bites you. I haven't a doubt of it. Because, you know, Bertie, when a mad dog bites you, you begin to bark. . . . Bertie, if you will just tip a little Scotch from that bottle into the glass . . . No; thank you, no water. Water is what lost me the friendship of Freddy Simms. I can understand how parrots refuse water and begin to bark when they have been bitten by mad dogs.

"This is an outrage!" said Aunt Isobel.

"An outrage!" said the old gentleman, after her, just like a parrot. It seems he was a lawyer, and we learned later that he was drawing up a new will, leaving all of Aunt Isobel's money to Freddy.

"I shall disinherit you!" said Aunt Isobel.

"Disinherit you!" said the lawyer.

There was no doubt in my mind whatever now that we had come into a veritable nest of parrot disease, and I felt the beginnings of it already. The place was infested. I thought it would be just as well to begin to fight it at once, so I unscrewed the stopper from a hot-water bag to drink a little of the Withersbee cocktail.

But the false face was in the way, so I took it off and gave it to the lawyer.

"If you put this on," I said politely, "you will not look like a parrot. You are making me nervous, looking like a parrot."

But he refused it with some asperity. He was a cross old man.

"I shall leave my money to Miss Simpson!" said Aunt Isobel.

"To Miss Simpson!" said the parrot with the pen, who was sitting at the desk playing he was a lawyer.

It was then that I noticed Miss Simpson for the first time. I deduced at once that she was Aunt Isobel's nurse. In a uniform. Trained nurse. Believe me or not, she did not look in the least like a parrot. She looked more like a . . . like . . . a . . .

You know what I mean, Bertie . . . Garden of Eden, and all that stuff . . . no, not like a pomegranate. The word I want is *paradise*.

I WENT right up to the table and picked up a carafe of water, and took a prodigious swig of the stuff. I said to myself that I must get this beautiful young creature out of this place before she succumbs to parrot disease. I am chivalrous, like that, Bertie. And I wanted to prove to her, as a first step, that I was a cold-water boy. Perhaps she would not let me rescue her unless I was a cold-water boy. How did I know but that Miss Simpson had been infected by Aunt Isobel's ideas about Prohibition?

Believe it or not, Bertie, but that terrible drink of water was a mistake. It made me unsteady on my feet. Especially as I took two more large swigs immediately afterwards. I wanted to show her that the first drink of cold water was no passing fancy, but part of a settled principle of my life.

"Freddy Simms, take this creature away from here, and go, yourself. At once!" said Aunt Isobel.

"At once," said the old lawyer parrot.

Then everybody began to talk at once, and I was practically the only person in the room who maintained any semblance of dignity whatever. I was hurt by the tone of Aunt Isobel's remarks with regard to me. After all the presents I had brought.

So I took the presents and laid them at Miss Simpson's feet, and I said:

"Sweets to the sweet!"

"Thank you, Mr. Withersbee," said Miss Simpson; "that is very, very sweet of you; kind and thoughtful. And now don't you think that you had better take Mr. Simms back to town? Miss Greene is scarcely strong enough to enjoy company."

I took another large drink of water, and said to her:

"Miss Simpson, I will take Mr. Simms back to town on one condition."

"And what is that, Mr. Withersbee?"

"That you accompany us," I said. I bowed when I said it, Bertie.

The bow was a mistake. I had drunk too much water. I was practically waterlogged. Sunk. It was only with the utmost difficulty, that I managed to straighten up again after my bow. People noticed it. I was off my balance.

"Go with them, Helen," said Aunt Isobel to Miss Simpson. "Anything to get rid of them!"

"So your name is Helen," I said. "Mine is Henry, and I am a cold-water boy."

"So am I," said Freddy Simms.

I saw at once what Freddy was trying to do. Now that Helen Simpson was an heiress, he was trying to get on the good side of her, and possibly marry her.

"Freddy," I said to her, "is not really a cold-water boy. He just says that, because I said it. It is one of the early symptoms of parrot disease."

"Yes, Mr. Withersbee," said Helen.

We were in the car, as if by magic, going back towards town. I noticed that Freddy was snoring.

"Helen," said I, "you would not consider marrying a man who snored like that, would you?"

"No, Mr. Withersbee," said Helen.

"Then," I said, "let us throw Freddy into the East River as we cross the Fifty-ninth Street bridge. And then we will get married and I will become a doctor, and you will be my favorite nurse, and we will find a cure for parrot disease. We will devote our lives to the service of humanity."

"Yes, Mr. Withersbee," said Helen. "And where shall I drop you?"

"The first thing is to drop Freddy," I said. "Into the East River. If he is really a cold-water boy, he should like that. I wish you would call me Henry."

"Yes, Henry," she said.

BUT it seems she did not drop Freddy in the East River, for we found him in the cab when we got to the apartment house where I live, and the elevator man and I put him in my bathtub. The last thing I said to Helen was:

"Remember that you have promised to marry me."

"Yes, Henry," she said; and got into the cab and drove away.

Whether she was merely being tactful, or whether she really intends to marry me, I am at a loss to determine today.

But when Freddy Simms crawled out of my bathtub today, he accused me of a terrible crime. He accused me of planning to marry Helen just to get her money.

He said, "I look upon you with loathing and aversion." He turned on me . . . like a . . . what did you say it was? I know very well it is *not* a brassière. As if I would marry a beautiful creature like that just for her money! Why, I only met her once.

Thank you, yes . . . I will have a drop of Scotch. . . . No water in it. It was water that got me in bad with Aunt Isobel Greene. I can't face her, now. I don't dare to go out there. Bertie, I am, frankly, afraid of Aunt Isobel Greene. And if I can't go out there, how am I to get in touch with Helen Simpson again? And if I never see her again, how am I going to marry her? If I do not marry her, I shall go through life with a broken heart. I am sad, Bertie, very sad. I have lost my best friend, and the only woman I ever loved. And all on account of too much water. I shall never touch the stuff again.

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A Midsummer Nightmare

(*Continued from page 16*)

was clad in beach pajamas of an unfortunate pattern, and her bare arms were muscular and unfeminine.

She was Rena Booth; she said, and she wanted the low-down on a couple of things.

Tink drove his car through the gateway and told her to shoot the works.

Uninvited, Rena climbed into the seat beside Tink and shot the following works:

"From what I hear, you're a square shooter, but I don't get those dizzy twins. Are they taking Barry for a ride?"

The idea that the old mountebank must be protected from a couple of schoolgirls had a comic side, but Tink answered with a straight face: The Baylor kids were monkeying with the drama and they wanted to hobnob with a man who had played Hamlet before the crowned heads of Europe.

"Europe, my eye! The nearest that old bird has ever been to Europe was Coney Island, where he was barking for a flea circus. If he ever played Hamlet it was when it first come out."

HER frankness Tink found refreshing after Booth's posings. She told her story briefly: When she married Booth she was an aërial artist in a third-grade circus. He was ballyhooing the midgets in the side show. Her act folded up, in time, and since then they had done odd jobs around county fairs, street carnies, and showboats.

"One season we done good in the hair-tonic racket."

"The lower branches of the profession," said Tink.

"I'll say! But what does this society stuff get him?"

"There was some talk about chiseling some cash money for him out of Mrs. J. Henry Greene. She's a millionaire and a big gun of the Veebeegees, who are staging this outdoor show. She's the boss of local society. She has a prominent husband—"

"And a prominent nose, which she sticks into other people's affairs," said the rough-spoken lady.

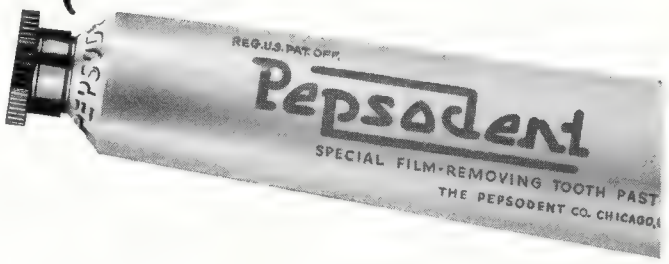
"You've met this dame?"

"Met her? I practically kicked her out of here."

Tink's face took on that lugubrious look he always wore when pleased, and he asked for further particulars.

Mrs. J. Henry Greene was a public-spirited woman who felt it her duty to find out what the masses were doing and tell them to do something else. After meeting the old actor she went down to Apple Tree

I'M LARGER THAN EVER
YET DEALERS ARE SELLING ME
FOR LESS!



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Over a hundred million tubes of Pepsodent have been sold. Year after year, people have gladly bought Pepsodent . . . rather than endanger teeth by buying harsh, gritty "bargain" tooth pastes. Now new processes have cut costs . . . and we're passing this saving on to you. Today dealers are selling Pepsodent in a new larger tube . . . at a new low price.

Lane in her limousine to see how the other half lived. The reformer asked Rena a lot of personal questions and said that she did not think this the proper environment for young children. She wanted to do something for their betterment, but Rena did not wish to be bettered by Mrs. Greene, and said so with utter candor. The great lady withdrew in a state of injured dignity, speaking of taking steps.

"For two cents," said Rena, "I would bounce one off of her schnozzle."

"Your proposition interests me," said Tink, whose baser instincts were aroused. "But there is a silly law here against bouncing one off of Mrs. Greene's schnozzle, and you would probably land in the jug."

"I'm afraid she'll go to Mr. Dowe and have him put us out. They've been nice to us, up to now. I go over and help the missus weed her garden, and she gives me milk and vegetables. I like it here and it's swell for the kids."

"Fair enough. I'll speak to Lem Dowe and see what's doing." He glanced over at the shabby station wagon with its attached tent. "He said something about fixing a car. What's the matter?"

"Don't ask me! It sounds like a boiler factory."

Tink promised to take the matter up when he had a little time. He knew he would never get paid, but any woman who wanted to bounce one off of Mrs. J. Henry Greene's schnozzle deserved a break. . . .

Lem Dowe, the milkman, used regrettable language about Mrs. Greene when Tink dropped in. After her repulse in the Forest of Arden, the village betterer had called upon Lem and had accused him of maintaining a public nuisance, an eyesore, and a menace to health and morals, with children running around practically naked and orgies going on half the night.

"I hope the old gal never hears about Willow Bend," said Tink. This was a secluded spot in the woods where boys for many generations had practiced the arts of swimming, diving, and nudism.

"I says to her," the dairyman went on, "I don't see anything the matter with them folks except the young ones are skinny and need feeding up. They can stay as long as they're a mind to. So what does this woman do but snoop around the cow barn to see if everything is clean and sanitary."

TINK offered the butter-and-egg man his moral support and stepped on the starter, but he suddenly remembered that one of Lem's remarks needed clarifying.

"What's this about orgies?"

There was nothing to that, it seemed, but a little fun and foolishness. Some of the neighbors dropped in after supper to hear the actor play the banjo and his wife sing comical songs and see her dance a little. They had a trapeze on a tree and the young ones did stunts, for Rena was teaching her offspring her old trade.

The thought of Apple Tree Lane going in for Babylonian revels brightened the rest of Tink's day.

But the next morning disquieting rumors were afloat. The outstanding ears of Pickles caught a report that swimming was forbidden at Willow Bend. Lem Dowe phoned in an agitated voice that he had been served notice by the Health Office to oust the Booth family from his property. Midmorning brought Clinton Blake, a farmer neighbor and town constable, with a tale of woe. Out of the fog of speculation and false report this fact emerged: Mrs. J. Henry Greene had cracked down upon Apple Tree Lane.

This pleasant rural roadway wandered along the stream past woods and farms and came to a dead end at Tinkham's Garage. Apple Tree Laners tried to make a living, minded their own business, and felt safe from interference and improvement. But they were living in a fool's paradise. The visit to Lem Dowe's slums had put ideas into Mrs. Greene's head. All ordinances were to be strictly enforced and new ones made when necessary, eyesores would be abolished and property owners urged to make everything spick-and-span.

CLINT BLAKE was in a pitiful state of mind. As a loyal Laner he was opposed to this highfalutin nonsense, but as a constable he was expected to look for violations of the law. He had been so informed by Samuel D. Parkinson, the political boss of the town.

"S. D. tells me it's illegal to let weeds grow outside your fence by the roadside," Clint said. "I got orders to notify everybody and make arrests if necessary. It makes a person wish they wasn't in public life."

"Don't worry, Clint," said Tink cheerily. "If you start pinching us voters for that you won't be in public life long."

"Yes, but them Greene people are heavy taxpayers, Tink. They've got lots of influence with Sam Parkinson."

The officer took the two horns of his dilemma and drove sadly away. He had not been gone long when Pickles appeared.

"That Mrs. Greene," he said timorously, "well, she's settin' in the office. She wants to talk to you."

The metal-polish queen, a lady of ample proportions and a face like a full moon, handed out a benevolent smile but Tink beat her to the draw and got in the first word:

"I wanted to talk to you about a situation which is a menace to the lives of the children of Burnley. You are the one person who can put an end to this."

Her look of surprise changed to one of pleasure. Give her a good menace to put an end to and she was happy.

"What is it, Mr. Tinkham? Is some farmer violating the pure-milk law?"

"No, I wouldn't know about that, Mrs. Greene. This is in my own line."

Anybody who knew Tink well would have suspected a trap, but the reformer said eagerly:

"Give me the particulars, please."

Tink chose his words carefully:

"I refer to the incompetent, reckless, dangerous driving of your son, Miles." The philanthropy was wiped off Mrs. Greene's face, but Tink gave her no chance to reply. "I have a complete list of his smash-ups and arrests. Putting a hundred-and-twenty-horsepower car in the hands of that boy is like giving a child a machine gun to play with."

Mrs. Greene rose.

"We are quite capable of paying for any damage our son may cause."

"One of these days something will happen that nobody can pay for. I suggest that you go to the police station and deliver up his driver's license. It is a simple operation and may save a human life—maybe his own."

"You will oblige me if you will keep your nose out of other people's affairs."

"Otherwise," Tink went on, "I shall have to take steps." . . . A happy thought came to him. . . . "I shall have to put the facts before my organization." . . . As this society had just been born that moment he had to think fast. . . . "The Apple Tree Lane Club is composed of residents of this region. You have plans, I hear, for improving us, but we can't coöperate unless Miles is retired from circulation."

"This is intolerable effrontery."

"Better think it over, Mrs. Greene," said Tink. "Now, if you will excuse me I will go back to work. I have to do a repair job for Mr. Booth, the famous actor."

Thus Mrs. J. Henry Greene had the unique experience of being lectured by a greasy garage mechanic and then ignominiously dismissed.

If Mrs. Greene thought it over she must have got the wrong answer, for presently the Metal Polish Prince came up Apple Tree Lane in person and laid down the law. Miles Greene was derisively known in the younger set as "Nick," in honor of the family fortune, which had done so much to spoil him. He had been expelled from some of our leading colleges because of his unfortunate experiments in mixing alcohol and gasoline, yet for no visible reason he held himself superior to the common run of mankind.

"You keep out of my affairs," he told Tink, "or you'll hear a lot of bad news."

When he had gone away, Tink called up his customer, Attorney Dillworth, who owed him a repair bill, and asked him to look after the legal rights of the Booth family, if they had any. Then he sent for the Baylor twins.

"You got me into this jam," he told them, "and you've got to help."

Everything was going fine, they said, until Rena got fresh with Mrs. Greene. That ruined their sale and now they had a shopworn actor left on their hands.

When the twins found out that there was a nice war going on, they enlisted. They knew a lot of people who were sore at Miles Greene and who would be glad to sign a petition to have his license revoked.

THIS was the beginning of that strange madness which came to be known as the Battle of Apple Tree Lane. It raged for four days, and during that time Tink did only one repair job, and that was on the Booth car. He solemnly presented a bill for $27.50, and Barrett Booth said he would attend to this little matter instantly.

Mrs. Greene won the first skirmish. A warrant was served upon the Booth family, charging them with breach of the peace, violation of the health ordinances, exhibiting young children for gain, improper guardianship, and keeping a dog without a license. They were released in the custody of Dillworth and they would have a hearing in a week. Meanwhile, the children were ordered removed to the home of the Widow Woodward, where they were given respectable clothing and nourishing food; they were treated kindly and were thoroughly unhappy.

Tink felt a little better after the meeting of the Apple Tree Lane Club, which met in the garage and elected him president. The embattled farmers orated and deplored. It was the opinion of the club that the

town should send some PWA workers up to mow the weeds, that the road needed repairs, and that the authorities should put down the Miles Greene menace.

This shot was heard round the town. S. D. Parkinson did not enjoy having a block of voters talking so peevishly and he was sorry the matter had come up. If Tink would drop this embarrassing subject of young Greene, he said, maybe they could reach a compromise.

"But that's the important thing, S. D. This bird is liable to kill somebody."

"You're just a crank on this subject, Tink. Nobody else seems to care much."

The following days showed that the politician was right, as usual, in his estimate of public opinion. Outside of Apple Tree Lane, Tink and his girl friends did not get many names on their petition. Many agreed verbally that Nick was a menace to life and limb and a pain in the human neck, but on various grounds they did not wish to offend the ruling family.

Professor Leach and Dr. Withers, good friends and customers, called upon Tink to explain their attitude. Mrs. Greene, they admitted, had terrorized the community far too long, but for social reasons they could not antagonize her at this time.

To the twins that same day Tink admitted that the war was lost. The authorities had refused to suspend the driving license of Miles Greene.

"The bubbles," he said, "mark the spot where we are sunk. Nick is still running fast and loose and the Booth family is pinched."

The Sunshine Sisters told him not to give up hope—the darkest hour is just before dawn and every cloud has a silver lining. "And no matter what happens," said June, "we still have each other."

THE situation was indeed gloomy, but before another day had passed there was a miraculous deliverance. The miracle was provided by one curiously called "Snag" Cooney. The so-called "Snag," a collector for the gas and electric corporation, was making his rounds in the company car when, at a street intersection, he was violently bumped by none other than Miles Greene, who was driving too fast to avoid a crash. Both cars were damaged, the speed fiend escaped with slight bruises, but Snag was taken to the Chichester Hospital with a broken arm.

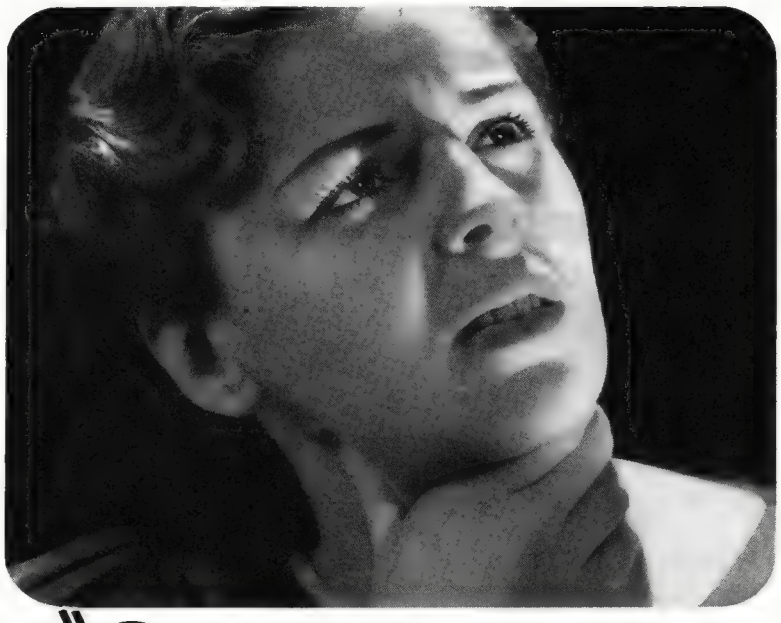
When the twins told Tink about this deplorable accident his joy was unconfined.

"With a population of three thousand to choose from, the poor fish had to pick on 'Snag' Cooney. The good old checkbook won't pull him out of this jam."

Tink was right. An outraged public opinion took charge of the situation. The Metal Polish Prince was arrested and fined heavily; his license was suspended for a year and he was lucky to escape a jail sentence.

"Snag" Cooney was the idol of the people, though not because he was a collector for the gas company. The arm now so useless was the most important arm in town. It had pitched the All-Stars to their best season in a decade; it had brought Burnley into a place in the sun. Now "Snag" was out of baseball for the season, and maybe forever. In the hearts of the male population of Burnley, Miles Greene was Public Enemy Number One.

The waning afternoon brought further



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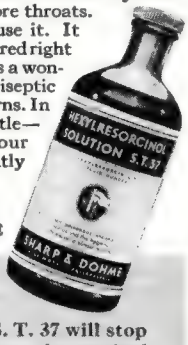

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good news: Mrs. J. Henry Greene, worn by her labors in the public weal, was going on an extended vacation. With her son, Miles, she was about to sail for England. Prominent Veebeegees stated that the production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* would be abandoned for the season.

"That's a break for everybody," said Tink, "including Shakespeare and me."

Tink felt that the war had reached a happy ending but fate decreed otherwise. That night the fair pages of Burnley's history were stained by a crime wave.

As Tink drove to work early the next morning, resolved to resume his old trade of repairing motors, he stopped in surprise at Lem Dowe's grove. There was no car, no tent, no lemon-headed Rena cooking the family breakfast. There was only a pile of rubbish to mark the spot where the vagabonds had besported themselves under the greenwood tree. When he arrived at the garage another surprise awaited him, for there, tied to the front door, was Puck. Stuck in his collar was a hastily penciled note: "Keep the change. B. B." The old scalawag had given him the million-dollar dog in payment of his bill!

He now called up Dillworth at his home and told him the bad news.

"But Barry was with me last night," said the attorney. "In fact, he sat in with three or four of us in a little poker game."

"How much did he get away with?"

The lawyer believed that Barry's winnings were about sixty-seven dollars.

"Let's see if the police know anything."

THEY did indeed. Some time during the night parties unknown had climbed up the lattice at the Widow Woodward's home, committed burglary upon the second-story window, and kidnapped the two children.

"That," said Tink, "would be no trick at all for Rena, the aërial artist."

The Booth family had again demonstrated their talents in the lower branches of the profession.

The police offered to find the vagabonds and bring them back if anybody wanted them, but nobody did.

Later in the forenoon Tink gave the twins a severe lecture on their conduct:

"As a result of your thoughtless actions, neighbors are arrayed against neighbors, schnozzles are threatened, Burnley is deprived of a great and good woman, I am gypped out of $27.50, five eminent citizens are cheated by a shell-game artist, and the whole thing ends in a crime wave."

"Stop; you're breaking my heart," said Jane happily.

"I hope this will be a lesson to you."

"Yes, Tinky," June snickered; "we expect to lead nobler and better lives from now on."

"If that's all clear," said Tink, "let's go down to the Blue Cat and buy us four dollars' worth of lunch."

How fast do you drive?

(*Continued from page 35*)

didn't let my mark get cold. He went to Florida the same spring and did 203.79 miles an hour.

I raised this to 206.95 miles an hour on the same beach a year later, only to have Ray Keech, an American, put it to 207.55 two months later.

Deciding that Verneuk Pan, a dry lakebed in South Africa, offered possibilities for a speed course, I went there in the spring of 1929 with my Blue Bird. After several months I did manage to make a new record for five miles, and was trying for the mile record when news came that Segrave, at Daytona Beach, Fla., had covered a mile at 231.363 miles an hour. That was beyond my comparatively low-powered engine—800 horsepower—so I wired him congratulations and went home to build a more powerful car. I did it by supercharging my old engine to bring it up to 1,450 horsepower.

I brought it back to Daytona Beach in 1931 and did 245.736 miles an hour. Believing my car was faster, I came back in 1932 and made it 253.968. Even that did not satisfy me, and in 1933 I raised the record to its present mark, 272.019.

I really believe that my good old Blue Bird will approach 300 miles an hour, and I hope to make her prove it this winter at Daytona Beach. Almost everything about her will be new except the 2,500 horsepower aviation engine.

My new car is approximately 28 feet long, and weighs five tons. The top speed in low gear is 80 miles an hour, about 165 in second gear, with the potential speed in high approximately 300 miles an hour.

We use tires 37 by 8 inches, inflated to 120 pounds, and they are 10 to 12 ply.

These speed trials are timed electrically under sanction of the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, to make them officially world's records. The timing is done by stretching a wire across the course at the beginning of the measured mile and at the end. The impact of the tires hitting these wires a couple of inches off the ground is transmitted to a clock in the timing stand, which records the time on a moving tape. The time between the two impacts is then reduced by a mechanical calculator to miles per hour—and there you have it. To make a record a car must go both ways of the course within an hour, and the record is the average of the two runs.

I might say that to average 272.019 miles an hour one must cover the mile in 13 2/5 seconds! That means from New York to Los Angeles by road in about 8 hours and 45 minutes—provided one could travel that fast. . . .

I PRESUME that because I drive fast in record-making, one gains the opinion that I drive the same way, comparatively, in everyday life. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

World-record courses are intended and prepared for high speed. One has the entire course to himself—no traffic lights, no side roads, no one ahead to turn around in the line of travel. There is a job to be done, and I try to do it satisfactorily.

But in driving my everyday car over the roads of England and America, there is equally a job to be done—that is, to drive safely and sanely—and I try to do it.

Safety on the road does not prevail when one is driving at the top speed of the cars of today. This is because the roads of today, good as they are, have not kept pace with the automobile.

Today we have automobiles that will do from 70 to 90—even 100—miles an hour comfortably. But they never should be driven that fast. I know that this remark will draw protests from some, who will say they are safe at any speed. Maybe, provided they are the only ones on the road.

But let a herd of cows come out on the highway at a cattle crossing, let a dog or a hog suddenly decide to dispute the road, let someone drive out from a side road, let someone in the opposite line of travel attempt to pass with too little leeway—and instantly the picture changes. The driver is not the master of his car at top speed. If he were, we should not be reading every day of head-on collisions, of cars hitting hogs, cows, or dogs and being plunged into a ditch or against a tree.

If we are going to be able to drive 70-to-90-mile-an-hour cars safely, without the present appalling traffic deaths, we must definitely have super-highways, highways that are four car-lanes wide, two for traffic in one direction and two for that in the opposite. There should be no veering out into oncoming traffic to pass a car going in the direction in which we are traveling. Passing should be done strictly in one's own two-lane division. It would be better, of course, if we might have two-lane, one-way traffic routes.

Super-highways, the dream of road engineers for years, are beginning to come, especially in approaches to the larger cities. It is only a question of time when there will be running between cities, and from coast to coast, great, broad ribbons of roads, one-way traffic routes. There will be not only signs on the roadbeds announcing a railway crossing ahead, but out in the country there will be gates that will stop all highway traffic when a train is within a half-mile of that particular crossing. The side roads will not only be marked with STOP signs where they intersect the main traveled highways, but they will even, in some instances, have traffic gates to stop the careless motorist from venturing onto the high-speed highway without sufficient pause to see that the way is clear. On unprotected highway crossings the signs apprising of such will be used even more prominently than they are today.

With these super-highways will come broad, flowing curves that may be taken

without any perceptible driving effort.

I repeat that the roads of today are the masters of the automobiles. Driving will not be safe until the automobiles are the masters of the highways. . . .

I have been driving racing cars on tracks and in road races all over Europe. I have seen a lot of spectacular driving and a lot of narrow escapes. It is judgment that saves a racing driver in many cases—judgment as to his car's maneuverability, its speed, its power.

In an automobile race highly trained men are at the wheels. Racing is not haphazard. It is highly specialized. In a road race the driver knows at just what speed he can take the various corners on the course. He must know. The driver on the road, if he will show as much judgment day in and day out as is shown on the race course, will live longer.

The automobile is one of man's greatest servants. Let it remain a servant; don't make a juggernaut of it.

Don't see how near to the danger point you can drive. It is not fair to others on the road, even if you don't care about yourself and your own passengers. And by the same token, don't, if on a much-frequented road, amble along at 15 or 20 miles an hour. You are a nuisance to others.

Choose a speed at which you feel at ease, at which you feel yourself the master of your car.

Personally, I have found that 50 miles an hour gets one over the road fast enough. It doesn't demand high-tension driving. It leaves one fresh at the end of the journey. By and large, it is a speed at which one has one's car under control on a road where traffic is not too heavy. Where traffic is heavy and emergencies may arise, a little slower rate will profit one in the end.

Roosevelt—
Master of His Fate

(*Continued from page 59*)

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without saying, and only those who underestimate the difficulty of governing great nations will be too self-righteously scornful of the acts of the politician. The great politician, however, knows how to yield small things in order that he may not yield at all on the great ones.

Now, there is no doubt about what is Mr. Roosevelt's paramount interest. It is not the NRA or the AAA, or his gold and silver measures, or the New Deal, or this or that reform. It is that the standard of life of the great mass of people should substantially improve in ways that the people will believe mark a permanent improvement. By that test he will be judged in 1936, and, barring the complications which would come from the outbreak of war in the world, by no other test. If there is a real increase in the national income which produces a real improvement in the stand-

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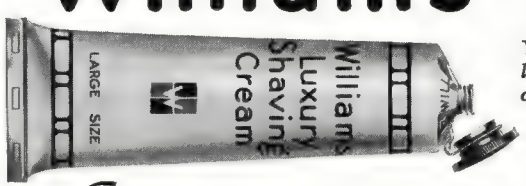

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ard of life, his Administration will be invincible; if there is not such an improvement, no experiments, however noble, no plans, moral reforms, and what not will be accepted as a substitute by the people.

I say this not because I am opposed to the principal social reforms but because I believe in most of them and wish them to succeed. I want to see an orderly development of our natural resources for public use; I want a more disciplined industrial system, the regulation of finance, a system of social insurance, and a representative order in the relations between capital and labor. But it seems to me that none of these things is possible unless there is a real economic recovery in which men are reëmployed because it is again profitable to employ them. Only recovery of this sort will provide a base for the great reforms, a moral base in popular confidence and a material base in the wealth needed to pay for them. There may be some who think that great reforms will come if the people are sufficiently desperate. They do not know, though all current experience proves it, that popular despair is the mother, not of progress, but of reaction, and that today it is only on a rising standard of life that reform can be successfully achieved.

THIS matter is so fundamental that no one can afford to have vague ideas about it or infirm convictions. There is in the modern world a conflict between two great views of the present crisis. One view is that the capitalist order has a fatal disease and cannot recover, that business as a collection of private enterprises conducted for profit and governed by the prices offered for goods in the markets cannot and will not and should not remain the characteristic way of producing and distributing wealth.

Those who hold this view are collectivists of one sort or another, communists, fascists, nazis, socialists. Their conviction is that the government must in the future supply the initiative which in the past has come from private enterprise; that the production, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth must be planned and directed by political authority. In the world today there are millions of people who hold this view. They are convinced that the standard of life of the people cannot be raised on the principles of the capitalist system. They believe that only a revolution can produce recovery.

The other view is that the capitalist order, in spite of the crises through which it is passing, is a more powerful system than any form of collectivism and that, assisted by wise measures, it will more quickly, more surely, and more amply than collectivism increase the national income and raise the general standard of life. Those who hold this view are not opposed to government action in economic affairs. They insist, however, that the government's action shall have as its aim the revival of private enterprise and not the supplanting of private enterprise. They recognize that the war, the postwar policies, and the great depression itself have produced such tremendous dislocations in the economic system that measures of relief and reconstruction are required. But for them the test of these measures is whether or not they tend to encourage the return of private initiative, or whether, by discouraging private initiative, they call for greater government initiative.

FACED with the choice between these two views, the great majority of Americans would unhesitatingly say that they believe in a system of essentially free enterprise rather than in a system of state collectivism. The President has said so many times. So have all his principal advisers. But it is one thing to make the choice when the issue is clearly posed in so many words; it is another to act decisively.

The plain fact is that in the hustle and bustle of the past two years, in the maze of measures which have been adopted, this clear distinction has been lost sight of again and again. In the encyclopedia of the New Deal there have been policies which have unmistakably promoted recovery, and to those policies the country owes the very real improvement which it has enjoyed. But there have been other policies, equally well-meant, no doubt, which in fact work in the opposite direction, and if persisted in and carried through to their logical conclusion would force the country into a system of planned and directed state collectivism.

It makes no difference whether these measures are the work of conscious revolutionists or of confused reformers; the net practical result is to make difficult the recovery of private enterprise and therefore to force the extension of political authority. The only reason that these measures have not frustrated capitalistic recovery completely is that in the main they have been pressed timidly and administered ineffectively. The only reason that the NRA, with its policies of price-fixing and cost enhancement and monopolistic restriction, has not worked more damage than it has is that for the most part it was too complicated to work at all.

The great task in the second half of the Roosevelt Administration is to disentangle the measures which liberate enterprise and readjust the great dislocations from those which repress and restrict enterprise, create new maladjustments, and lead through permanent depression to a collectivist order. If this is done, capitalism in America will recover. As it recovers, the social reforms which have been started, and those which ought to follow, will prosper. For American capitalism is in no such condition as was the capitalism of eastern Europe and of Russia. It draws on natural resources that are tremendous. It is ingrained in the habits of a people long accustomed to freedom. It is animated by that essential hopefulness which is still the dominant characteristic of the New World. It is too strong to be overthrown. It is much too strong to be legislated out of existence.

Mr. Roosevelt's future depends upon his ability to work with the native powers of American capitalism, to evoke them, foster them, regulate their excesses, and allow them to provide work, wealth, and economic security on a scale which no government initiative anywhere at any time has ever approached. He who has ever seen collectivism in action in Europe will have no doubt whatever on this point or will for a moment doubt that, however great our problems or those of England, of France, and of other free countries, they are by far preferable to the grinding constriction of life and human dignity which go with the inevitably autocratic methods of collectivist states.

IT IS with that conviction that the President ought to use the great political power which has temporarily been granted him. He is so strong that he can afford to act upon the dictates of long wisdom rather than of immediate expediency. He is free of the preoccupations of a weak ruler. He does not have to buy the political support of factions and special interests in order to stay in power. He does not have to do foolish things because for the moment they are popular. He does not have to stand pat on his post. He is not forced by his supporters to go in any direction he does not choose to take. He can retreat from positions not worth holding. He need not pretend to have been infallible. In that vast assemblage of Roosevelt Democrats and of Progressives he can always find a majority for what he wants to do; he need never lack a minority to uphold him should he have to exercise his veto power.

No man rules in the world today who has his opportunity to be wise. There is no ruler in all the world who is so much the master of his own fate.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

"I put Jones out there because he said he was all at sea!"

R. A. Hershberger

Suction

(*Continued from page 74*)

deadly white and stiffened with horror. He was standing directly in the center of the little whispering whirlpool, in the very spot where he had tried to place the little man.

That was it, Johnny thought. That was it. That was what had flashed over him and given him hope. The heavy man sinks first, and it had caught him.

Johnny sat up. For an instant both men were rigid. Then Adam screamed again and fought to lift his legs. His knees were out of sight now. But his heavy struggles failed to free his legs; they only planted him more deeply in the slowly falling grain. Inch by inch the grain crept up to his thighs.

"Stand still, you fool! Don't move!" Johnny commanded sharply, and, lifting his face straight up the shaft to the square light of the manhole, he bellowed at the top of his voice, "Joe, Joe, Joe!"

Above them the words rocked and rolled hollowly in the shaft. Surely, thought Johnny, enough of that noise would pinch out through the opening at the top to rise above the steady rumble of the Shoredale's activity and bring Joe, the spoutman, hurrying across the floor.

THE little man laughed. There was plenty of time to save the life of this beast who had tried to kill him and had fallen in his own trap. Joe would simply run to the speaking tube and call the floor to shut off Bin 61; then they would drop him a scoop from above, and he would have Adam out of the grain in three minutes. It was a joke, and a good scare for Adam.

The grain was up to Adam's waist now and he was beating his hands into the unresisting brown stuff that held him.

"Whatsa matter?" a voice reached down to him.

"Adam's caught in the pull, Joe. Tell the floor to shut off quick."

The head framed above disappeared instantly. Adam was whining in terror.

"Help me, help me," he moaned. "Joe can't do no good, Joe can't do it. My handkerchief is up there. I die. Quick, help me. I go down. I die."

Johnny murmured soothingly. "Best to humor the big fellow; he's half crazy with fear, talking wild," Johnny thought.

The red wheat was circling the big man's stomach. In another two minutes it would wave up around his thick, broad chest. But before that the stream through the spout downstairs would be shut off and the long suction from underneath checked.

A hundred feet below the scale floor the track floor tube bell clanged its ringing notes across the floor.

The foreman hurried across a pair of steel rails and took the leather cap off the mouthpiece. (*Continued on page 108*)

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"Yeah," he answered. And then a little louder, "Yeah?"

No response. "Hey," he yelled loudly into the tube. Still no response. The bell took up its cry again, clamoring across the floor. The foreman bellowed into a dead tube.

"What the hell," he said disgustedly. "Hey, you," he directed one of the shovelers; "duck up the elevator and see what's eatin' them upstairs. There's something the matter with the tube."

One hundred feet of solid honeycomb bin structure separates the Shoredale's floor from the weighman's sphere high above, and except for the shaft of the little passenger lift, there is no means of communication between save the thin, round speaking tube.

In the bin Johnny was getting worried. They should have shut off by now. He was pulling uselessly at Adam's upstretched arms, and the wheat was perilously near the big man's neck.

Adam was in pain and babbling incoherently. Underneath, silent and powerful, the suction was pulling his numbed legs deeper. The grain was up to his chin now.

Johnny looked up the shaft pleadingly. No head appeared. "Joe, *please* get 'em shut off, *please!* I can't let him go," he cried in anguish, straining at the big man's uplifted arms.

Adam was furiously blowing grain out of his mouth in a crazy, futile effort to keep that sliding stuff away from his nose.

Then his arms were pinned straight above him; he ceased to struggle for a moment, and his mouth, his nose, his eyes, were covered. Johnny knelt before him and pawed like a dog at the space in front of his face, but the irresistible slide was too much for his frenzied hands. Adam's head disappeared. There was a flutter, the two upraised arms stiffened, the hands clenched, and Johnny covered his face.

"He's gone," he muttered over and over. "He's gone. I never licked him."

THERE were yells above. Johnny crawled back on hands and knees to the wall behind him and sat there dully.

Feet sounded on the ladder, clattering down. Three hand scoops plunked hissing into the grain and, one by one, three men dropped. The sliding in the center had stopped now. They dug swiftly.

Joe's voice broke in on Johnny: "The tube was dead; I couldn't get an answer from the floor, Johnny. I had to yell from a window finally. Too late, though."

"The tube was dead?" Johnny asked.

"Yeah."

"What's that up there?"

A dozen feet above them a fleck of red showed on the side of the tube. Joe stuck a scoop against the wall and climbed. Craning his neck, he stared at the spot.

"Looks like a handkerchief."

"That's what it is," Johnny cried. "That's it."

Joe gasped. "Why, the dirty dog. He plugged that tube and was gonna feed you to the pull, eh? Why, damn him, Johnny, you ought to be glad he got it. What'd he want to kill you for?"

Johnny Chekis gazed at the center of the bin where men were digging grain. "Next time was five times, he knew I would lick him next time," he said simply.

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When the lights go out

By Roger B. Whitman

IN a department store the other day, I overheard a young woman complaining about a percolator, purchased the day before. When she had connected it that morning, she said, the toaster stopped working and the lights in the room went out. She was sure the percolator was out of order. As a matter of fact, instead of blaming the percolator she should have been grateful for the working of that simple safety device—the fuse.

What happened was that when the percolator was connected in the same circuit with the toaster and lamps, it caused more electricity to flow over the wires than they were intended to carry. Had not the fuse quickly cut off the flow of electricity, the wires would have become dangerously overheated, possibly causing a fire. This is known as "overloading" the wire.

The fuses in common use for safeguarding against overloading or short circuits screw into holders as a lamp screws into a socket. A burned-out fuse is renewed by unscrewing it and replacing it with a new one. The operation is simple, but if the householder is not prepared for it he may have trouble in locating the fuse that is to be replaced. He will do well to familiarize himself with the wiring and its parts by going over them by daylight.

He will find a fuse, or a pair of them, at the point where the supply wires enter the house, usually in the cellar. These carry the entire current and are marked 20, 25, or some higher figure. The meter is at the same point, and also a switch to cut off all of the current in time of need. From the box holding these fuses, a pair of wires runs to a second box of fuses, from which pairs of wires lead to the different parts of the house. Each pair begins with a fuse, or two of them, usually marked 10. It is the fuses of these pairs of wires that are most likely to burn out, and when that happens all of the lights and outlets connected to that pair of wires will be dead, with no effect on the flow of current to the other parts of the house.

The fuses which control each part of the house should be known, so that in case of need there will be no guessing as to which is to be renewed. The number stamped on each fuse should also be noted to avoid the risk of using a fuse that will pass more current than the wires are intended to carry.

Electric heaters, including all cooking utensils, smoothing irons, sun bowls, and pads, take more current than appliances with motors. When it is known that more than one will be used on a single pair of wires at the same time, the wiring should be large enough to carry the heavier flow, and the fuse should correspond. Using a fuse marked 20 on a pair of wires intended only for a 10, or replacing a fuse with a nail or a coin, has the same effect as doing away with the fuse entirely, and is as dangerous as screwing down the safety valve of a steam boiler.

In modern work, the wiring from the fuse box to the lighting fixture or plug-in outlet is encased in steel. Thus protected, there is little danger of accidental breakage of the wires or other cause of short circuit. In older houses the wires may be in the open or laid in grooved strips of wood. As a matter of common-sense precaution, these should be replaced.

A house can be rewired with little disturbance, and, incidentally, wiring is included in the work accepted for a loan under the Housing Act.

IN MANY parts of the country there are strict laws requiring that electrical work be done by a licensed electrician, and the work, when finished, must be inspected and passed by the Board of Fire Underwriters. In some states a fire insurance policy is not valid without a certificate of inspection. Other states are not so particular; but even if it does not affect fire insurance, there is usually a risk in having wires installed by a non-professional unless he thoroughly understands the requirements.

In planning for new wiring, the needs for each room should be carefully considered and the locations of plug-in outlets studied in their relation to the furniture. For connection with more or less permanent fixtures, such as electric clocks, the refrigerator, the radio, the outlets should be inconspicuously placed in out-of-the-way spots. For appliances used temporarily, such as a vacuum cleaner, floor machine, or fan, the outlets should be readily at hand and at a convenient height on the wall rather than on the baseboard. A good combination is

an outlet and a wall switch on a single plate.

For the center of a room, a covered outlet can be set in the floor, although a small slit may have to be cut in a rug to permit plugging in the connecting cord. Another method is the use of a pair of wires concealed in a broad tape so thin that it can be run from a wall outlet to the center of the room under a rug.

In all rooms, some of the lights should be controlled by a switch at the door. It is also convenient to be able to turn a light on and off from two points, as, for instance, in the control of a garage light from the house as well as the garage, or a hall light from upstairs and down.

There is, of course, the possibility of leakage and of shock on touching a fixture or a switch. Usually the effect is not harmful. But there is danger when the electric current can flow in great volume through the entire body, as would be the case with a person standing in water in the bathtub and touching a lighting fixture. To avoid risk, no light should be within reach of a person in a bathtub, and bathroom lighting fixtures should be of china or some other material that does not conduct electricity. When lamps are turned on and off at the socket, a pull chain should include a link of non-conducting material, or a length of cord should be substituted for the chain.

There are many possibilities for the use of electricity outdoors in the illumination of gardens of pools and fountains, and of evergreens at Christmas time. More practically, there are electric lawn mowers and hedge clippers that are efficient and real labor-savers. There may also be need for the lighting of driveways. Waterproof outlets can be had for outdoor service.

IN MY own house, we find great comfort in a group of outlets on the wall at the head of a bed, at such a height that they can be reached without rising. One, of course, is for a reading light. Others are for a heating pad in winter and a fan in summer, a heater for a water glass, and for a small light to be clipped to the pages of a book that is sufficient for reading but not disturbing to another occupant of the room. The outlets are also useful for a hair dryer, a smoothing iron, and anything else that may be needed.

For a nursery, and with the possibility that any bedroom may become a sickroom, there should be a connection for that most convenient of night lights—an electric lamp of low power placed under the bed. The faint illumination of the floor is quite sufficient for the free movement of the nurse or attendant, while above the bed the darkness is unbroken.

Finally, in laying out a new system, I feel very strongly that more outlets should be provided than are actually needed, in order to take care of probable additional needs in years to come. More and more uses for electricity are being developed every day.

NEXT MONTH—*Mr. Whitman, author of "First Aid for the Ailing House," will give further suggestions on problems of the homeowner. Meanwhile, if you wish his advice direct, write to him in care of this magazine, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mr. Whitman cannot undertake, however, to answer any questions dealing with legal or financial matters.*

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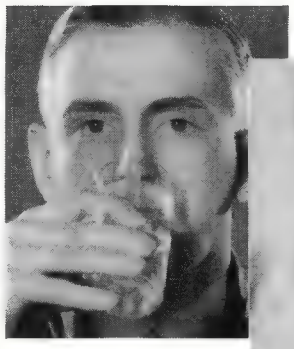
2. Drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



3. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets in a third of a glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat soreness almost instantly.

If you catch a cold—don't take chances or suffer needlessly.

The simple method pictured here is the way many doctors now treat colds and relieve the aches and pains colds bring with them.

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PRICES ON GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN RADICALLY REDUCED ON ALL SIZES

BOTTLE OF 24 TABLETS NOW 25c
BOTTLE OF 100 TABLETS NOW 75c

Youth goes into action

(*Continued from page 13*)

good city charter. We don't need to destroy it. We merely need to fulfill it."

What? Buck the machine? No, sir. The machine was firmly entrenched. Better not oppose it. A man in business wanted to be let alone. He didn't want the boys from the political machine showing him a black spot on a card.

"A few of you business men could change things," Fennelly would say.

And then young Fennelly began to talk at card parties and dances. He talked until he became a social nuisance.

"I'm not a reformer," he would say. "I'm not trying to change the government. I'm merely trying to change the men in it."

The fence was all right. It simply needed a new coat of paint. The city needed officials of another color. No point in destroying systems of government. Simply live up to them—fulfill them. Some of the young men of the country club began to take Joe Fennelly seriously.

NOT long after that, Joe Fennelly sat at the desk of an elderly business man—a giant in his field of industry. He was the best friend the lad ever had.

"I've really got something," Joe was saying excitedly. "You know things are rotten in this town."

"I know," said the old man.

"We can change it," Joe went on. "I've got some other young men interested. We'll rally the youth of this town. We'll break that machine. Now, listen . . ."

The old business man heard the youngster to the end. Then he looked up. "I'm for you, boy. Go to it. I'll help."

"Will you come out for us?"

"Oh, no," said the business man. "Nothing like that. I want no trouble with anybody. I'm in industry. They're in politics. They tend to their business. I tend to mine."

"But politics concerns everybody," Joe said. "It's our business—yours and mine."

"I know," returned the old man. "But I'm too far along in my way of life to change now—to wreck myself, my business, for the sake of an ideal. I'll help you financially . . . but no more."

Joe Fennelly went away wondering. Was there really some great menace in the city which dominated these men? Bosh! Joe Fennelly believed no such thing.

Joe Fennelly was right. It was bosh. The monster before which men cringed was in their minds. Tom Pendergast was merely a practical politician with power that comes through patronage. Some of his men were good—some bad.

Of course, a political machine could do many things to make the life of a business man unhappy. The delivery trucks of department stores might be delayed for minor infractions of traffic laws. Property evaluations for purposes of taxation might be high or, again, low. But there were always the courts to be appealed to, and even if they were under machine control, one could appeal to the federal judiciary.

Young Fennelly and a few friends—Hal Jones, a real estate salesman, Webb Townley, the son of a hardware merchant, Frank P. Logan, an insurance salesman, Louis G. Lower, and others—founded in secret what they chose to call the National Youth Movement. It was dedicated simply to the cause of honest, businesslike government, which would pay back in public improvements and health and police protection every cent of taxes that it received.

Each young man in that secret cabinet pledged his personal fortune (the fortunes were small) and his job (they were good ones) to the cause of overturning the political machine in Kansas City.

But how to go about organizing a political party? Their names meant nothing in civic life. Their best friends would not take them seriously. Well, it would have to be done by a ruse, that was all, much as all of the boys disliked misrepresentation.

NOT long afterward, Joe Fennelly called upon a young banker of his acquaintance.

"Listen, Pete," he said. "I've joined the National Youth Movement. You should get in. Those boys are going to do things."

"Never heard of it," said Pete.

Mysteriously, Joe Fennelly extracted a tiny metal disk from his watch pocket. It bore the imprinted figures, "2,301."

"That," said Fennelly, "is my membership number in Kansas City. These boys have blood in their eyes. They're going to change things here and everywhere else."

One must remember that the nation was in the pit of depression, that men were willing to join anything that held up the torch of hope. So Pete, the banker, listened with glowing eyes to the vague story of Youth's new organization. And at the end he signed the white card, which merely pledged the holder to the support of honest, businesslike government. He did not know that the metal disk, bearing the imprint of "2,301," was the first that had been struck from the die. He did not know that the National Youth Movement had only eight or ten members.

The young banker was even more impressed when, a few days later, a young stranger came to his desk and tapped him on the arm.

"Here," said the stranger mysteriously, "are ten cards. See that they are signed by ten new members by next week."

A week later, another stranger tapped the banker on the arm.

"I have called for the cards," he said.

The young banker nervously handed them over.

"They're all filled out, too," he said, his forehead glistening with perspiration.

The same thing was happening everywhere else where young men in their twenties and early thirties sat at desks of importance. Yet nobody knew who headed the movement or who belonged to it.

Not long afterward Fennelly and his council decided to call a series of meetings of its members. It was explained to them that the youth of the nation was banding together to fight corruption in politics. They were going to fight the machine, for one thing, in Kansas City. A few members dropped out, but others, still mystified, attended other meetings. Gradually the membership was informed that the National Youth Movement was conceived in and dedicated to Kansas City.

What did they have to offer? They were young, inexperienced in public speaking and civic administration. They had little to offer for the cause, it seemed, except courage, honesty, and energy. There were in the city, however, wise and honest men, seasoned with years of experience, capable of being admirable administrators. Why could not Youth fight for them, put them into power?

It was then that the Youth Movement created a citizens' committee of 300 older men and women of Kansas City, representatives of both the Democratic and Republican parties. They were men and women who held honesty above party and efficiency above political loyalty.

This committee was empowered to pick a ticket to run in the spring election of 1934 against the unbeatable nominees of Tom Pendergast and the machine.

Every civic organization and large church group in the city was asked to send to the committee a list of persons in their districts whom they would recommend for public office. From this list the committee picked a ticket. The process of selecting candidates was a long one. Each man or woman proposed was investigated by subcommittees, which asked questions in the candidate's own neighborhood, at his church, in his grocery store, of his banker. The sub-committee talked with the candidate's friends and—his enemies. The candidates were not youngsters; they were mature business and professional men.

IN THE meantime, having built up a reality to set against the machine, the National Youth Movement went to work to create a fighting organization in every precinct and ward of Kansas City. They needed funds and they needed speakers.

Joe Fennelly and his comrades had never made public speeches in their lives. They were salesmen, not boy orators. So they employed a public-speaking teacher at their own expense and learned the art. Then they opened their own school and taught others.

Thousands of citizens—average men and women who had accepted things as they were—attended youth meetings in churches, lodge halls, dance halls.

But while Fennelly and his comrades appeared to be self-assured upon the platform, they were beginning to feel hopeless. It was all very well to have large, enthusiastic meetings, but how about a little financial support?

Day after day, Fennelly and his comrades called at downtown offices—upon their friends. Their friends weren't in. If they were, they squinted and shook their heads dubiously, with a "Well, you boys are undertaking a pretty risky thing."

Curiously, this new order of youth was

not offended by the attitude of big business. Some of the boys were bitter, but not Joe.

"Don't you see?" he would say. "They want to help, but they're afraid to. They can't help being what they are. That's the way they grew. But if we make an impression, they'll be with us next time. They like to be with winners."

As Election Day approached, ominous rumbles could be heard in the netherworld. The youngsters were not welcome at the polls. The boys would take care of them.

When these threats, authentic or not, were repeated from the forum of Youth, they merely served as fuel for the flame.

AFTER registration day, Fennelly and his followers charged that the Democratic machine had padded the books with thousands of ghost names. Young workers were dispatched into the poor quarters of town, to flop houses and tenements, to check the registration claimed by the Democrats. When the persons registered were found not to live at addresses ascribed to them, notes were made and strike-off lists compiled. These lists, under law, had to be signed by persons living in the neighborhood to which they pertained.

Ordinarily, the strike-off lists would be considered in public hearing. In this case, the Youth Movement charged, the hearings were conducted secretly, and every effort was made to intimidate the signers into repudiation of the lists.

When Joe Fennelly heard that inquisitions were being imposed upon these innocent men and women, he went to the election commissioners' office with several of his friends and watched the proceedings.

"We don't need you in here," growled one of the inquisitors. "What do you want?"

"I merely want to see what's going on," said Fennelly. "I'm a taxpayer and these are public meetings."

One strike-off signer, Fennelly told me, was seated in a chair against the wall, strong lights directed upon his face. Around him, in a semicircle, were crowded thirty or forty rough-looking men, shouting questions and threats.

Fennelly and his comrades remained until they were satisfied.

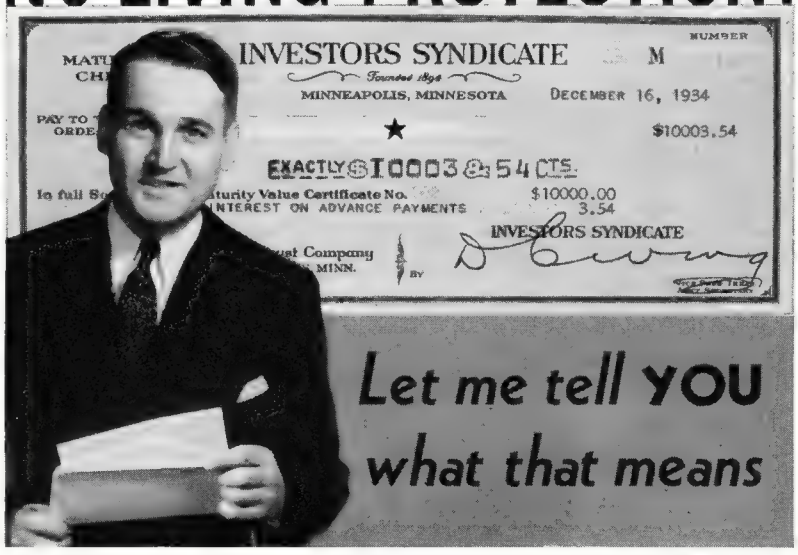
When Election Day came, the honorable men who represented the machine had been able to indict the Youth Movement on only a few counts—first, that Joe Fennelly's father was born in England; second, that the youngsters were just milk-and-water idealists, and, third, that they were merely the Republican Party in disguise. It is true that the Youth Movement had found it necessary to ally itself with the Republican County Committee to get the Citizens' ticket on the ballot. Under the law of Missouri only the dominant parties were eligible for the ballot.

"Look here," Fennelly told the Republican leaders. "You men can't hope to beat the machine alone. If you don't beat it alone, you don't get jobs. If you beat it with us, you may and you may not get jobs, depending upon your efficiency. One way you get no jobs, the other way, you run a chance."

So on Election Day the Youth Movement and its Republican allies went into the field together. It was a bloody field.

The nation knows what happened. The story of that sanguinary election in Kansas City was printed on the front page of

it's LIVING PROTECTION!



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every newspaper of any importance in the United States. The fight was not wholly between Youth and the machine. Rival factions in the Democratic party were at war. Shots crackled. Ambulances came and went. Gunmen and thugs roved the streets in motorcars.

Fennelly and his comrades also were roving, unarmed, answering calls from workers who had been beaten and ejected from the voting places. There were fights over credentials, over repeaters, over every violation of voting laws which either side could charge.

FROM a motorcar at a curb in a lower quarter of the city, Fennelly said he watched a mobilization of hundreds of Negroes by machine workers. They were lined up, each with a slip of paper bearing the name under which he was to vote, and marched through the voting place. When the line emerged, the voters exchanged hats, received new slips bearing new names, and filed back to vote again.

Another motorcar drew up beside Fennelly's. A messenger handed him a note. A worker for the Youth Movement had been slugged in an East Side voting place. Fennelly's car was off.

A few moments later, Fennelly, grim and pale, strode into the voting place.

"You can't come in here," a machine election judge roared. "It's against the law. Get out!"

"It's against the law to strike one of our workers," Fennelly fired back.

"Get out!" the judge roared again.

Something hard was pressed against Fennelly's spine. He glanced over his shoulder. A short, broad-shouldered man with red, piggish eyes was standing there, hand in coat pocket, and pocket shoved against Fennelly's back.

"Get out!" snarled the short one. "Out!"

Fennelly turned and walked to the door. The short man shoved him. Furiously Fennelly turned and pushed his assailant halfway across the floor. Then he went cold, expecting a shot. The man didn't shoot. Instead, he said in a quavering voice, "Now, let's don't start that."

Outside, Fennelly's friends were crowding up, news of his difficulty having been broadcast by messengers. The short man had retreated to a corner of the voting place. He was frightened.

"No trouble," Fennelly shouted. "Let's go on to work. I want to get one of our own judges in this place."

Just then a large motorcar roared up and came to a quick stop. Eight men, obviously from the gangster-ridden North Side, jumped out.

The leader, a huge man with a florid face, walked toward Fennelly.

"Get on before you get hurt," he said. "Scatter, you punks."

The young men drew closer together. One, emboldened by mass formation, suddenly piped, "Who do you guys think you're talking to?" Then everybody took up the cry, and the mass moved forward. The eight rovers turned and ran.

"Bluff," said Fennelly. "They haven't any guts if you fight them."

WHEN the early totals came in from the North Side precincts, where, as one politician put it, the "boys" stuffed the ballot boxes as a patriotic duty, a hush of hopelessness settled upon the headquarters of the National Youth Movement.

But, as the night advanced and returns were flashed from the South Side precincts, hope kindled anew. True, the youngsters had been dealt an almost crushing blow, but two of their candidates for the city council were running strong.

Dawn brought the thrilling realization that the two Youth candidates were elected. True, that would not change the council's power. There were six machine men to vote down those two. But that was not the point. The machine had dealt the movement the most crushing blow it had ever dealt a political opponent, but even that was not the point. It was more capable of dealing such a blow than it had ever been. For the first time in its history it had control of the police department. Its ramifications extended into state politics. Even the board of election commissioners, it was charged, felt its influence. A new city charter, providing for a city manager, had given the machine administration almost autocratic power. That was the point. Against this unbeatable machine, Youth had scored. It had scored with a hastily formed, inexperienced organization. It had emerged victorious in defeat.

The Democratic machine is still entrenched in Kansas City. Some of the elder politicians believe that the Youth Movement is dead.

I was walking through the lobby of a large Kansas City hotel with Joe Fennelly, the paint salesman, not long ago, when a bellboy, smart in blue and buttons, stepped in his path.

"What's happened to the Youth Movement?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Fennelly. "We're lying low until the campaign for the governorship. Then we'll support a governor who will guarantee us a clean election in Kansas City. But how about you? Are you for us?"

"Am I for you?" cried the boy enthusiastically. "I'll tell the cockeyed world I am."

That boy was driving a taxicab a year ago. He lost his job for working against the machine.

And, in the meantime, Joe Fennelly is telling the cockeyed world that the Youth Movement is not dead. Already, by invitation, he has appeared before business and professional men in New York to discuss Youth's plan of operation in Kansas City. To them he said, "Twenty-five men saying publicly what they say privately could destroy the Kansas City machine in any honest election. But they do not speak."

When the young man had concluded his speech, the audience stood and applauded for almost ten minutes.

THE headquarters of the National Youth Movement in Kansas City has received hundreds of petitions from young men and young women in other towns, asking for participation in the organization.

"We need you here," the letters run. "The same conditions prevail in our town that prevail in Kansas City."

But Joe Fennelly's organization is painting its own back fence.

"Go to it," he replies. "Organize. You are part of the National Youth Movement now. You are young and you live in the nation. That is enough."

Feud

(*Continued from page 71*)

Dave didn't even let him come into the yard. He stood at the gate. It has been only a year since Jim's father died. A wild colt he was trying to break bolted with him.

Young Jim stood in the road and told Dave Rivers that he wanted to come into the house and call on his daughter Elvira, and Elvira, a slim, lovely mountain girl, was standing in the house doorway back of her father. She stood listening. Dave got suddenly furious. He was, I am pretty sure now, really furious that he hadn't made it up with Jim's father before his old coal-mining partner got killed. He was furious at himself, and he took it out on young Jim.

He began to rave and swear at Jim. Then he ran into the house and got his gun. He waved it about and kept on cursing: "You get out of here! You are the son of that skunk. You get out of here!"

It was all very absurd. I am sure that Dave Rivers' gun wasn't loaded.

But when he talked to me young Jim was furious. Jim isn't one of the noisy sort. That day, after standing for a moment in the road and listening to Dave Rivers curse him and his father, Jim went white and, turning, walked trembling away.

This happened late of a Sunday afternoon in the fall, and it also happened that on that same evening I went for a walk. It might have been ten at night, and there was a moon. I went along up hill and down. It was a fine night. I was listening to the night sounds, getting the night smell. Dave Rivers' house is just at the foot of a sharp hill and there is a wood above the house along the road. The edge of the wood is not more than a hundred yards from the house. Dave was sitting in the open doorway.

I moved into the wood by the fence and stood thinking of what Jim Lampson had told me that afternoon. "I'll go down and talk to him," I thought. I do not know Dave Rivers as I do young Jim, but Dave had said things about Jim's father I know he couldn't mean, and I had said so to young Jim. I had tried to quiet Jim.

"I'll go talk to Dave Rivers tomorrow," I had said to Jim; but, "I had better do it right now," I told myself as I stood that

night above the house. I hesitated. There was a lamp burning in the room at Dave Rivers' back. The man was doing what I had been doing, enjoying the night. Was he thinking of what he had done to young Jim's father and of what he had on that day done to young Jim?

I stood hesitant. There is a man's natural inclination not to interfere in other men's quarrels. "I'm going to do it," I said to myself, and then it was too late. It may be that I heard a little sound or that some instinct told me to turn my head.

In the road, twenty feet away, was young Jim, who had come silently up, and he had a gun in his hands and it was aimed at Dave Rivers. Dave was a fair target, down there in the light from the lamp.

It was a thing to give you the shivers down to your toes. Why I didn't shout or run to young Jim I don't know. I stood frozen and silent. Of what does a man think at such moments? Did I see all that was about to happen—Dave Rivers shot by young Jim—my own position, a witness—Jim, a boy I liked—myself running afterwards to report it all to the sheriff? And then later the trial in the courtroom in town—my words sending young Jim to his death on the gallows.

But, thank heaven, it did not happen. Young Jim stood like that, his hand on the trigger of his gun, myself hidden from sight in the shadow of a tree, Dave Rivers sitting down there, smoking his pipe and unaware of it all; and then young Jim lowered his gun. After standing for a moment he turned and walked away. . . .

AND so that happened, and you can see how I felt. "I'll go down to Dave Rivers and talk to him now," I told myself.

"No, I won't do that. I'll go back up the road to young Jim."

Jim lives with his mother on a farm three miles back in the hills. He is his mother's only child, but Dave Rivers has the daughter Elvira and two younger sons.

And so I stood in the road, hesitating again, and, as is usual with me, again I did nothing. "Tomorrow," I said to myself. I went on home, but I did not sleep, and on the next day I went to Dave's house.

I went to the house in the late afternoon of a fall day, and there was Dave at work in the barnyard back of the house.

It was the time for the fall pig-killing, and Dave was at it alone.

It had turned cold during the night and there was the promise of snow in the air. There was a creek near the barn, and along it red sumac grew. Dave's wife, his daughter Elvira, and the two younger children were standing and watching. Dave looked up and grunted at me.

There was a fire still blazing under a kettle but Dave had the hog in the scalding barrel filled with the boiling water. I remember the hill beyond where Dave stood, the fall colors of the trees, the bare black trunks of trees beginning to show through, the two children dancing about. And Elvira, and her slim girlishness.

"It will snow before the day is over," I thought.

How was I to begin on Dave? What would he think of my trying to interfere in one of his quarrels? Dave is a gruff one. He isn't easy to handle.

"Hello," he said, looking up and growling at me. He had the hog by the legs and was turning it about in the barrel of hot

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RUB AWAY THAT KNOT OF PAIN

water. A hog, when ready for killing, is heavy. . . .

And then . . . it happened again.

Young Jim came from among the sumac bushes with his gun in his hand. He had come up along the creek, beyond the barn, and he walked directly to Dave. His face was white. He had made up his mind to kill Dave openly there in the daytime.

He went directly to Dave, and Dave stood for a moment, staring at him. I saw Elvira put her two hands over her eyes, and a little cry came from her lips. The wife ran toward Dave. Jim brought the gun to his shoulder.

"Now! *Now!*" I said to myself. It was a kind of inner cry. I did not speak. The hands of Death were gripping my throat.

But Death didn't get Dave. I saw his big shoulders heave and, with a quick movement of his arms, he had the hog out of the barrel, but in doing so he fell. He and the hog were in a sprawling heap on the ground.

So there he was. In falling he had upset the barrel of boiling water, and it came flooding over his body. He was on the ground, writhing in pain.

All of this had happened more quickly than thought. The wife had been running toward her husband. She was still running. I saw Elvira take her hands from her eyes. Young Jim had thrown his gun to one side and had got his knife out of his pocket. I still stood helpless.

"No, no," I said to myself. For just a moment I thought, "He is going to kill the man with the knife," but in the next moment I saw my mistake.

Jim was on his knees beside Dave and was working furiously. He was cutting Dave's clothes away, and Dave, who had been rolling on the ground and crying with pain, was now very quiet. I saw his eyes as they were watching the boy.

And so Dave let the boy handle him like a child, and when we had got him into the house I rode Dave's horse off to town for a doctor. I yelled with delight. I was beating the horse over the flanks with my hat. I had seen the look in Dave's eyes as he lay on the ground, letting young Jim cut his clothing away, and I knew that the feud, that had begun between Dave and Jim's father and that Jim had taken up in his turn, was over at last.

Starlight Pass

(*Continued from page 43*)

him Larsen's shot had missed by an inch.

For long moments North waited, then, with a warning gesture to Guthrie, crawled on hands and knees across the cabin and disappeared through the open door. Again silence, a silence that for Guthrie was fast becoming unendurable. With each passing second he expected to hear the roar of an automatic, and at last, in spite of numbed limbs, he rose and with short, uncertain steps walked across the floor. But as Guthrie reached the center of the room a tall form darkened the doorway and, with that noiseless tread of his, North entered.

His face was impassive, and without a word he replaced the empty cartridge.

"Shall we go now?" The voice, too, was void of expression.

"But—?"

"Larsen won't interfere," came the grim reply, and together they stepped outside.

ROUNDING the cabin, the supervisor cast one glance behind—a figure lay huddled in the snow beneath the window, and silently both men turned down the trail. It was not until they had put the shoulder of the mountain between them and the cabin that they paused to rest.

Guthrie was first to speak: "North, I don't know the answer to all this. Perhaps you do. I've been told you had thrown in with the loggers—that you and Mills had quarreled. In Wolfshead they say you're hand and glove with the toughest of Pogue's outfit, yet today you risk your life to help me get away from them. Is there an answer?"

North nodded. "Yes, there's an answer, but I'd rather not give you that answer yet. And if you want to reach Lander today we haven't time to talk. There's a car and a ranger waiting for you at the foot of the trail."

But Guthrie shook his head. "It wouldn't do any good to go down now. They took every map and survey note from my saddlebags." Bitterly the supervisor raised his clenched fist. "The first blood is Bert Pogue's."

"Tell me what happened last night."

Guthrie frowned and rubbed his throbbing wrists. "I came up to get the rest of those notes on the trespass case, and after I left Mills, I went down to inspect a skidway. There something struck me and knocked me from the saddle, then three or four men seized me. I was blindfolded and taken to that cabin."

"Did you recognize any of the men?"

"No—none except"— Guthrie made a little gesture in the direction of the cabin—"except the one up there. But I think I can prove enough to make it hot for Pogue's bunch of thugs."

North laid his hand on the forester's arm. "I'm going to ask you to do something—something I know you won't like: Let this thing drop. You might—you very likely could—convict two or three loggers of shanghaiing you into the woods, but what use would that be? Pogue could say they were drunk, and discharge them. Nothing would be accomplished. It would be better just to say you were taken to the cabin by unknown men and that you broke your bonds."

"They'll find that body back there."

"But they'll say nothing about it. Why should they?" Very earnestly North added, "Believe me, there's a bigger game being played out here than any mere personal animosity. It's bigger than either you or me, and we can win only by outwaiting and out-thinking them."

Guthrie was watching him closely. "That's strange talk from you, North."

"It may seem strange now, but wouldn't it be better to judge me by my actions and not by my talk?"

"You're right." Unhesitatingly Guthrie took the man's hand. "You put your head in a noose for me. If it hadn't been for you—" He left the sentence uncompleted, then added, "I'll do whatever you ask."

"Good." North rose. "If you take no steps they may think they've frightened you."

With a nod and a wave of the hand he disappeared down the winding woods trail.

But there was more than one troublesome thought to keep him unwelcome company as he walked through the forest that winter morning. It was one thing to throw the simple-minded Jean off the scent—it would be quite another to allay the suspicions of Pogue. Clearly North realized that, however criminal and unscrupulous the man might be, there were few keener or more dangerous brains than Pogue's. He knew, too, that Pogue might not wait for absolute certainty before he acted; if he suspected that North had a part in the duel at that abandoned cabin, he would lose no time in ridding the world of one who, in his own words, was "a dangerous obstacle." It was playing with a very dangerous kind of fire, but North had gone too far now to turn back.

SO IT came as no surprise when, late that afternoon word was sent to the upper camp that Pogue wanted urgently to see North, and it was a silent commentary on North's own estimate of the interview that before he went down the trail he thrust his heavy .45 beneath his mackinaw.

North had never seen Pogue's face more somber when he stepped inside the back office of the commissary and found him and Jean L'Abat together. The man's eyes held a look of puzzled hostility, while Jean sat pulling on a long black pipe and made no sign beyond a gruff grunt acknowledging North's presence.

Pogue lost no time: "Jean tells me you walked in on him at that cabin near Lava Mountain this morning. What were you doing up at timber line? There wasn't any road work for you to inspect. Was it—just accident?"

"No accident at all. I met Mills coming down the trail with a tale about the supervisor being missing. He talked wildly of getting out a posse and wiring the state police—he told me he had found Guthrie's badge down on Skidway 7 and suspected dirty work. Mills had made it very clear that he suspected me. Thinking it over, I cut through the timber to the logging road and I was interested to see the tracks of four men and a saddle horse in the trail."

"How did you know it was a saddle horse?"

"It wasn't rough-shod and there were no sled tracks."

Pogue nodded, and North went on: "I saw something still more curious—those tracks were all bound for the up-country toward timber line. The combination of the tracks and Mills' story made me decide to look into things. It didn't seem possible you would make a move as serious as that without telling me, but I followed, and found your tame grizzly with Guthrie. Maybe he's already told you the rest—I hope he told you all I said—the whole thing was premature and unintelligent."

Pogue smiled thinly. "You're one hundred per cent right about that part. It was damned nonsense. We could have got those survey notes in easier ways—and it wouldn't have mattered much if we never got them. But what I'm more concerned about is this: Guthrie got away."

North's face darkened. He whirled toward L'Abat. "I thought you were going to leave a man to guard him."

"I do. I leave Larsen."

"Well?"

Pogue's eyes were blazing up into North's. "Four hours ago Larsen was found shot between the eyes."

Silence. A dangerously accusing silence, while Pogue and L'Abat sat with unblinking gaze fixed on the tall man before them. And even while North looked down into those suspicious eyes he knew that his own fate was hanging in the balance.

"Did Guthrie shoot him?" Only a kind of speculative wonder sounded in North's voice.

Pogue's hand waved contemptuously toward Jean. "My bright foreman here emptied both saddlebags, but he didn't take the trouble to search Guthrie himself. It's pretty well known he carries a .38." Pogue's long fingers tapped the table, then, suddenly rising, he thrust his face close to North's. "Larsen was shot with a .45. What caliber gun do you carry?"

BEFORE that thinly veiled accusation, North's voice rang sharply back: "I carry a .45. Just what do you suppose that proves?"

"If I only knew." Pogue's drooping eye passed uncertainly to L'Abat. He was plainly puzzled, for North showed no least sign of fear, although he must have recognized the menace that lay behind Pogue's question. At a loss, Pogue chewed his cigar and, when again he spoke, there was a new note of irresolution in his voice:

"North, I wish I could come to a decision about you once and for all. You've got it in you to be the strongest ally I have, and you've got it in you to be my worst enemy. I'm damned if I can tell which you're going to be."

North's eyes had narrowed. "Wouldn't it be a wise thing to decide one way or another? Now, suppose for a minute you let me talk. You've practically accused me of killing Larsen. Well, that's all right with me, but until you decide whether I did or not, I might just as well stand on the side lines. So long as you trust me only halfway I'm not going to be able to help you. I'm tired of being on the fringe of things. I can't do anything blindfolded, and if I'm not to be trusted the deal had better be off."

Without waiting for a reply, North rose and buttoned his mackinaw, but at the door he stopped to look down at L'Abat, and a brief smile touched his lips. "Another stroke of genius like yours and we'll

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have half the National Guard up here."

A feeling of infinite relief went with North as he walked down the commissary steps. At least he had gained time. He had succeeded in filling Pogue's mind with doubt—beyond that only the future would reveal.

It was already dark in Wolfshead and he turned down the street, then, with a quick look behind, hurried toward the Forest Service office. The door was closed, but behind the glazed panel a light burned, and, without knocking, North entered.

Seated at the supervisor's desk was Helen Guthrie bending over a pile of papers. At his entrance she rose from her chair without a word and, walking forward, pulled down North's face and kissed him. Her gray eyes were luminous.

"Jack told me how you risked your life for him this morning. We both owe you a big debt, Corrin North."

But North was frowning. "He shouldn't have told you." His voice had become deadly serious. "Not even your husband knows the full meaning of the game that is being played here, nor the steps that Pogue would gladly take to win. Mills and your husband must watch every move—but there must be no leaks. Not another word about me. It would take very little for me to disappear just as your husband disappeared—only, permanently."

Her face was a little paler. "I don't pretend to know what you are doing, or why, but I can sense the danger of it. This whole countryside is so divided into factions that no one can even guess the undercurrents at work here. And yet—I wish Cass might know what you've done today. She hears only one side, Pogue's side, and I can't bear to have her believe the tales they tell of you. You see, she thinks—"

"Cass Mirov must never know." North turned abruptly.

BUT Helen Guthrie stood slowly shaking her head. "Has anyone ever told you that you are a hard man, Corrin?"

"Some have told me that. My life has been lived in the hard places of the world. I've been among men where either you were hard or you lost."

"And you didn't want to lose?"

"Who does?"

"I don't know. Sometimes the greatest victory may come by losing."

"Would you believe that if your husband lost this fight he's making now?"

"I wasn't thinking of a fight. Perhaps I was thinking of love."

"Love." The tall man echoed the word, his eyes fixed on the blackness of the night outside, and when again he spoke it was to turn deliberately to another subject:

"When you see Mills, tell him for me that everything will probably be quiet for a while, but to be careful."

"You mean—actual danger?"

"Just that. Both your husband and his ranger force may soon be in personal danger greater than they know."

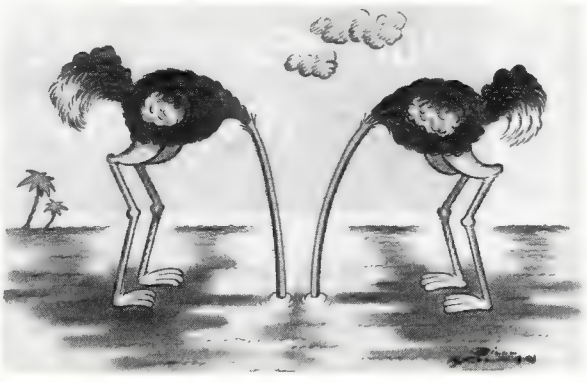
"And you? What of your own danger?"

North smiled and picked up his hat. "When I find I'm in real danger I'll do something sudden about it."

And long after the sound of his departure had died away down the wooden stairs the woman sat, chin cupped in her hand, meditating upon this strange, unrevealing man who in the space of a few months had become a source of speculation and wonder throughout the Wind River country. . . .

Winter closed in overnight.

By dawn the long-awaited December blizzard was sweeping all the Rockies beneath its lashing blast, bringing a grim foretaste of days to come. For, throughout those following months of storm and piercing cold, Wolfshead and the logging camps would be cut off wholly from the rest of the world except for an occasional wagon train bearing mail and provisions. And, for the next week, above Starlight Pass the clouds dropped successive snow blankets day after day, until all the country lay white and gleaming out to the Painted Desert.



"Well, fancy meeting you here!"

Bill Holman

Work in the woods had stopped for the time, but near the river Pogue's haulers labored for long hours, breaking out roads, heaping the skidways high with logs, making ready for the great spring drive. And the older loggers, foreseeing a winter of heavy snows, took comfort in the knowledge that the more snow water to feed Wind River the following spring, the greater were their chances of driving the logs and ties downstream. Each year they had been hampered by lack of water. Each year as the ice went out and the first head of flood waters subsided, thousands of logs were left stranded among the shallows just above the rapids of the gorge. It had cost the company many dollars to laboriously prod those logs with peavey and pickaroon back into the channel again, and more than once the mills had been forced to shut down for lack of timber. But this year—and here the old-timers would look out the bunkhouse windows at the thickly falling snow—this year it might be different.

Meanwhile, those short, bleak days passed quickly enough for the Forest Service men. Throughout each precious hour of daylight they worked, measuring the timber at every skidway, and at night adding up their scale books, making out reports for the main office in Denver. Since Christmas the hard winter had added to their labors, forcing them to dig out the skidways before they could count and measure the logs.

"I've personally shoveled enough snow to provide every man, woman, and child in North America with six snowballs apiece," Mills complained, and the rest of the rangers agreed. Yet despite their best efforts they were falling behind. Logs and ties were coming down to the skidways faster than they could scale them, and with each storm fresh snows drifted over them, hiding them from sight.

But Pogue was not wholly satisfied. Throughout the winter he found new means of hampering the foresters, and on every opportunity complained that they were holding up the progress of his work, painstakingly collecting every incident to prove that the men of the Forest Service were making it impossible for the company to carry on. But he had not broken them down—he had not destroyed their morale.

And with at least one part of his program Pogue was well pleased. By late winter he had collected at the Swede camp a crew of men who might be depended on to carry out his orders as soon as spring came. Spring—that would be the testing time, and, with this in view, Pogue spared no efforts in adding to his camp all the derelicts that chance brought to Wolfshead.

AMONG the men, North's own prestige was growing. Barely four months had passed since the night he had fought that ill-fated battle with L'Abat, but even in that short time North had changed visibly. The gaunt frame of those early Wolfshead days had filled out, and his eyes were losing what Jean L'Abat called his "lone wolf" look.

And—perhaps more important still—he was becoming friendly, less aloof and self-contained. Nan Lakin may have been the cause of that. For she made no secret of the fact that among all the men of the camp North was her favorite, and often when he came back to his cabin at the day's end he would find Nan seated on his table, swinging her long legs.

"Supper!" she would call. "Come and get it, old iceberg."

Dr. Mirov, without seeming to try, had gained the confidence and friendship of North. Sometimes with Cass, sometimes alone, the kindly old doctor made a point of dropping in at North's cabin on his frequent trips to the Swede camp. On the last occasion he and his daughter had re-

turned from the bedside of a sick rancher, and, weary after the long climb, they sat down before North's fire. With a sigh of contentment Dr. Mirov noticed the open books on the table.

"Books," he had said, tapping his blackened pipe; "without books life would be a mistake."

North nodded, adding, "There are too many men in this camp for whom life is wholly a mistake."

"I know. I also see them—misfits, warped ones, men who had no chance. It saddens me—although I should have lived beyond the years when any human frailty could touch me.

"Power—that is what many of them want out of life. It is the gadfly that keeps Bert Pogue from ever being content. I think the two great compelling forces of the world are ambition and love. Well, one cannot live without love."

Standing with his back to the window, North's gaze was fixed on the girl. The glow of the firelight, catching her eyes, seemed to linger there, as if they burned with a luminosity of their own, and almost resentfully he observed the clear, soft warmth of her skin.

She smiled softly back at her father.

"What a sentimentalist you are, Dad. Love isn't always necessary." She turned toward North. "Is it?"

THE question was almost a challenge. He looked down at her.

"Do you want me to answer that?"

Swiftly the girl flushed, but she met his eyes. "Yes. Answer."

For some reason the old physician across the room paused in the act of lighting his pipe to watch them.

"I think," the tall man answered slowly, "there are in the world two kinds of people who are not fit for love. They live without it because they are unworthy. Some of them"—the low voice filled the room with its deep resonance—"some of them are cowards, afraid to give themselves up to love—the ones who flee. There are many of those."

"And the others?"

"The others are those who make a game of it, who think of it as something to pass an idle hour or two. They, too, I should say, are unfit. What would you say?"

She made no answer, but sat looking into the fire until the doctor, from his corner, broke the silence:

"Strange that you should talk of love. I should say you were interested in sterner things—in, let us say, the battle of life. For you have that within you which makes you a born leader of men. And I find myself wondering whether you will use that power for good or bad." He smiled. "They tell tales about you down in Wolfshead, Corrin—not that those tales interest me greatly, for I am not a judge. I am a healer. But I also dislike waste. I should not care to see your qualities made to serve unworthy ends." He rose and laid a hand on North's shoulder. "You will forgive an old physician who becomes sometimes a busybody in spite of his better motives."

He walked toward the door, then turned to Cass. "I promised Bert to drop in at the Swede camp and see how those two loggers are."

But, as his daughter rose, he shook his head. "No, you've done quite enough today. Wait here for me."

The door closed, and instinctively their

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eyes met through a silence broken only by the low roar of flames rising in the chimney. North's face, with its deep shadows, was expressionless, the dark eyes steady as steel; and Cass walked to where he stood.

"Must it always be an armed truce between us, Corrin?" she asked. "Can't we at least be friends?"

"After all that has passed?" he asked.

"Please don't." Her voice was trembling. "I couldn't stand that now. Don't you see I'm unhappy? Can't you see how much I need the very friendship you pretend to despise?"

For a moment his eyes softened. For a moment the hands raised as if to take that small head between them, but with an effort he straightened, and in the same impersonal voice he asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's about you—and Bert." She paused, turned away from him, then hurried on: "It may be I have no right to talk to you of this, but all around me there are whisperings and rumors. On one side and another I hear tales about you and about Bert Pogue—tales of threatening dangers. I don't know what to believe, I don't know where to go for advice."

"Just what have you been hearing?"

"Many things. They say you're becoming a leader of the worst element among the loggers. Some of the men in the commissary say that in spite of Bert's attempt to keep peace between the Forest Service and the loggers, you are goading the men on, trying to make it hard for the rangers."

NORTH flushed. "Did Bert Pogue tell you that?"

"No—" She hesitated.

He smiled. "All right. Go on, Cass. What have you heard about Pogue?"

"Only what the Forest Service people say—that he is trying to fight the Forest Service, that he was behind the attack on Harry Mills and Jack Guthrie. Do you think that's true, Corrin?"

"I don't believe Pogue had anything to do with the Guthrie matter. But as to his enmity for the Forest Service, you're not surprised at that, are you?"

"No. Not until they hint that he fights unfairly. Helen Guthrie won't talk about it, but I know she thinks just that."

"Why don't you ask Pogue, himself?"

"I did. I was sorry afterwards, for I know I hurt him. He only told me that I shouldn't doubt, that in every big undertaking there is always criticism, and always unfair tales. And I realize that must be so. I want to believe in him."

"And in me, Cass?"

"Of course in you."

Idly North picked up a scale stick from the table, while his somber eyes rose to the window, but, unseen by Cass and unnoticed by himself, the knuckles on his hands stood out white and bloodless, so tight was his grip.

At last he turned. "I'm wondering, Cass, why you tell me these things—me, of all people."

"Because I can't turn to anyone else. I can't ask Father. He's too detached—he simply doesn't hear what people say; he doesn't care. And I knew you'd tell me the truth."

"The truth is dangerous sometimes." North's eyes were still turned away. "We have to be ready for the truth, Cass. Tell me, when are you going to marry Pogue?"

"It was to have been last Christmas, but—I put it off."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Perhaps because everything's so uncertain. Partly because of these whisperings. I want to get to the bottom of it!" she burst out. "But even you seem to be in a conspiracy of silence against me."

Accusingly she faced him, her lips trembling, and again to the man came that old desire to protect and shield her. At last he answered, "Before very long I may end this conspiracy of silence, Cass, but not now. Too many things are at stake. You see, even now, just as in other days, I find it hard to resist you. Even now you almost make me believe that I'm necessary to your happiness, and I know I'm not. I even doubt that Bert Pogue is, and yet perhaps, of the two, I need you most."

Violently he flung the scale stick from him. "No, I've nothing to tell you yet, Cass. But I have a word of advice, and it's this: Don't be a coward. Don't run away from life as you ran away from me. All the world hates cowards—the people who fear to live their own lives, the people who are afraid to live dangerously."

"*Dangerously.*" The word came from the doorway, where Dr. Mirov was standing, looking with a little smile of amusement at North.

"Dangerously?" he repeated. "I wonder what it means to live dangerously in this unpredictable world of ours?" He pointed regretfully toward the set of chessmen that stood on a table in the corner of the room. "It is a great temptation to stop and play at chess with you, North, but we must be getting down the trail."

With a friendly handshake he turned and, followed by Cass, went out into the night.

But long after those two had left him, North sat by the lamp, smoking. For a time he brooded upon an unpleasant thought—had the girl's questions been inspired by Pogue? Was it one of Pogue's ways of learning just where North stood? Quickly he shrugged the possibility aside. Yet one thing at least was certain—Pogue himself had not yet decided whether to number North among his friends or his enemies. Well, each day Pogue remained doubtful was another day gained, and not until he reached a decision would he become really dangerous. . . .

THE long winter was passing. Cold, glittering days were giving way to the first hesitant heraldings of spring. High overhead, wild geese flocked in great triangles across the sky, winging their way northward, while men looked up to hear their heart-thrilling honking in the upper air, and, watching them, they knew that not far distant were those brief, bright sunlit days of Wyoming summer. Soft haze already lay like a curtain over the lower country, and the waning snowstorms sweeping across the valley brought only a few wet flakes that melted beneath the sun.

Skis and snowshoes no longer helped in that clinging mixture of snow and water, and the rangers' horses plowed belly-deep as they made their way out over the forest trails, while the roads that had stretched like gleaming ribbons down Wind River were becoming impassable bogs of mud.

Spring was coming—North's first springtime in Wind River. For him they had passed rapidly, those six months, but just ahead of him North knew the time of testing lay. And this year spring was coming early, catching unprepared both loggers and rangers alike, and, alarmed at the rapid melting of the snows, Pogue called his crew chiefs down to the commissary.

"I had a look at the river this morning," he told them, his voice sharp with impatience. "Before long the ice is going out, and I don't have to remind you that if we miss flood water this year we won't get out the logs. We've always had trouble driving this river—either it's in full flood or it's damn' near dry. We've got to catch it right. Remember what happened last year—the river went down before the drive really started, and it took three months to work the logs over the shallows."

Pogue glared about him. "We're not going to repeat last year's mistake. Part of the winter's cut is still back in the woods. The sled roads are melting fast. From now on I want day and night shifts until every log is down by the river, ready to throw in when the ice breaks. Get it?"

Each man nodded. Each realized that if the first surging flood of water should go by before the logs were ready, the mills far down on the plains would suffer from lack of timber to feed the ever-hungry saws.

AND now the ice was thinning. At night deep rumblings rose from the lower gorge, as if once more the river had become a living, throbbing thing, impatient of its long slumber, eager to be gone. Meanwhile, in preparation for the fast-approaching drive, logs were hurried down over roads that each day became more impassable. Even now, aided by the freezing temperatures of night, the teams could haul for only a few hours in the morning, and by noon the steel runners of the sleds and the sharp-shod hoofs of the horses had cut up the roadbeds until they were worthless for further use. Killing work for both men and animals.

L'Abat took everyone who could be spared—cooks, clerks from the commissary, even the assistant bookkeeper, men and boys from the surrounding country, ranchers and cowpunchers—he scoured the land to augment his crews. Anything to win in that race against time, to bring down the logs before the precious moments passed and that first height of water should rush by them, leaving their cut stranded, to rot and warp until another year. So all through those days of early spring the woods resounded to the shouts of haulers, cursing, encouraging, forcing on their tired, sweating horses, and to the deep, bell-like booming of logs as they rolled from off the sleds and out along the skidways.

The rangers, too, were busy—busy as never before. Every log had to be scaled and stamped with the Forest Service brand before the drive began, yet it was becoming impossible for the small handful of foresters to keep abreast of the crews Pogue had suddenly thrown into the woods. Three times Guthrie wired frantically to Denver asking for more men, but no help came, and even more frequently now Pogue complained of costly delays because the rangers were falling behind.

Meanwhile, along the narrow banks of Wind River the skidways above the gorge

piled higher and higher. Early dawn found the loggers out on the forest roads, rolling the logs with cant hook and peavey, skidding ties and poles down to the stream bank. And early dawn found Mills with scale stick and notebook, working with the rest of the forest crew, scaling, culling, counting the ties.

Then suddenly, overnight, the ice broke.

For two days a warm chinook wind had been blowing from off the Painted Desert and, aided by the cloudless sun, was fast rotting the covering of snow and ice from off the hills. Trails and logging roads were transformed into rushing streams, mud-brown torrents, all hurrying down toward Wind River, where long cracks spread like giant cobwebs across the ice. And many times during those two days rose the deep, unforgettable booming of tons on tons of snow grinding its irresistible way down over the steep slopes of the Rockies, hurling high into the air a cloud of white, thin mist as it plunged into some gulch or hidden canyon.

Men shook their heads. The snow was going off too fast. Unless freezing nights slowed up those swollen torrents—

THEN shortly after midnight the end came. Above the wind and above the rushing of waters in a million streams, a splitting roar ripped its way through the night. A crash like thunder, a booming resonance that swelled and rolled back into the dark forest, telling the men of the Rockies that Wind River had at last stampeded and with its burden of rotting ice was gathering to rush headlong from narrow mountain gorges out toward the freedom of wider banks.

Already the first headwaters were in motion. From his cabin in the upper Swede camp, Jean L'Abat heard that warning roar and, leaping from his bunk, ran to where hung the circular saw that served the camp as a dinner bell. Seizing a rough lock, Jean struck the great steel disk with all his might until it rang out through the darkness, bringing the men, sleepy and muttering, from their bunks.

The ice was going out! No need or time for words—each man knew the part he was to play and, silently seizing axes and cant hooks, they started down the slippery trails to the skidways. Even old Buffalo Lakin heard that message of angry waters from his cabin on Sheridan Creek, and hobbled over the ice road to aid in the coming drive. The night crews were still at work, and from afar the constant drop and splash of logs rose along the pine-fringed banks. The men worked steadily, looming like ghostly shadows against the snow, rolling log after log from off the sleds and out along the rollways, prodding them with cant hook and peavey, keeping them moving, guiding them over the edge of the stream until, by dawn, the surging river was dotted with tens of thousands of logs that bobbed and bumped and whirled down that yellow, foaming stream.

The drive was on. No time to rest or think of rest that day, for loggers or rangers, either. Already the first headwaters were in motion, and within a few days the crest would be past. Long before noon the cooks from the Swede camp brought down great, steaming milk pails filled with coffee, thick slabs of beef and buttered bread, and, hardly pausing from their work, the men made hasty meals, then

WOULDN'T it make you happier, too, Mother, if you could confidently say—"*When colds hit my children, I know what's the best thing to do*"?

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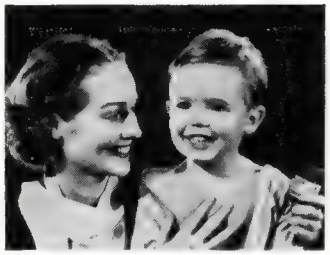

Just rubbed on at bedtime—VapoRub attacks a cold immediately *and* directly —two ways at once. *Through the night, its medicated vapors and poultice-plaster action bring surer relief!*

hurried back to the skidways, while through it all, raging like a madman up and down the river, Jean L'Abat urged them on.

From dawn the forest men worked beside the loggers, Mills on one side of Wind River, Guthrie on the other, leading their small corps of rangers, meeting the haulers as they drove up beside the skidways, working grimly to keep pace, scaling each stick of timber as it came to them, slushing through wet snow, soaked to the waist, fingers numb and bleeding, but somehow managing to keep abreast. Dangerous work—even with sharp-calked boots, the slippery logs presented a perilous foothold high above the whirling waters.

Too swiftly the morning passed. Each hour the river was rising. By noon it had torn away the plank bridge thrown across the lower camp, and now from below the gorge the river's deep, angry roar rose louder, as if at last it grew rebellious of those narrow canyon walls.

To Wolfshead the word had gone that the drive was on, and soon a score of townspeople were making their way up into the foothills to witness the climax of the long winter's work. Cass Mirov had come over with Nan, and the two girls stood on a little knoll above the river, watching the timbers racing down toward the mouth of the gorge, where men kept the logs moving steadily through that narrow opening.

FROM early daylight North had been directing work above the gorge with a crew of picked loggers from the Swede camp. Hulking Finns and Danes, most of them, they labored ceaselessly through the morning hours, breaking out old skidways from under the ice and snows of winter, opening new log decks for the heavily laden teams. Urging them on with a smile or a word, lending a hand where it was most needed, North kept them at top speed, seeming by his very presence to give these wet and weary men renewed incentive. Even Jean L'Abat found time to shout to Pogue from the top of a skidway, "By gar, your new foreman he know how to work lak one beeg fool," and he waved toward where North stood, peavey in hand, fighting the great logs that came rolling to the lower decks of the skidway.

Once Nan brought him a cup of coffee. "How about something hot, Hercules?" And North drank it gratefully, but waved her anxiously back from the menace of moving logs. Nan laughed.

"I was born with calks on my feet," she told him, and returned to where Pogue was standing beside Cass.

Pogue wagged a finger at Nan. "It's whispered you're adopting that broad-shouldered gentleman."

Nan shrugged. "For real, genuine gossip-breedin', give me a lumberjack. Every logging camp I ever saw—and that's too many—made a sewing circle seem like a collection of deaf mutes. Sure, I like him—who wouldn't?"

She looked up challengingly, but Pogue's eyes were staring down the river trail, where a bedraggled figure came running at full speed from out the gorge. He wore neither hat nor mackinaw, and as he drew nearer Pogue recognized one of his crew bosses.

BREATHLESS with haste and the long, slippery climb, the man stumbled to Pogue's side and pointed downstream.

"The logs!" he cried hoarsely. "The river!"

Stark panic lay in his voice, and with an oath Pogue whirled him around.

"What is it, damn you! Talk!" His own voice shook with the quick contagion of fear as he caught a sense of impending catastrophe within the man's startled eyes.

"The gorge. The logs are jamming." He gasped out the last fateful words with a supreme effort, then staggered back as Pogue's grasp suddenly slackened.

"Jam!" L'Abat had leaped from the skidway, his dark face twisted. "*Sacré nom*, a jam!"

In consternation the two men gazed blankly at each other, the same thought in the minds of each. Once the logs jammed in the narrow mouth of the gorge, thousands of feet of timber would pile up behind, raising a tangled barrier that might take days to break down, log by log. A jam might mean losing the head of flood water, the great carrying force of the river, perhaps the failure of the drive, and it was to avert this very disaster that L'Abat had detailed a crew to keep the ties and logs moving.

Without another word the two men ran down the narrow trail to the gorge. At the very edge, Pogue stopped, his face white with sudden anger.

Down there, down where the high river banks converged in a funnel-like entrance, three huge fir logs had lodged themselves on a partly submerged rock. About them the foaming water swirled, while from upstream hundreds of logs and ties were rushing like an advancing army against the newly made barrier. Already caught in the swirl, timbers had piled up like giant matchsticks, and above them, fed by the crews, logs and ties and lodge-pole posts were adding to that jumbled mass.

Already three rivermen, braving the danger of those moving, slippery logs, were working their way out over the spray-drenched ramparts of the jam, prying frantically with peavey and pickaroon to set the interlaced timbers in motion. From downstream others joined them, until more than a score were working like things possessed, forcing the weight of their straining bodies against the nearer logs, seeking to raise them—but to no purpose.

One glance Pogue cast at that rapidly growing jam, then beckoned a worker to his side.

"Beat it over to the Swede camp. Send down to Wolfshead. I want every man who can handle a cant hook up here within two hours."

So through that heartbreaking day the best of Pogue's loggers worked without ceasing, while L'Abat, like some demon incarnate, cursed them on, venturing out upon the face of the jam where others dared not, chancing death not once but many times, as he swung his heavy body between the imprisoned logs, climbing over the face of them, striking the ends with his peavey to test the rigidity of their hold, and sometimes in a very frenzy of rage pulling at the insensate wood with his bare hands.

One man only went with him upon the very edges of that rumbling, creaking pile. Deliberately, as if no possibility of danger existed, Corrin North climbed about the wavering structure, while from the bank two pairs of fearful eyes followed his every step.

Sweat dripped from the men's faces. Every worker was wet with the flying spray of that wildly moving river, and twice men slipped from insecure footholds into the water itself, saved only by clutching to the logs until an outstretched hand pulled them back to safety.

THE sun sank lower, and a young moon cast its faint radiance over forest and river, but all that night men, like bedraggled ants, swarmed about the tangled mass, frantically trying to dislodge the key logs that might release the jam. But steadily the jam was gaining. Held back in its course, the water rose, piling the logs higher and higher, until with dawn the vertical face of the jam towered twenty feet above the stream—a frowning wall of intermingled spruce and pine, logs and poles, the white peeled surfaces of countless ties gleaming and wet beneath the gathering light.

At times the whole mass moved slightly, and once, under some sudden tension, a tie snapped and hurtled out into the water. Swift death lay waiting there where North and L'Abat had worked without ceasing, but with the dawn they climbed gloomily up the bank.

"That carriage we sold you—was our baby in it?"

Shellhase

Frowningly North looked at the cloudless sky. "Another day of headwater. What about that giant powder?"

L'Abat pointed to two large wooden boxes that stood on a near-by sled. "That ees all I get."

A silent, hasty meal, then the two went wearily back over that precarious foothold where, along the farther bank, they began placing long, slender sticks of dynamite.

Vindictively Jean grinned. "We show her not to fool wit' us, eh? *Sale cochon!*"

Twice they climbed the bank, each time returning with armloads of the deadly yellow sticks, laying them carefully while Mills threw down the heavily insulated wires that North attached to the charge. Doubtfully Pogue watched every move.

"If that don't do it, we're here for two months—and the year's drive will be shot to hell." He glanced at North. "You seem to know about this sort of thing. Have we done all we can?"

North shrugged. "I've seen jams break up with half the powder we're using now, and I've seen jams that nothing would stir—you had to pick them log by log. The important thing is, if she does start, to keep her moving. Three or four good cant-hook men can do the job, but that means working under the face of the moving jam."

POGUE'S face turned paler, and his eye twitched. "I won't send any man on that kind of work, and I won't go myself. I've seen three jams go out when men were working under them, and just once the men lived to tell about it."

But Jean, stretching his tired muscles, laughed. "We go out together, eh, Nort'? We show dees yellow bellies."

"I'll go, too," a quiet voice added, and Mills picked up a peavey.

North shook his head. "It's dangerous."

"Sure. It'll be grand experience in case I ever run for Congress." And North made no further objection.

For the last time Pogue looked about him—on both sides of the stream every man had hurried back to the shelter of the forest—those four alone stood at the rocky entrance to the gorge.

"Shoot!" Pogue gave the word, and in the same second North closed the switch.

A terrific roar. High above the gorge the sky seemed suddenly crowded with whirling, spinning ties and shattered logs. From both banks a shout arose—the jam was beginning to move forward, grinding logs and ties beneath its crushing force. With a cry North seized a peavey: "Come on! We've got to keep her moving!"

Closely followed by L'Abat and Mills, he slid down the bank and ran out across the logs. There beneath the face of those moving timbers the three men fought, pulling out the logs that had already started, forcing them into the stream, keeping them in motion, frantically digging at the very foundations of the jam.

A sudden lull. The roar of grinding logs had almost ceased, and, stopping from their labor, the three men looked up. That huge structure of entangled logs no longer moved forward, but near the center the face of the jam was beginning to bulge, to lean toward them. Even as their startled eyes rose to that toppling wall it gathered momentum, thrust on by rushing tons of water that spurted from widening gaps.

Deadly, strangely silent, it advanced,

"ACID INDIGESTION"

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According to recent medical findings most of the so-called "indigestion," from which so many of us suffer, is really *acid* indigestion — a condition brought on by the preponderance of acid-forming foods in our daily diet.

Starches, sweets, meat all come under this heading. All necessary energy foods; but all acid-forming. Foods that foster an excess amount of acids in the stomach, and make themselves felt in pain, nausea, "gas" soon after eating.

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All you do is take a bit of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia — either in liquid form or tiny little tablets—after each meal. This acts to almost immediately *neutralize* the stomach acidity that brings on your trouble . . . makes you feel like a new person.

SIGNS WHICH OFTEN INDICATE "ACID STOMACH"

Acid Indigestion	Loss of Appetite
Auto-intoxication	Frequent Headaches
Nausea	Feeling of Weakness
Sour Stomach	Sleeplessness
Mouth Acidity	

WHAT TO DO FOR IT

TAKE—2 Teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water in the morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

You have fewer headaches. "Gas" after meals largely disappears. You lose those annoying "indigestion pains," you eat a normal diet without difficulty. People by the tens of thousands have recently found this out. Found that this small dosage of "*PHILLIPS*'" taken after meals makes them forget they have stomachs.

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You can take either the familiar liquid "*PHILLIPS*'," or, now the *new* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Little tablets, scarcely larger than aspirin tablets, that you can carry with you in your pocket or your purse to take when needed.

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NRA

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

and now with a shriek Jean dropped his cant hook and made for the nearer shore, North on his heels. A wild scramble over churning logs and up the muddy slope to where Pogue stood—then only they dared stop. Breathless and spent, Jean cast himself on the ground, but North had turned. *Mills was not there!*

Fearfully North's eyes searched the farther bank, then dropped to the river itself. Down in the stream bed a falling tie had caught Mills a glancing blow across the chest, and, bent with pain, the ranger lay grasping a log, while towering toward him, the jam ground its slow, resistless way.

North whirled just as an outstretched hand closed on his arm.

"Keep back, you fool!" Pogue warned, but with a jerk North ripped himself free.

Caught by a back eddy of waters, the log where Mills clung was slowly turning toward the farther bank, and, racing over an uncertain foothold of drifting poles and ties, North made his way across the stream.

Logs were tumbling from the head of the jam, and one, striking the water almost at his feet, drenched him, blinding him with spray, but straight out over that ever-writhing footing North ran at top speed. The calks of his boots tore into the rough, wet bark, and now he had raised the bent figure of Mills in his arms, slung him over his shoulder, and faced back toward the shore. Up above him men were shouting, waving, cheering, all unheard amid that pandemonium of falling logs.

ONE step toward safety North took. No more. For in that instant the wall of logs ripped forward just ahead of him, closing his pathway, while behind him, along the farther bank, a moving barricade was already beginning to swirl out into the current. He was cut off.

For the briefest second North hesitated. Then, still holding that inert body across his shoulder, he began climbing hand over hand up the very face of the trembling jam. Clutching with aching fingers at each sustaining ledge, finding, by some miracle, a foothold, he rose little by little above the surface of the water, until now he was halfway up that wet, precarious wall.

No sound along the riverbanks now. Like ghosts, like frozen, frightened statues, men and women, dotted along the stream's high edge, stood watching. Each one powerless to move, every eye fixed on that climbing figure.

On the knoll above Nan had hidden her face on Catherine Mirov's shoulder.

"I can't look—" The voice choked.

"He is still there." The girl's white lips barely moved, her cheeks were bloodless.

Steadily North climbed. Higher now. Almost at the top. With one last effort he reached upward to seize a projecting pole, but, as his fingers closed, a shiver ran throughout the whole bulging mass, and now, like snow before a furnace blast, that wall of tangled timbers melted. With a roar that filled the canyon and a splash that rose as high as the granite banks, the jam crumbled into a thousand grinding, splintering timbers, racing headlong for the ice-choked gorge.

(To be continued)

Never mind the Lady

(Continued from page 11)

nonchalantly, and crossed her knees, letting one satin slipper swing idly while she regarded him with her wide dark eyes.

"Haven't seen you in years," she commented. Then, like a flash of light: "What do you think of me?"

It was her voice that got Fox. Pitched low for a girl, but vibrant enough to scale the gamut of emotions. He looked at her searchingly.

"You're all right, kid."

She shook her head.

"No, I'm not. Scared to death, laddie. Have to fly tomorrow, and I'm scared to death. Ever fall a few thousand feet?" She clasped her knee and looked thoughtfully into space. "Terrible feeling, George."

"Don't do it, Allaire!" He scarcely recognized his own voice—it was a sudden croak.

She glanced at him amusedly.

"Have to."

Of course she had to. Power and challenge in her curving lips, thread of steel in her body, alone at the controls always.

Somebody was hesitantly coming along on a garden path, very uncertain, and discreetly coughing every time he neared a corner.

Fox spotted him and rose immediately. It was Novaes, the native runner at the American Legation.

"*Qué quiere?*" he said a little peevishly.

Novaes apologetically took off his hat. "The tall redhead, señor," he said a little nervously, and stopped.

Fox glanced at him, perplexed. The tall redhead—Willett! Willett, the engineer working up the Palva River!

"Go on," he bade. "What about him?"

The tall *Americano* had come to the Legation for Señor Fox, yes. He had taken Novaes by the wrist with the grip of six devils and advised immediate location of Señor Fox, or the arm would be broken, by damn!

Willett, all right.

"Is he smiling?" Fox asked surprisingly.

Novaes looked positively astonished.

"But yes, señor," he returned. "With the mouth, yes. But with the eyes, ah, no!"

"Smiling, eh?" Fox muttered. "Means he's going into action. He's going to sock somebody."

He turned quickly to Allaire, shaking his head ruefully.

"He's going to sock somebody?" Allaire was looking at him interestedly. "Not you, by any chance, Ambassador?"

"No, but he mustn't sock anybody," he explained. "He told me that if he ever intended to start any trouble with the Coffee Company big shots he'd let me know first. He's just politely keeping his word."

He held out his hand.

"May I take you in before I go to wave the lamp of reason in front of a fighting machine?"

THERE was a queer little smile on her lips as she leisurely clasped slim hands behind her head.

"You know," she said reflectively, "I didn't come on this Odyssey to see people play polo and Ray play the fool. I had ideas—absurd, perhaps—of gentlemen with sideburns righting their wrongs and wronging their rights. So far I bear away memories of a snake farm, some giraffe-necked women or something, and a mountain in the middle of a harbor. But," she went on, "if I can also bear away the memory of you waving the lamp of reason in front of a fighting machine who wants to sock somebody, the trip's a success."

Fox felt something go chasing up and down his spinal column. He'd felt the same way when, as a sophomore, he'd awaited the kick-off in his first Yale game.

"You want to meet him?" he said a little vaguely.

"Darling, if anything is going to happen around here I'm sitting in. Heaven only knows I've wanted to sock somebody many times, myself."

Willett might be drunk. However—

"You've saved your arm, Novaes," he told the runner. "Ask the tall redhead to come here."

HE CAME swinging down a garden walk, tall, clad in immaculate white ducks, bare-headed—sick to death of red tape and inaction—with the lights and music of the Legation Club trying to chase from his mind the thought of a dank river.

"Hello, Fox," he said abruptly, and then paused to stare past the attaché.

"The Foreign Service," Willett remarked, with a brief grin at Fox, "is something I'll have to look into."

Fox smiled, himself. "Take a good look at him, Allaire," he told the girl. "Tomorrow morning he might be in jail."

"Is that the penalty," she inquired, "for socking somebody?"

"It all depends," said Fox. "Allaire West, Terry. She loves to throw rocks through greenhouses and ride ninety miles an hour."

Willett regarded her intently. He suddenly felt as though a cool breeze had passed his forehead as he watched a fuse hole drilled through solid rock with the temperature a hundred and six in the shade. Something intangible, elusive.

"What's on your mind, old son?" It was Fox's voice.

Willett saw it again, the slimy, yellow Palva. He swung back to the attaché.

"Hildez," he said tersely. "That Spig shipping agent has my shipment buried in a warehouse on a dock at Rosina B. It's been there six weeks."

Fox took out his cigarette case, turned it absently in his hands, and stuck it back in his pocket.

"If they're pulling anything queer," he said, "we'll soon check up. Sit tight a couple of days and let me help you handle this."

"Yeah," said Willett, "start a file of communications about me." He shook his head. "Can't be done, George. Dad's sitting up the river with a .45 in one hand and a bottle of quinine in the other. That stuff goes aboard the Parajaibo—tonight!"

"Would you mind telling me what you're going to do?" Fox asked politely.

Willett shrugged.

"How do I know? Start off for the docks and take my cue as I go along. The ship clears at noon tomorrow."

ALLAIRE knew he was right. Thinking dragged at speedy action. Step on the gas and catch the lights as you go by.

"Do you want to go along, George?" she asked. "Or hear about it over the radio?"

Two men looking at her—one astonished, the other with downright apprehension.

"Huh?" said Willett. "Go along—?"

"She's funny that way," Fox said rapidly. He was a little irritated. Somehow, they made him feel like the kind of person who put a mustard plaster on his chest every time there was a draft.

Her amused glance goaded him into going on.

"Lay off the lone-wolf stuff, Terry. Tomorrow—"

"Tonight," said Willet, "they're loading the Parajaibo."

Tonight! Always tonight! Fox was a man in a leaky rowboat bucking a strong current, and he knew it.

"Are you serious about going?" His voice was elaborately casual. "Because if you are I'll have to go with you, I suppose." He grinned. "Rule One of the efficient Foreign Officer—'Promoting and protecting the interests of the United States and its citizens.'"

"Yeah," drawled Willett, "so they tell me. Hildez will swoon when he sees those clothes. Better get a coat, George."

Fox nodded and strode away toward the Legation Club. Willett watched him go, and then turned quickly to the girl.

"So long," he said, holding out his hand.

"You're not waiting for him?"

He shook his head.

"Leaving by a side gate. I don't want to get old George into any trouble."

He smiled. She liked his smile—white teeth in the bronze of his face and his eyes crinkling at the corners.

"Stay away from docks at night," he went on easily. "No bands playing, or people waving—just a lot of fools stumbling over packing boxes and wishing they were diplomats—"

He dropped her hand and turned away. Leaving behind something that had hit him queerly and passed. Back to the job, the everlasting *job*. Wearily fighting both the Palva and the malicious red tape—Lawrence Willett waiting for him, looking eagerly down the river, a .45 in his hand for all the Chaicis to see.

His own hand tentatively touched a slight bulge under his left arm. Good medicine for the docks at Rosina B. A lovely girl in an evening gown . . . poor Fox had perspired blood.

He hailed an ambling carriage.

As a child Allaire had loved to follow

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parades, chase a brass band and the tread of marching feet. And when the ring in the air passed, she had always felt the surge of a desire to keep alive that note of spirited rhythm—somehow.

The gardens were very quiet, but a note still rang. She knew she had seen a parade. She got up restlessly and went back to the Legation Club, slipping through a door on the terrace into a swirl of music and the scrape of feet, smell of starched shirts, and cocktails, and perfume.

She surveyed the scene estimatingly a moment, balancing it against thousands of others, and then moved through a politely importuning stag line toward the conservatory. It was there that Fox found her.

"Willett—?" he began.

"He's gone," she told him, sinking into a chair. "Y'know, darling, the lamp of reason kind of backfired on you, didn't it?"

"I could chase after him—"

"Don't," she advised. "I don't think he liked the idea of having you tag along."

Her eyes were kind, however. He was nice, he had style and something the rest of this crowd didn't have. A certain boyish earnestness, perhaps. But attachés don't risk prowling around docks—their position, you know.

"There's LaMarr dancing with Nell," she said suddenly. "I despise LaMarr; he's followed us from Buenos Aires like a scavenging shark in the wake of a ship. Do go forth to war, George, and unhorse yon varlet."

He hesitated a moment. There was yet time for him to dash out into the darkness like a new edition of Svengali at a fifty-cent matinée. Then he took off his coat and slung it into a chair.

ALLAIRE watched him as he went out on the floor to separate her mother from the polished, self-styled globe trotter, LaMarr.

She hated it—the whole stultifying, ceaseless round, Nell West dueling her husband on a mutual ground of fashionable hypocrisy, handsome young men with a business address as a matter of form, polo and tea dances their career.

Breathe!—with the cutting lash of air. Tomorrow she would take a plane, and tonight she wanted to forget it. Above the silken note of the orchestra was the distant note of a brass band. Follow the parade!

She left the conservatory, snatched up her wrap, and went outside.

Novaes, the Legation runner, was talking to a carriage driver. Carriage?—too slow. Novaes jumped at her summons.

"Mr. Fox's car," she requested. "*Oú est-il*—no, darn it, that's French. Where the dickens is Señor Fox's car, old top?"

Novaes understood her enough to lead her to the attaché's long, low roadster. Allaire slid in behind the wheel.

"Get in," she told the runner. "You have to direct me to Rosina B. Rosina B—ships—*toot-toot! Vapor*—Rosina B—"

"Rosina B?" Novaes pronounced it "Bay." He looked anxiously at the lovely girl impatiently awaiting him. "But, pardon, *señorita, yo no comprendo*—Rosina B?"

"*Vamos*," she ordered, and blew the horn in lieu of further Spanish.

Novaes scrambled in beside her. And he hadn't been riding a block before he would have been quite content to get out.

Silver drum headlights cutting the darkness, speeding out of the residential section into the metropolitan area.

They roared down the leafy Balaneario Drive, passing scattered carriages, racing right up on top of them, and then slithering past as the girl at the big wheel moved her hands slightly. And then, as they turned off the Balaneario into a waterfront drive that led to the docks, the lights seized upon a lone, ambling carriage.

The girl nodded and brought the car to a stop.

"Much obliged," she told her guide.

She pulled out some bank notes from her evening bag and pressed them into his hand. Novaes looked at them and got out shaking with emotion. He burst into a torrent of thanks, but she'd forgotten him. Already she was shifting into gear, a slow smile curving her lips.

TERRY WILLETT swore. He gave a quick command to the driver and stepped out of the carriage.

Allaire lounged behind the wheel, her hair in thick, wind-blown confusion, the evening wrap sliding off one bare shoulder.

"Would you mind awfully," she asked tranquilly, "if I went with you?"

He'd thought he was prepared for anything.

"Why?" he heard himself say.

"Oh—" she waved a slim hand. "I'm one of those people who pat a grizzly bear on the nose to see if he's friendly."

He looked at her a long moment. Funny things, women. This one, for example. She blazed across his life like a rocket.

"You'd better go back. You'll only be bored."

"The evening," she assented, with a quick nod of her blond head, "started out that way."

He dismissed his carriage and stepped in beside her.

"I'll have the whole Foreign Service on my neck tomorrow," he grunted. "Let's go."

She liked that in him. A strain of sportsmanlike humor that bridged the gap between the sensible and the insane.

"You're still going to sock somebody?"

"Yes, babe," he said gently, "I am. And you're carrying this—"

She hardly knew where it came from, that small, flat automatic. And it was then that the last of the Legation Club disappeared from the night and she awoke to the lapping of black water and the bulky shapes of ships at their berths.

"I really wouldn't know how to use it from a shovel," she assured him.

Terry smiled grimly.

"You probably won't need it. But it's a good thing to have. Stop here."

The weapon was warm from his body, as she put it in her bag. He took her arm. The night air was chilly, but the warmth of her bare arm sent an electric contact through his fingers. What was he doing?—oh, take your cue as you went along. He'd always done that and he was still alive. A hundred feet from car to Hildez. Come along, you girl with the steady, low voice—you're with an engineer finishing a job.

Giant cranes on their tracks along the dock stood like disapproving monsters as a tall man in white ducks and a girl in an evening gown made their way along a warehouse alley.

A strange light began to etch the cranes against the sky—like the glow of a fire somewhere in the distance. And then they rounded the corner of the warehouse and came across the Parajaibo.

Tremendous flares burned on the dock, throwing into flickering relief the rusty sides of a small tramp steamer. A fast-moving set of stevedores portered crates from the warehouse to a crane which lifted them over the ship's side.

He guided her through the bustle, curious black eyes on them, men stopping in their labor to stare.

"There he is," Willett said suddenly. "The holy graft merchant—"

She saw a fat man in wilted ducks standing in the doorway of a small office.

"He who gets socked," she murmured.

"Hey, Hildez!" snapped Terry.

The shipping agent started at the unceremonious summons. His little eyes flicked from the tall redhead to the girl at his side like the dart of a snake.

"Ah, Señor Willett," he commented, and sauntered over.

His shirt was open at a hairy throat and the pouch under his chin was bluish. Terry kept his hand on the girl's arm.

"You putting my freight on board that boat?" he demanded. "Or do I stretch your hide up on the wall like a trophy from a boar hunt?"

"But of course, señor." Hildez waved an obliging hand. "Tomorrow your shipment will be on the way to Propionoire."

"Yeah," said Willett. "I'll believe you when I see it lifted over the side. Go on, Hildez, trot it out—I'm damned sick of waiting on you."

The shipping boss shrugged.

"As you will, Señor Willett."

He said something in quick, soft Spanish to a couple of stevedores, and turned back to them, smiling genially.

"Presently, señor. The lady—"

"Never mind the lady," said Willett curtly.

For the first time in her life she recognized pure steel, the grim hardness of the fighter who kept his hand on her arm and his eyes on Hildez.

THEY were bringing out the National Coffee Company freight now—"*Consignado por Café Nacional Cia.*"

The tall young man surveyed it thoughtfully.

"Perhaps," came Hildez's faintly ironic tones, "you would prefer to give the order, yourself, for their lifting, señor—"

Terry released her arm then, to run a tentative hand over one of the large crates.

"It may be so, but I don't trust you any farther than I can s e you, Hildez."

He pushed at the crate, tilted it a little.

"Huh," muttered Willett. He seized an iron pick from a silently impassive stevedore and pried up a board.

"One moment." Hildez grabbed his arm. "You have already delayed me too long, señor."

"Get away," Terry told him. "It's my freight and I've waited so long for it I could nearly swallow it. I'm taking a look—"

The other stepped back, smiling. Terry didn't care. This stuff was too all-important. He yanked up another board with a rasping screech and examined the contents.

A great many crumpled newspapers, a

few carelessly wrapped iron bars—a whole lot like shining steel dredging blades, wasn't it? Hildez had been too affable and the box too queerly light.

Terry's eyes glanced quickly at the other freight on the dock. He grabbed hold of a huge, cumbersome crate that three men should have had trouble lifting and felt it swing under his heave. Light!—all this stuff was so strangely light.

Dummy freight! Operations had ceased all around him. Dummy freight to fit the bills of lading so the ship could clear. There was only one way that Hildez could line his pockets by shipping dummy freight disguised as legitimate shipments. Contraband. And with the clouds of revolution hovering over this country Willett had a pretty good idea what the real cargo of the Parajaibo would be as she steamed into Propionoire harbor.

A LONG moment of silence, and then he nodded casually at the girl.

"Ever seen 'em getting a ship ready to do some gun-running?" he inquired. "Take a look at the Parajaibo and imagine George Fox's embarrassment—"

"I think," Hildez said, with a sleepy smile, "you should not—have said—that—señor—"

And suddenly he knew he shouldn't have. Not for himself so much as for a girl whom he had adopted into the whole scheme of things.

He scratched his armpit, and then, as if to get at it more effectively, slid his hand under his coat. Then, and only then, did he remember that he had given her the thing that made all men equal on the docks at Rosina B. He leaned against a packing case on a tensely waiting dock and felt his impatience beginning to snap into fury.

Hildez was quite comfortable. He hadn't failed to notice how ineffectually the American had dropped his hand from the inside of his coat. He stuck a cigarette between his lips and held it in the very middle of his mouth. He looked like a fat Buddha with a lollipop stick.

"So, señor?" he breathed. "*Quien ama el peligro, perece en el*—"

"He who loves danger perishes by it"? Telling that to Willett, who'd never had a chance to love much of anything else? Sure, tell it to Sweeney while you were about it, Luis Hildez.

"What," inquired Allaire, "goes forward? Or am I too young to hear disgraceful language?"

She was quite slim and unconcerned. Willett looked at her briefly.

"The minute things start popping," he said in a low tone, "run, kid, and—don't forget your hand bag."

It was only then that she remembered the flat, deadly weapon she carried. The same queer little chill she had received when he'd first given it to her swept swiftly over her now. The qualities of debonair humor and cheerful recklessness in him that had attracted her were falling away before the same grim hardness of the weapon in her innocuous vanity bag.

Willett never tried to reason out the Fates. In a crisis he acted in the same way he lived—blinding speed backed by whipcord muscles and a semaphore brain. He didn't wait for Hildez—he reached out and grabbed him by the lapel.

"Listen, you lousy Spig," he said grimly; "you can run guns into Propionoire harbor

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till kingdom come for all I care, but you're not knifing my job any more. I'm leaving here now and coming back tomorrow. If my freight is aboard, your hide's safe; if it isn't, I'll see that this ship is interned plenty fast. Now, have you got that, you tenth son of a bald-headed polecat?"

Hildez's face was purple. The pouch under his chin shook like jelly.

"*Puta madre carajo.*" It was a gasping curse of the water-front, the dives, the dark places of knives, alley cats, and slatterns, hurled with all the venom of which a rudely shaken water-front dignitary was capable.

And then the girl saw somebody get "socked." A most terrific pistonlike drive from a man with deadly hands and suddenly merciless mouth.

Willett looked down at the poleaxed Hildez without a trace of emotion on his face. The shipping boss rose on an elbow, then to a knee. His hand went slowly back to his head as if to clear his brow.

"Say that again," Terry invited, "and I'll break your neck. You're not talking to one of your thick-headed stevedores."

He turned quickly to the girl and found her staring past him with slowly widening eyes. Her evening bag fell open at her feet and something suddenly roared from her hand, a detonation that rang out over the flare-lit quiet of Rosina B.

He jerked around.

Hildez was still on one knee, but he was swaying back and forth as though he were rocking a child to sleep. Then he rolled over like a slow-motion picture of a harpooned whale, and something that gleamed metallically fell out of his right sleeve.

"Close," he muttered.

The girl made no effort to move; the breath that caught in her throat was faintly audible. Willett took the weapon from her limp hand and confronted the paralyzed loading gang a moment.

"Steady," he told her. "I'm following you."

He waited only long enough to snatch up her bag, retreating warily to the warehouse alley with the weapon trained on that irresolute group on the dock. Once in the alley he grabbed her arm and ran for the car.

She didn't know how to use it from a shovel! No, and it would be a long time before Hildez ran Coffee Company shipments again, if ever—

Amazing girl—she'd learned fast.

WILLETT spoke only once before they reached the Balaneario Drive, swearing under his breath as a carriage lolled along in the middle of the road ahead of him. The girl was very quiet. She sat so close to him he could feel the warmth of her bare arm and the whole pliant yield of her body.

Then as they swept into the beautiful broad drive she uttered a low sigh.

"I think I'm going to be *so* awfully sick—"

But she wasn't. She exerted herself immediately and fought off the nauseating attack. She was fundamentally strong, this slim girl with the honey-colored hair.

"Take it easy," he advised gently. "You shot in self-defense—"

"I shot him." She spoke queerly, like somebody trying to feel out a geometrical theorem. "I just found it in my hand—and it was just there—" She laughed shortly. "How ridiculous. I sound like a baby-faced wife telling the jury how she made herself a widow."

"You only winged the buzzard. Shucks, these South Americans scream over a stomach-ache."

She shook her head slowly.

"He didn't scream. He didn't say a word. What shall I do? Give myself up to the police—?

"No!" His voice crackled with emphasis. "You were at the Legation Club all night, understand? Fox will fix that end of it. You don't know whether Rosina B is the name of a dancer or a tugboat."

He paused a moment.

"Fox is the only person who will know. In the meantime, don't worry about a thing. I'm covering."

HE WAS covering! She looked at him then, the clear, strong line of tanned jaw and straight nose profiled against the street lamps. He was still the brass band, this rangy, auburn-haired young man who moved so surely and calmly in a world of flares and battle.

"I'm a coward," she said simply. "I'm afraid. Of lots of things. And yet," she smiled wanly, "when you say 'I'm covering' I don't feel afraid. I don't know why."

To Willett she was only a strange and lovely girl who had amazingly shot from the hip to cover his horrible carelessness in turning his back, and was now slightly incoherent from the shock of gun smoke and a swaying thing back on Rosina B. He felt it was only natural.

But to George Fox she would have been somebody entirely different from the girl of quicksilver tastes and strange, moody desires that lead to explosions and headlines in a world of town houses, sport motors, and blue-ribbon hunters. She was the girl who at flashing intervals tried desperately to reach into her ancestry for qualities that her parents disregarded—courage, perhaps; sincerity, assuredly. And George Fox would have marveled.

Willett drove her to her hotel, the regal Alvio Palacio, house of gleaming shirt fronts and polo players. He snapped off the engine and turned in his seat.

"Get hold of yourself," he urged. "Fox and I will take care of things. Now!—All set?"

"Yes, pard."

He reflected briefly on that . . . "Yes, pard."

"You saved my life, you know," he said wonderingly. "For the Lord's sake, I'd forgotten that—"

She nearly regained the gift of laughter. He seemed so incredulous—as if somebody had told him, but he didn't believe it. Evidently his life was something to juggle around, and nearly dropping it occasionally was nothing very surprising.

"Easy does it," he counseled. "You've just come back from the Legation—"

She nodded darkly.

"Watch me, buddy. This here stained woman once walked a chalk line in a Connecticut police station."

He saw her walk steadily through the great doors of the Alvio Palacio, nodding calmly to the doorman, saw her long, graceful figure fade into the Alvio's late cocktail crowd and disappear. Nerve—

"Salute!" Willett muttered, and flirted a farewell hand.

The lights and music of the Legation Club still twinkled serenely on. The world dies and the world dances—

"—if Hildez is dead, hell is going to pop, Terry. Allaire's traveling on a diplomatic passport, and things are ticklish right now. Be an awful mess."

He looked very strained, Fox, of Harvard and the American Foreign Service.

"Self-defense—" he began.

"Sure," said Terry, "but Hildez is in the doubtful column, just the same. Get her out of the country, George, as soon as you can. They hate Americans down here. You know that. There's enough red tape to swathe an elephant caravan if you even look cross-eyed at a native."

"She's a swell girl, Terry. They mustn't pick up her trail. What a mess! What are you going to do?"

Willett flicked his cigarette out into the street.

"Me?" he repeated. "I'm sailing on the Parajaibo tomorrow. I know plenty about that ship—her crew won't stop me, that's a cinch."

"Oh—" said the attaché uncertainly. "Yes, I guess you'd better. Wouldn't be surprised to see things break wide open any day now. Coastwise trade will be stopped—you'd better cut your stick for your camp." He hesitated. "Only—"

Willett looked at him.

"I have a job to finish." His voice was flatly final. "Can't muff this chance of getting away."

"No," agreed Fox. "You can't—what a mess!"

Willett gestured at the car.

"Better park it out of sight a few days. Somebody might be watching for it. So long, George."

Fox said something. Willett walked away. He looked back over his shoulder and saw the attaché still standing by the car.

Yes, Fox was covering that girl. Wasn't that what the American Foreign Service was for?

Rule One: "Protecting and—"

He suddenly remembered he needed a drink.

THE American Minister called his staff to the Legation study shortly before noon the next day.

"Everyone is to stand by today regardless of previous engagements," he told them. "The latest word from the President's Palace is that the new tax bill will be signed in its entirety, not excluding the coffee industry." He regarded his staff searchingly, eyes moving from face to face. "You know what that means. It is all the Propionoire crowd has been waiting for. I'm afraid we're in for a little trouble."

He paused and looked at George Fox. That young man's mind seemed to be wandering in the highways and byways of something distinctly alien to the president's latest tax on the coffee country.

His Excellency frowned slightly. A revolution camping down around their ears and a certain attaché clasped his hands on his chest and stared vacantly at the ceiling.

"Mr. Fox," he rumbled, "I should like to see you privately a moment. All right, gentlemen, that is all for the present."

Dent and the others withdrew. Fox went over to the heavy mahogany desk.

"Yes, sir?"

The Old Man thought quite highly of his attaché, but he bent a rather severe glance on him now.

"I understand perfectly that Legation

Club parties and like affairs are in the line of your duty," he remarked. "But you really don't have to go to sleep right under my nose, Mr. Fox. Tell me—have you been to bed?"

Fox hadn't. But under the Old Man's searching eyes he hastily jumped back on the diplomatic band wagon.

"I'm sorry, sir," he apologized. "I've been thinking. About that polo party."

"So have I," nodded the Minister. "They can't sail for a week."

"I've looked up sailing schedules," Fox said eagerly. "They don't have to wait a week. There's a ship sailing for Vera Cruz day after tomorrow and there they can be picked up almost immediately by a cruise ship on her way to New York."

"You seem to have done some tall figuring." The Old Man rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Not a bad idea, either. Better that way than possibly having to send them off on a battleship. Sure of your dates, Mr. Fox?"

"Absolutely positive, sir." Fox couldn't have been more emphatic if he'd thumped the desk.

"Well," the Minister commented dryly, "you don't need to get so all-fired excited about it. I'll talk with Mr. West today, and you be on hand if I should want you. And, for heaven's sake, boy, start catching up on your sleep. Every time I look at you I feel almost like taking a nap."

FOX returned to his desk. Captain Dent grinned sympathetically.

"What's the matter, George?" he inquired. "Didn't you dance with one of the fat wives of the War Department or something? Well, I guess that's all over for a while. We'll be ducking Washington dispatches and hauling errant fellow citizens out of harm's way from now on."

He sighed.

"I'd planned on going out to Delermo to see Allaire West take off today. Be interesting, that."

George Fox had completely forgotten this was the day when Allaire took the controls.

Stand by, the Minister had said. Fox went out of the Legation and took a taxi to the Alvio.

Allaire lived far more exclusively than her parents. Her suite was high, fronted the harbor, and was accessible only by a flight of steps from the last lift exit.

She was dressed in white and had a corsage of the country's famous wild orchids pinned at her shoulder. The attaché sat down beside her and impulsively took one cool hand in both of his.

"I know everything, Allaire," he said. "Willett told me. I phoned you early this morning, but you couldn't be located."

"I went swimming."

He looked at her uncertainly.

"Swimming?"

"Swimming, George. The water was cold as the devil."

There was something strange about her. She seemed so perfectly composed that he felt it was useless to advise her not to worry, but he did, anyhow, for want of something better to say.

"I'm not worrying." She smiled at him. "Sat up all night looking at the lights of the harbor and wondering what makes the world go round. I suppose you'll think me absolutely hoppy, but for some strange reason I felt as though everything had

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been taken out of my hands. Nice, comfortable feeling, taking orders and liking it."

Fox began to feel slightly dizzy. Allaire taking orders?—from whom? Not from her father, that was sure. She would have told him where to head in if he'd dared to try it.

"What made you run off last night?"

She shrugged.

"Oh, one of those things. Somebody was going somewhere and not afraid of anything he might find along the way. I went along for the ride."

"Ride is right," he agreed. "As an engineer, Willett is one of the best, but as a companion he's dynamite. He doesn't care what he does or where he does it. Just as well, I guess, that he's cleared the city."

THERE was a sudden silence. He was astonished to find her looking at him as though he had said something profane.

"What did you say?"

"Say? Why, I said Willett has left the city. He's on the Parajaibo."

"Really? How do you know?" Her tone was almost imperious.

"He told me last night he was sailing."

The girl leaned back, with a strange smile curving her lips.

"So that's it," she commented. "Every man for himself."

Her maid appeared with word that Major Herrera's car was ready to take her to the Delermo flying field.

Allaire clasped her hands behind her head and stuck her long legs out before her.

"Funny," she said musingly. "I can't seem to get the idea."

"He's working on an important job," Fox said. "And he's pressed for time."

"Of course," she assented. "He's probably right. Anybody would have acted the same way. The world's full of anybodies. That's what," she added carelessly, "makes it the same old place—a rattle, wedding bells, and a death certificate."

She looked straight ahead in silence, biting her nether lip, eyes almost closed.

"I sent word for the car to wait, but you can change your mind easily enough. You don't feel like going up today."

"Oh, yes, I do." She snapped out of her reverie so suddenly that he was startled. "I never felt more like it in my life. I'm going to find that damn' little tramp steamer and do a loop right over it."

She stood up and stretched her arms. Fox noticed the flush in her cheeks.

"Allaire," he said slowly, "you're in love with him."

There was another pause. She surveyed him smilingly a moment.

"No, I'm not," she denied tranquilly. "But I could have been, in time." She shook her blond head and laughed. "Want to drive out with me, George?"

Once again he disregarded Legation instructions, to follow her, his brain whirling.

For the first time in her life Allaire had been willing to surrender the controls to a man. For a brief, fleeting instant a certain man had won what no other man had ever come close to winning—the whole-souled respect of that girl.

And then he'd deliberately resigned his chance. Willett, the tall, rangy son of the engineering camps, had disappointed her. Allaire would never forgive him for that.

(To be continued)

Almost a Gypsy

(Continued from page 30)

hammered songs for me," Florica answered.

"Will there be room for you in his father's home?" Petru's wife asked. "There will be no room for him here. We are crowded." She was about to say more, Petru's wife, but one look from Florica's eyes stopped her. And then they all knew that while Topor's heart hadn't changed, Florica's had.

"The water is boiling in the kettle. Get yourselves going, Roms, to bring meat and bread. Your women are starving," the *Daia*, the old woman, called to the men.

Then the three men, Lobo, white-bearded, with gray hair hanging to his shoulders, leading the way, and his two clean-shaven and broad-shouldered sons following, walked out, with the eyes of the women on their backs. They were indeed handsome men, the Lobos.

When the door had closed behind them the four gypsy women sat down on their heels. Though not a word was said, their minds were so finely attuned to each other they carried on a silent conversation.

Just before the three men had returned with bags and packages under their arms, Florica said:

"And he looked ever so much smaller."

While the meat was simmering in the kettle, other gypsies who had come to winter in the city dropped in on the Lobos to greet them. And they sang and cried and laughed and ate and drank.

Lobo and his sons had set up their anvils to work, and didn't even derange themselves to greet the newcomers except with answering, "*Sarasan*," when they opened the door. They had work to do.

Later in the evening Lobo's sons picked up their violins hanging on nails in the wall and tried new tunes for their guests.

DURING all this time Florica had sat silently in a corner, with her back to the door, and shuffled and reshuffled a deck of cards that she was trying to read. An hour after sundown she picked up a feather bed and two blankets, rolled them in a piece of canvas, and, loading the whole thing on her shoulders, she climbed up five flights of stairs to the flat red-painted tin roof to make her bed there. Such was her custom. She had slept on that roof every night of every winter she could remember. Fred, that freckled-faced boy who used to live across the street, had seen her fre-

quently when they were both very young. Then his parents had moved away and she hadn't seen him any more.

In a few minutes she had pitched her tent over the feather bed, wrapped herself from neck to feet in the blankets over her clothes, and stretched herself out. She had much to think about. The cards had laid themselves out in a sinister way. No matter how she shuffled them, the ace of spades had appeared at the wrong time.

The following evening Lobo and his family, in their most gorgeous costumes, went to the wedding of Gurga's son to Tlepac's daughter. Gurga had hired a hall on First Avenue. The proprietor, who had rented his hall for gypsy weddings before, had emptied the room of chairs and tables and every other removable thing. The groom and the bride sat on a platform decked with cushions and rugs. The musicians, fiddlers and flute players, sat on the floor, in groups of four and six in each corner of the hall. Several hundred gypsies, not counting the ones too young to dance and the babies at their mothers' breasts, were gathered at that wedding.

Lobo and his family had found a place for themselves between two windows. The women had brought baskets of food. The men had brought a dozen bottles of red wine, "*moll*," with which to wash down the meat boiled in spices and flavored with laurel leaves, thyme, and saffron.

WHILE her people were sitting down to eat, Florica caught a glimpse of Topor. He was standing near a blond young man and talking to him in an animated tone. It was Fred. He was handsomer even than she had imagined. And he was tall and broad-shouldered. Florica's blood rushed to her face. Her brothers were angry with Topor for having brought a stranger, a *Gorgio*, to the wedding feast; but a moment later, when Topor had brought him over and introduced him, and told how he'd gone to school with him, and that he, too, was a coppersmith, their anger subsided. The man was a *Gorgio* but he was very handsome. And though he was blond and blue-eyed his skin was almost like copper. As if he were a blond gypsy.

He looked at Florica. Then they both laughed, remembering how he had defended her against the other boys in the years gone by. Talking to him now, Florica understood what the cards had tried to tell her for two days. The ace of red following closely upon the diamond king every time she had shuffled the cards. . . .

"He and I are working together on a big kettle for a brewery. He asked me to take him along to this *Sindrofie* when I told him you'd be here. He is no gypsy, but almost one, being that he is a coppersmith. Why are the others so mad that I brought him here?"

"If no one has bid him welcome yet," Florica said, "I will."

Fred put his hand out.

"Well, that sure does make me feel better. If Topor had told me that I wouldn't be welcome—"

"No less than if any of ours had come to one of your weddings," Florica's brother, Petru, said.

"But you would have been," Fred assured him.

"See!" Topor said triumphantly. "A friend. I told you." (*Continued on page 130*)

To my Valentine

You may combine the qualities
of Samson and Clark Gable . . .
You might be able to provide
silk, satins and rich sable;
But just the same a man like you
can't satisfy my craving.
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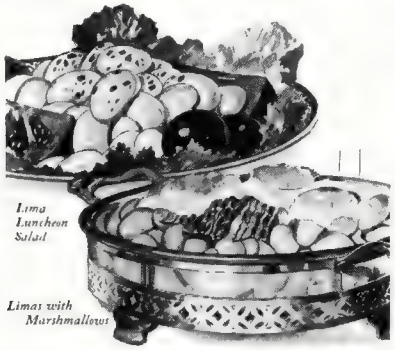

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The next moment the stranger had danced away with Florica. They had taken only a few steps when Petru came between them and tried to tear his sister away.

"Just a moment," Fred said. "What do you mean by this?"

Petru tugged at his sister's wrists, talking to her in their own language. With one deep shove the blond young coppersmith sent him sprawling backwards and danced away with Florica on his arm without as much as looking back to see what had happened. Florica's face broke out into a wide grin. Her eyes looked worshipfully into the blue eyes of the man dancing with her. There was a man! Alone among a hundred gypsies, and he had dared to do what he had done.

As she danced beside him she heard the women egging on the men to throw the *Gorgio* out of the hall. Topor was trying to explain. He had brought him. The man was his guest. He would ask him to go. Suddenly someone ordered the musicians to stop playing. All the gypsies were on their feet closing in on Fred and Florica. The groom and the bride had left their throne and were begging the people to quiet down. The American grinned and scowled, while the gypsy girl defied them all.

FINALLY Topor broke the circle and, laying his hand on Fred's shoulder, said:

"Come on, Fred; let's go out and have a drink all by ourselves. What do you say?"

"Sure," Fred replied, and, turning to the gypsy girl, he asked, "What do you say?"

She longed to go. She could not be less brave than he had been. But she didn't want to be with Topor and with him. The cards had warned her. The ace of red. The king of diamonds. The ace of spades.

"I'll stay here." It seemed to her she would show even greater bravery by staying after he had left than by going.

"I am sorry to have caused all this trouble," said Fred, "but I am glad I came."

Hand-shaking wasn't gypsy custom but she was thrilled, holding his strong fingers.

"I too am glad you came," she said as she glided away to join her family.

All eyes were on her. She didn't care whether they approved the action or not. The bride and the groom were asking everybody not to disturb their feast and to dance and to eat. A few minutes later the gypsies had forgotten the incident. After a while Petru broke out in loud laughter.

"What a strong *Gorgio*, Topor's friend. And unafraid, too."

"Kiss me," Florica asked, giving him her pouting lips. "Kiss me, you big fool."

They were that kind of Roms, the Lobos. Quick-tempered. Quick to recognize their mistakes. Above all, they admired courage and strength.

A little later Topor returned alone.

"Here, Topor. Here, Rom," Petru called to him. And when the young gypsy had joined them Petru said:

"That's a fine, strong friend you have, Rom. So. Now tell me, who is he?"

"A coppersmith," Topor answered. "And a good one."

"A strong one," Petru added.

"Strong he is," Topor repeated, looking at Florica.

"You shouldn't have brought him here tonight. None of us liked it," Lobo said.

"No. You shouldn't," Florica admonished.

"I am glad you say I shouldn't," Topor answered, rising and helping Florica to rise at the same time. While they were dancing together the young gypsy said:

"For a moment I thought you were too glad that I had brought him along."

She didn't answer.

After a while Topor asked in a voice hollowed by repressed anxiety:

"So you think he is handsome?"

"If you don't know what I think you had better not ask. I have already said that you should not have brought him here," Florica answered.

Topor stopped abruptly, turned his back on her, left her on the dance floor, and walked over to join a group of people who were improvising verses in four lines and singing them to a well-known gypsy tune. When the gypsies called on Topor to improvise a verse his voice rose in reproach:

"A woman's heart is like a wind blown by another wind.
"A woman's fancy changes quicker than a chameleon's skin.
"When her lips are sweetest there is a taste of ashes in her kiss;
"Her honeyed words curl themselves like a snake-whip around a man's soul."

And they all knew that the blond *Gorgio* had come between him and Lobo's daughter. For they all knew his love for her.

Florica, the center now of disapproving looks, left the hall. She hated *Sindrofies* between walls. The gypsies would be singing and crying and drinking and dancing until sunrise and falling asleep amidst the remnants of food and empty bottles and smoked-out pipes. The acrid smell of stale food, tears, and sweat was already thickening the air in the hall. How different the *Sindrofies* in the open, under the blue of the sky, with a dozen small fires in a large circle around the groom and the bride! She saw herself sitting beside that red-haired friend of her youth. No, it couldn't be. She wouldn't bring such sorrow on her family. She would marry a gypsy. But not Topor. Never. . . .

IT WAS long past midnight. The street was deserted. An ice-cold wind was blowing a needle-sharp snow in her face. She was just thinking that it might be better to sleep within walls that night when a voice called to her. She knew that voice. Yet she hastened on as if she hadn't heard it. He had read her heart and waited for her. He really was almost a gypsy.

She heard his steps behind hers. Though she didn't turn, he followed, creeping up closer and closer. He caught up with her in front of her home. She turned and looked at him with cold eyes. He took her jeweled fingers in his and said:

"It's no use pretending. You knew I would be waiting for you, Florica."

"No, it's no use pretending," she answered, withdrawing her hand and entering the hallway. He followed her up the stairway to the top floor and climbed up after her the narrow ladder leading to the roof.

She pitched her tent, wrapped herself in one blanket, threw him the other one, lay down on the feather bed, and, having lit a cigarette, she watched him sitting in the snow at her feet. The roof was flat and slippery and all white now.

After a while he said: "I used to watch

you rise in the morning when I was a boy and lived across the street."

"I used to watch you fly the pigeons from the roof," she answered.

"Did you think of me afterwards?"

"No," she answered.

"Neither did I," he remarked.

"Then why did you follow me?"

"Well, I don't know!"

"If you don't know, why do you stay here?" Florica asked.

"Because you want me to," Fred replied, leaning over to kiss her.

She was on her feet.

"That's too easy, man. You want to kiss me before Topor has come. That's too easy. If you want to kiss me you'll have to do it after he has come, and then, if you should want to go, I may want to go with you. He'll be here after he has told the world how heartless I am. The women will tell him, 'Go slap her face, pull her hair.' Then some man will give him a drink and he'll come here."

"Topor!" Fred said. Why should he fight that gypsy boy? He was his friend. Yet he couldn't go just then. He wouldn't let Florica think that he was a coward. He would stay, come what may. Really, it hadn't even occurred to him that Topor had any feeling for Florica.

SHE lay down again on her feather bed. Fred made no move to come near her. The man was that much gypsy-like. He had intuition. He would hammer out for her a big kettle. She would cook his food. And there would soon be children, some with blue eyes and black hair and some with golden hair and black eyes, romping about the fire.

Strange that she was thinking about that! She had never thought of herself as the wife of any other man but a gypsy. There he was. On the roof. Beside her. He had defied a hall full of her people. He just sat there and did not say a word. Almost—almost a gypsy. What was he thinking of? Had he been a gypsy, his mind, even if he hadn't said a word, would already have communicated his thoughts to her. She could almost read them. Almost a gypsy. Would she ever learn to read his mind, or would she always have to wait for words?

At that moment they both heard a creaking noise on the ladder that led up to the roof. Their eyes met. The trapdoor opened. Fred coughed to direct Topor's attention to where he was sitting. At the sight of the *Gorgio* sitting beside the gypsy girl Topor lurched forward like a drunken animal and butted the American so hard in the chest he sent him sprawling halfway across the roof. Fred got to his feet.

"Look here, Topor. I knew you were coming. We both knew. Didn't we, Florica? See! I wanted to talk to you."

But Topor's fury had increased his strength tenfold. He threw himself against the white man and crowded him to the edge of the roof. By that time Fred knew that words would be of no use. It was a struggle to the death. He dropped flat to the roof and dragged Topor down with him. They rolled one on top of the other, using their knees, their feet, their elbows, their toes, and their nails to hold on to the slippery and ice-coated tin roof.

They were almost on the edge, a bundle of flesh clothed in rags, on the coping. Topor was on the inside; Fred on the out-

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side. One move, and they would both roll over into eternity. The strength, the power, the physical cunning developed to hold on to slippery life on that roof seemed almost incredibly desperate. Only in great despair did men use all their strength. They both rolled. Topor kept the American away from him and tried to kick him over the edge. But he wasn't strong enough to dislodge him. The American had fought a defensive battle until then, hoping to talk the gypsy out of it. But when he realized that the gypsy was bent on killing him he jumped to his feet, rushed the gypsy, and pushed him towards the edge of the roof.

Topor crawled away from danger. A moment later, covered with snow from head to foot, two phantoms, they were out in the middle of the roof panting, clutching at each other, falling, rising, crawling, and rolling over, to rise and fall again; two men on a roof, in the largest city of the world, whose blood veins were thrilling and pulsating to the inherited savage memories of their forest-living ancestors thousands and thousands of years ago.

Suddenly Florica saw Topor unclasp the large knife he, like all gypsies, carried in his belt. He had either forgotten that he had it there or hadn't wanted to use it. The blue-eyed coppersmith didn't retreat before the knife.

"What's the matter with you?" he called in an astonished voice. "It ain't fair."

It was a fight to the death, and he thought of fairness. Strange that he should have thought of that. His words took Florica's breath away. That he should have thought, at that moment, of what was and what was not fair! The gypsy hadn't heard him at all. Lurching forward to strike, Topor lost his footing, slipped, and as he fell the knife dropped. The next moment the knife was in Fred's hand.

THE gypsy was on his feet but on the edge of the coping. Topor expected no quarter. He hadn't given any. One step backward was a white and deep grave. Before him stood a man holding in his hand the knife with which he, Topor, had wanted to kill him.

Suddenly Fred caught a look in the gypsy's eyes; a last look in the direction of the gypsy girl. That look was too much for him.

"I am more afraid with a knife in my hand than when I face one," Fred said, covering his face with his hands.

He sprang away, allowed Topor to move from the edge of the abyss, threw the knife over the roofs, and listened to the dull thud as it landed in the snow.

"I am not," Florica said, springing beside him with her dagger in her hand, just as Topor had made another rush at the American.

The young gypsy crawled away to the trapdoor . . . like a man walking to his doom.

"You should have kept him here and sent me away," Fred said, lying down beside her under the canvas tent. "He would have killed me for you. I couldn't kill him for you."

"You are only almost a gypsy. But I am already a *Gorgio* wife. In one moment I have entered your world . . . the moment you cried out that it wasn't fair," Florica answered.

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A man who was honest

By Heywood Broun

"DID you ever know a really honest prize fighter?" I once asked a veteran manager.

"Yes," he answered, "just one—and I always figured him as the meanest man in the world. I was running a fight club in Philadelphia where a kid, a featherweight, was just coming along. He had been a newsboy, and he was supporting his mother and a couple of kid brothers. One night he went on in a preliminary and won a decision. He was frail, but he had lots of speed and he could box. I nursed him along, and he licked most of the local boys.

"Finally the time came to throw him in with a big name, somebody from out of town. I picked the great Jem Driscoll. Driscoll, of course, could outbox anybody in the world; but I figured he wouldn't hurt my boy much. Just to make sure, before the fight I called Jem into my office and said, 'I want you to do me a favor. This youngster you are boxing tonight is one of the swellest kids in the world. He is the sole support of his mother and a couple of brothers. Now, Jem, I wouldn't want anything to happen to my fighter here in front of the home-town fans.'"

"'All right, Bill,' said Jem.

"They boxed ten rounds, and the great Jem Driscoll lost the decision to the local boy. Of course, Jem had to work pretty hard to make it come out that way. A month later I got another name-fighter for the kid. I had to—all the Philadelphia fans thought he was a world-beater. I won't identify this fellow who came down, but he could hit as well as box. I made him the same speech in the office before the fight.

"'Bill,' he said, 'I'm an honest man. When the bell rings that kid will have to look out for himself.'

"He was honest, all right. In the second round he nailed the kid with a right-hand hook and knocked him out for a count that could have been 10,020. That ended the kid's career."

How, then, can honesty be defined? Much more is involved than the injunction not to steal. For instance, we talk a great deal about the intangible thing called intellectual honesty. To my mind that is perhaps the most vital of all the virtues. For a good world cannot be made if men and women are timorous in stating and sticking to their convictions.

Honesty, in the last analysis, must be a sort of personal compact the individual makes with himself. There is no one more annoying than the person who proclaims his integrity from every housetop. Indeed, the man who keeps insisting he is honest is generally a crook. Like piety, honesty flourishes best when it is treated as something precious and personal. And the arch-offense against intellectual honesty is to lie to yourself.

I think that every completely square person, or almost completely square, should travel incognito. After all, who wants to be wakened suddenly in the night by having Diogenes flash a lamp in his face?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Salt Wind

(Continued from page 25)

so. He didn't quite believe it, I think." She held out her hands in a swift little gesture. "Oh, Stan, it's so good to see you. I've always felt we almost knew you."

She got up suddenly and went to stand by one of the windows, and he went with her. She didn't look at him but she was saying, "We always wondered what you were like, Stan. And when you had a birthday party we all went and peeked through the fence. You had on a little blue blouse and a sailor collar with anchors on it. I tried to make one like it for Tommy afterwards. He always wanted just what you had."

Stan's throat felt dry. It was seven years ago, and he was eating ice cream and children were shouting on the long lawn. It was queer, but he was lonely and unhappy even among all those shouting children. And his cousins had their faces pressed to the fence and he didn't know it. They'd come to his party and they'd had to stay outside because they weren't invited. It was terrible.

A LITTLE sun touched the tall girl's face as she stood there at the window. Outside, the whole summer was going by: golden and warm and glorious. But all she saw was a small boy who was never coming back, who'd never see the summer moon soft above the trees, who'd never know that his cousin had come at last.

He touched her arm and said, "I'm sorry."

"No! No!" she said. "Don't be sorry, Stan. It was a good thing. We wanted to have whatever you had, you see, and that kept us from getting shiftless and soft. We were bound we wouldn't always just be poor. If it hadn't been for you, I don't think Tommy'd have gone through high school. We wanted him to go to college too, but there was never enough money—"

Stan stared out the window. Beyond the bleak row of houses, patched gray sails were slowly rising as a schooner went slipping out on the tide.

"It was the first time he'd ever been out fishing," Laurel was saying. "The very first time—"

Her lips twisted a little, and the schooner's sails caught the sun for an instant and then were gone.

She stood there so still she hardly seemed alive, and Stan asked softly, "What'll you do now?"

"Just go on," she said, and her voice was so weary that it hurt to hear it. "I work in the bank, and in the fall there'll be school again for Janet." She drew herself up. "I've got to go downtown for a few minutes. Will you wait, Stan?"

Dr. Matthews strode across the room and said, "I'll drive you down, Miss McLean. Stan'll stay here."

Something tugged at Stan's sleeve, and the small girl was standing there. "Please don't feel so bad, Cousin Stan," she said. "Tommy's coming back. They don't any of them think so, but you do, don't you?"

"Yes," he said huskily, and she took his hand.

"I'll show you the house," she said. "It's Great-gran'pop's house and it's awful old. Tommy's proud of it. He says it's most better than the house you've got over to the Point."

They went up the winding stairs, and though the dark rail was worn and chipped, it was still mahogany. At the stairway's top a door stood open, and the sun was flooding into a small room. It was a boy's room, and Stan stopped short.

The little girl said, "Tommy wouldn't mind if you went in."

The small room was empty but it almost seemed as if someone were there. A book lay open on the worn desk as if someone had stopped reading it scarcely an instant ago. A coat still hung over a chair and no one had put it away. On the big bureau, a comb and brush lay at angles to each other, and there was a boy's picture there. He had a thin, sensitive face and he was very slender and very young.

Stan stood silent, and the small room seemed like home. Someone had been happy here, someone had read the books in the low case; someone had sat late in the worn armchair reading them in the soft light of the squat oil lamp. Some of them were schoolbooks and they were more worn than the others.

He looked at the book on the table and it said, *Catalogue of Harvard University.*

He brushed his hand over his eyes, for someone had sat here and thought of Harvard Yard and the long steps of Widener Library and the white and red of Holworthy and the sun setting over the Charles as the crews went by. Someone had sat here and wished and longed for what could never quite come true.

And someone had been so gay and young and gallant that he had set all that aside and gone down to the wharves, whistling—someone who wasn't coming back.

HE TURNED, and the little girl was still standing in the doorway. She seemed to be listening for something, some old, familiar footstep that would never come up the winding stairs again.

She was listening so intently that she jumped when a voice shouted from below, "Ain't anybody at home in this pesky house?"

"That's the Ancient," she said. "He's really Great-gran'pop, but Tommy always calls him that 'cause he's so old. He's mad 'cause he's lost somethin'."

"That dratted tin pan ain't hangin' where it should!" the voice protested, and Stan followed Janet down the stairs.

A small, wizened, bent-over figure in overalls was standing in the kitchen door. It was a very old man, and his bald head and wrinkled face and bare arms were tanned to a deep copper.

He said, in a voice as deep and as cracked as the clock's tick, "Reckon

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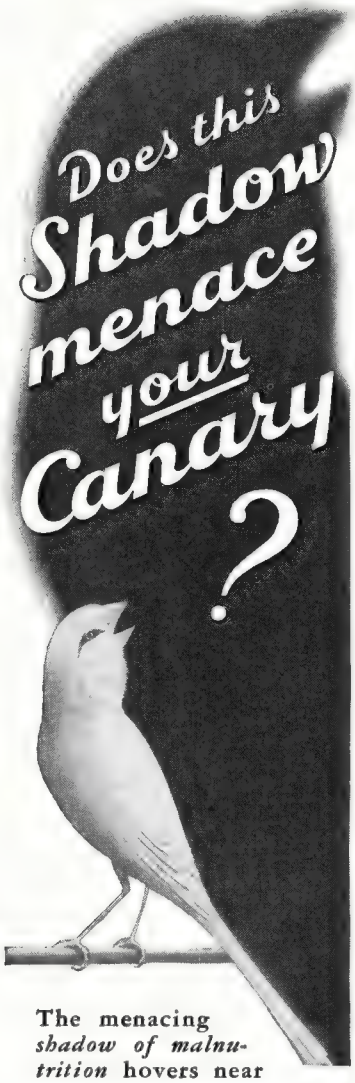

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you're Stan Grant. Heard you was here. How'm I goin' to shell peas without I got a pan?"

"Great-gran'pop McLean," said Janet, as if he were a stubborn child, "it's all ready for you out on the back steps."

The old man waved at Stan. "Come out an' set with me, young fella."

The sun glared down on the wooden steps and a little salt wind came from the sea. The Ancient sat cross-legged and ripped open green pods with amazing speed, while Stan wondered what to say.

"Ninety-four if I'm a day," the old man drawled. "Don't look it, do I? Most's old as the house and it'll fall apart 'fore I do. McLeans lived in this house ever since it was built. Didn't know that, did you?"

Stan shook his head.

"Used to be rich folks," the old man was rumbling on. "I stood up in church with your Aunt Carol when she got married to my grandson. Didn't know that either, did you?"

Stan shook his head again.

The Ancient's eyes were a bright, clear blue in his brown face. They never wavered as he said, "There won't be any McLean men left pretty soon. They're all dead. All dead at sea. My son and my son's son and—" His voice broke off.

He shook Stan's shoulder and said very gruffly, "Don't mind so much, boy. There's nothing you can do."

STAN stood up. He was quite calm and cool now and the old man was wrong. There was a lot he could do. There was a great deal of money to do it with. He didn't feel bewildered any more, for he was going to take care of his cousins.

He was thinking so hard that he didn't know Dr. Matthews was there till he put a hand on his shoulder and said, "Miss McLean's tired. I think we'd better go."

Stan felt grown-up, he felt important, he felt as if he were going to do great things, and Laurel and the little girl were standing, hand in hand, in the hall.

"Look," he said swiftly, "don't either of you worry about anything. I'm my uncle's only heir, you know, and—"

Dr. Matthews' bony fingers dug into his arm and he said, "I don't think it's quite the time for that now, Stan."

He was puzzled, and Laurel held out her hand and said, "Please come and see us often, Stan."

The door closed and he and Dr. Matthews were going down the white path. He was so full of his great plans that he burst out, "Dr. Matthews, I'm going to do things for them. Lots of things. Laurel won't have to work any more and I'll send Janet to boarding school."

Dr. Matthews opened the car door and his face was grave. "I wouldn't make any plans yet, Stan," he said. "And don't tell your cousins anything of the sort till I see you again. I'm going up to Boston for the day and night. When I come back—"

The car started with a roar, and he wondered what Dr. Matthews meant.

He was still wondering when he walked up the drive to the big house his uncle had built. It looked a little like a castle and it glared in the sun. It looked as if it were a usurper and an upstart, and he realized that he hated its pompous air of pretense and always had.

It didn't matter, though. It didn't matter if it didn't seem in the least like home. His head was full of schemes, schemes for his cousins, schemes for Laurel and Janet. They were going to be happy. And he was going to make them so.

Mrs. Halsey, the housekeeper, met him, and her face was queer as she said, "Mr. Phelps in the library to see you, sir."

He went into the library with all his brave schemes whirling in his head. The library was lined with expensive books that had never been read. They made him think of the few thumbed volumes in Tommy's room, and he stopped short.

"Ah, Mr. Grant," said Mr. Phelps, "you're looking splendidly!"

Mr. Phelps was so aggressively cheerful and he pressed the finger tips of one hand so tightly against the finger tips of the other that Stan knew it must be something about his uncle's estate.

And Mr. Phelps was saying, "Mr. Grant, you're a young man, so I'm afraid you don't quite realize how uncertain life is. But we lawyers are used to it. I suppose you expect your uncle's estate amounts to a good deal."

Stan said he did. He wondered if anything could be wrong, and Mr. Phelps was burrowing interminably in his brief-case.

He emerged at last with one thin paper in his hand, and said, "Your uncle's affairs were in such a muddle that it took quite a time to straighten them out. I'm afraid it's going to be a shock to you, but if your uncle hadn't died, he'd have gone bankrupt."

Stan's hands gripped his chair arm, and his brain was so bewildered he couldn't think. He stared at a patch of sunlight on the wall, and his own voice was saying, "There—there isn't anything left?"

It was a silly thing to say and he knew it couldn't be so. His uncle had been a big man. He'd always been rich.

But Mr. Phelps nodded. "Even the house will have to go to satisfy the creditors," he said. "There simply isn't any estate for you to inherit, Mr. Grant, and that's the long and short of it."

It still couldn't be so, Stan knew. It couldn't. The banking house that bore his family name had branches all over the world; it was old and safe and secure.

But Mr. Phelps was saying, "Grant & Co. have gone, too. The receivers step in tomorrow." He snapped out his watch and said, "If I hurry, I've just time to catch my train."

He put on a legal-looking hat, he took up a pair of legal-looking gloves. And then he stopped being legal for a second, for he slapped Stan's shoulder and said, "Too bad, my boy. I'm sorry."

Stan heard himself mumbling that it really didn't matter, he felt himself opening the door for Mr. Phelps, he saw Mr. Phelps's taxi whirling down the drive. But he didn't really see or hear anything at all.

HE SAT down in the big chair again and all the room whirled about him.

He sat there because his hands and legs didn't seem to belong to him any more. He couldn't move, and his brain was a cold cavern, where thoughts spun endlessly.

He didn't mind most of it. He didn't mind leaving the big house. He didn't mind leaving the Point, for he'd never had any friends there save Dr. Matthews. And Dr. Matthews had heard of it somehow. He'd tried to warn him. There must have

been whispers for days and weeks, and he was the only one who didn't know.

He didn't mind that. He didn't mind anything save the one sharp thought that stabbed through his brain again and again: He couldn't do a thing for his cousins; he couldn't do a single thing. All his bright plans were bitter folly now. His cousins would always be poor, and he couldn't help them, for he'd be poorer still.

For the first time in his life he was helpless, and he felt as if he'd fallen into a dark pit and was clawing at its sides and couldn't climb out. He stared out the south window, and the sun had gone.

He knew that he ought to do something, but he didn't know what to do, and he felt faintly hungry and his head hurt, and he sat on and on in the big chair, and the shadows crept closer to him and his head fell on his shoulder, for he was tired.

He seemed to be in Tommy's room, and it was so tranquil and quiet there and the moon was shining in. Someone was coming up the stairs, someone gay and gallant and young—

He woke with a start, and a lamp was lit and Laurel was standing before him, tall in an old raincoat, with a hat turned down over her eyes.

She said, "I heard about it, Stan. Mrs. Halsey's told everybody."

Stan stared up at her. He told her, "I've lost all my money. I haven't any."

Her voice was as cool as running water and she said, "I've come to get you, Stan. You won't want to stay here."

He stood up unsteadily. "You don't want me now," he told her.

He felt her hand on his arm, and it was firm and strong. "We do want you, Stan," she said. "Your room's all ready for you. Please come, Stan. It's so lonely now that Tommy's gone."

He knew that he couldn't go, that he wouldn't go, that he'd only be a burden to them, but Laurel was helping him into his coat and he was fumbling with the door.

Then he was stumbling down the wet driveway. The tall girl was walking beside him, and his head wasn't hot or tired any more. He was going away from the big, barren, empty house. The rain was warm on his face, and he was going home.

IT WAS two days later when the Ancient tapped on his door, and they tiptoed down to breakfast on the kitchen table and then went down the driveway, where the morning dew was fresh and sparkling.

"Got to get up early when you go lobsterin'," the Ancient cackled, and all his wrinkles ran together in a grin.

They went down to the wharf, and the old boat lay there and the sun beat down on Stan's back, and he looked at his overalls and stained sneakers and smiled. He wasn't bored any more.

Golden ripples ran along the harbor waters, and he cast off as the Ancient cackled, "You're a clumsy sort o' slob, but I guess you'll do."

Stan felt complimented and sat back on his heels. A trawler had come chugging into the fish pier far away, and the Ancient lit a pipe and looked at her.

"Huh," he said. "Someone's hurt aboard the Sentinel. They're taking him off."

Stan stared but he couldn't see anything. He marveled at how sharp the old man's eyes were, and they stood around the harbor bend and came up to the first red-painted wooden buoy.

Then he didn't have time to think. They were lifting in lobsters and tossing them in a basket in the bottom of the boat. His arms were burning an ugly red and the salt water stung his skin. It didn't matter; it didn't matter even that the motion of the boat made him feel slightly sick.

He looked at the lobsters, and they weren't lobsters at all. They were so much money—money for Laurel and Janet; money to shingle the old house so its roof wouldn't leak.

"Look lively, son," the Ancient was shouting. "Here's another one."

It wasn't actually hard work, but he was awkward at it. Every muscle he had was sore and strained. He was proud of that, proud that he was taking Tommy's place.

THEY were standing back up the harbor now. The Ancient said, "That's enough for you today, sailor. I'll take 'em 'round," and he was stumbling out on the wharf, hot and dirty and disheveled.

He went up the driveway, whistling. He ran up the stairs, and then stopped, as he always did, just outside Tommy's door. The door was swinging open, and, inside, the wind was making a soft, rustling sound. It seemed almost as if someone was in the room.

"Is that you, Stan?" a weak voice said.

He stared inside, then stared again, for he couldn't be sure. The sun shone in his eyes, but there was a boy on the bed, a boy lying there quite stiff and quiet.

"Come in, Stan," Tommy said.

Stan slumped in the doorway, and his throat choked and he couldn't say anything. His shoulders shook and he couldn't help it. He heard someone sob, and that must have been himself.

"Take it easy, Stan," Tommy was saying, and he half sat up. "I'm all right."

Stan sank in the worn chair. He said, "I—I can't help it," and put his hands to his eyes. He hadn't realized that he cared so much, that it meant so much. All along it had hurt terribly that Tommy was dead. And now his cousin was safe and he was making an awful fool of himself.

He looked up, and Tommy was smiling as if he understood. He was saying, "Laurel's gone for the doctor and Janet's out hunting for you. Trawler brought me in. Picked me up on the Banks after that liner butted into us. I was on deck and I got knocked clear in the crash, and I floated around a bit, hanging onto a spar, till they hauled me in."

Stan stared and couldn't believe it. He still couldn't believe that Tommy wasn't dead.

"It was tough luck about your money, Stan," Tommy was saying. "I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter," Stan told him. He saw little lines of pain in Tommy's face and he said swiftly, "Are you hurt?"

Tommy nodded, but his voice had a laughing lilt in it, just as Stan had always known it had. "My leg's bad and my back's wrenched," he said. "I suppose it'll lay me up for a bit." He stared out the window and said, "Gee, it's great having you here, Stan. Sometimes when I used to see you go by in your big car, I thought I hated you, but I really didn't, of course. Funny, isn't it?"

It wasn't at all funny, Stan thought. He'd had everything all his life and Tommy

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hadn't anything at all. He'd ridden by in a big car and Tommy had been delivering newspapers, doing odd jobs, and hoping somehow, some day, he'd go to Harvard.

And Tommy was saying now, "I suppose this place seems awfully shabby and strange after all you've had. It must be sort of hard—"

Stan scowled. He said, "Look here, you stop being sorry for me. You lie there all busted up and all you can think of is that I'm having a hard time." He looked down at his wet sneakers and said quite simply, "I've never been so happy in my life as I have here."

Tommy looked as if he were terribly pleased about something. He said, "You're a swell guy, Stan." He half turned in the bed and a little flicker of pain flashed over his face as he asked, "Will—will you stay along with us, Stan? I'm not going to be much good for a while and—"

Tommy was trying to make it easy for him; Tommy was trying to make it plain that he wanted him there, that he wasn't going to be a burden.

His voice was husky as he said, "Sure, I'll stay."

Tommy grinned and said, "Gee, that's great." His face twisted, and he asked, "Would you help me move this fool leg of mine, Stan? It hurts."

STAN bent over the bed, and the door opened and Laurel and a doctor were standing there.

Laurel said, "There's someone downstairs for you, Stan. Dr. Matthews and a Mr. Phelps."

He went slowly down the stairs. Dr. Matthews was sitting in a corner, cool in his white linens, and he was smiling.

Mr. Phelps had put his brief-case on the sofa, and he suddenly stopped speaking to Dr. Matthews when he saw Stan.

"Well, Mr. Grant," said Mr. Phelps quite crustily, "I've brought you some better news this time. Had quite a time finding you. I went to the Point first, and Dr. Matthews was kind enough to bring me over."

Mr. Phelps looked more like a chubby little law book than ever. He coughed and said, "In looking things over, we found a parcel of property your uncle had deeded to you some time ago. It'll bring you in a small, regular income each year. It isn't much, but if you're quite careful and frugal, the money'll carry you through Harvard for the next three years."

He dusted his hands and seemed pleased despite all his legal stiffness.

Stan cleared his throat and spoke quite carefully. "My cousin Tommy's upstairs," he said. "He's just come back. His boat was sunk and we all thought he was dead. I want to turn the money over to him, sir. I want him to go to Harvard instead."

The whole room seemed sunk deep in silence but the clock still ticked on in the corner. Stan looked up, and Dr. Matthews was smiling at him.

Mr. Phelps took out his glasses and dusted them. "Quite creditable," he said, "but precisely what's going to happen to you, young man?"

"I don't know that it matters," Stan said. "I don't know that it matters at all. I want my cousin to have the chance, sir."

Laurel came down the stairs and he looked at her questioningly. She smiled and said, "It's all right, Stan. All Tommy needs is a real rest." She looked all around the long room and asked, "Why, what's the matter?"

Stan stared at her, and said, "I've a little money left, after all. It's enough to take someone through college; it's enough to take Tommy to Harvard."

A little crease came in Laurel's forehead, and she said softly, "It's nice of you, Stan, but we couldn't let you do anything like that. Tommy wouldn't take it."

Stan scuffed his sneaker toe in the rug. Everything was going wrong. They couldn't see; they couldn't see that Tommy simply had to have a chance. He cleared his throat to tell them again, and the Ancient came shuffling into the room.

The Ancient wiped his hands on his overalls and glared. He said, "Never heard such a fool fuss in my life. Who says Tommy ain't goin' to college? Who says Stan's got to give him the money to go?"

"Now, Great-grandfather—" Laurel began, but the old man waved her aside.

"Won't shut up for no one!" he said in a thin, sharp cackle. "Guess I've got some rights in my own house. Guess I've got a little money laid away that nobody knows nothin' about. Guess I can send my great-grandson to college if I'm a mind to. Guess he an' Stan better go together."

Mr. Phelps looked faintly alarmed, but Dr. Matthews said quite smoothly, "I think if they both went to Harvard, it would be an excellent idea, Mr. McLean."

"Huh," said the Ancient. "Guess 'twould. I was goin' to leave the money to Tommy anyways, but I don't aim to be dead yet for a good long time. Look here, Reverend, you come set out on the back steps with me an' we'll fix things up."

Stan knew what the old man was thinking—the sea had taken all the McLean men; it wasn't going to take Tommy.

A WAVE of sheer exultation swept over Stan. He knew that never again in his life would he feel as happy as he felt now. He turned to the tall girl, and his words tumbled over each other in his eagerness: "Tommy'd take the money, wouldn't he, Laurel?"

Laurel nodded, and her face was all alight, too. "I guess we'll have to make him, Stan," she said.

Mr. Phelps shut his big brief-case, and his smile was a little wistful as he said, "It must be nice to be young and enthusiastic."

He looked as if he wished he were young again himself and just going off to college, and Stan thought suddenly what a kind, considerate little man he really was. They were all kind and considerate. They were all his best friends.

"Thank you, sir," he said to Mr. Phelps, and then started up the stairs with a rush.

Downstairs, Janet had come in the door and she was laughing. He'd never heard the little girl laugh before, and the sound seemed to swell all through the house, thin and sweet and silvery like ripples running in the sun.

He'd always be hearing it now, for they'd always be going on together, he and Tommy and Laurel and Janet. They were going to do great things, all of them. He turned and ran up the rest of the stairs, for he had to tell Tommy all about it.

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High Sun

(*Continued from page 65*)

swung into position for entering the harbor. I stood with my nose against a window of the promenade deck and felt disgruntled. Everything, somehow, came to me in its worst light. Here was one of the sights of the world, the first approach to Havana, with Morro Castle glistening and the half-circle of surf pounding on the sea wall to form "The Pearl of the Antilles," and all I could see was a lighthouse flashing and a gray cape of rain.

It was always, I reflected, thus. I never saw Coolidge until he was dead; Dempsey until he was an ex-champion. . . .

And yet, a more reasonable self replied, this is a truly beautiful sight, and you like rain, and you saw Halley's Comet, and Babe Ruth hitting homers in his prime. . . .

JUST then the rain slowed up, and Morro Castle and the half-circle of pounding surf and the city beyond jumped out of the mist. The old lady who was standing next to me said, "Oh, it's just the same as when I lived here! But what is that big building over there? It wasn't here then."

"It ought to be the National Hotel," I said. "It looks like the pictures."

"Oh, yes," she said, "where they had the battle. You know, I was here when they sank the Maine. It was right there"—pointing across my nose—"and then they raised it up, you know, and brought it into the harbor, and sank it again, with a kind of ceremony or something. Nobody was allowed to go near it, but I got over there and stole a bolt. It was an old, rusty bolt. I don't know what happened to it. I lost it or something."

She rattled on while we swung into the narrow channel and headed for the harbor, and I pondered the strange fact of woman's congenital dishonesty.

When we got into the bay it began to rain again, but the gangway was covered and I got down to the customs shed without damage. The officials searched me and my baggage for firearms and cigarettes, and I discovered that American cigarettes cost 75 cents a package in Cuba.

"Never mind," the hotel clerk said when I complained about it. "You can get some from a bootlegger for 20 cents a package."

Such Americanism heartened me, and I went up to the roof of the hotel and ravaged an excellent steak. The rain drifted out to sea and I watched it heading for Mexico. In its place the sun appeared, carefully lowering itself into the bathtub of the Caribbean.

"We have some very good mangoes," the waiter said.

"Bring me one," I said, not having the slightest idea what a mango is except that it grows on trees.

The sun got itself into the sea while the mango was on its way, and then the horizon began to light up like an altar. Rockets of scarlet and orange shot into the air. Clouds dropped down from the sky to combat them, and while yellow chunks of a strange mixture of all the fruit juices in the world melted in my mouth the ends of the day wrestled with their black enemies. Finally the capes of rain were routed and went scudding into the night, and the mango was finished. I went down to the street and walked along the Prado, watching the Cubans at their evening sport of sidewalk courtship.

There is not another street in the world, to my knowledge, like the Prado from Central Park to the sea wall. For those six long blocks the center of the street is occupied by a raised boulevard paved entirely with marble and flanked on both sides by shade trees. At its end, where the little fortress of Castillo de la Punta protects it from the sea, there are hundreds of benches and a platform where the military band sits and whiles away dull evenings with concert music. During the day this Paseo de Marti section of the Prado is the only consistently shady spot in the city, and during the evenings it has a cool fragrance that comes down from the trees. Nothing so foolishly grand, perhaps, has been carried to consummation in modern civic life, and the Cubans march up and down its length plotting revolutions, telling tall stories, and discussing the over-explored anatomy of love.

The rest of the Prado is just a wide street, with hotels and sidewalk cafés on one side and the new Capitolio building on the other. I blinked twice when I saw the Capitolio, so much does it resemble our Capitol in Washington, but I was comforted by the thought that American influence is supposed to be a good influence.

The sidewalk cafés all had female orchestras; some brown, some yellow, and some black. The brown girls played best, and I stood listening to them until a policeman told me to move on. The street was dotted with soldiers and sailors. Everyone was talking and shouting at the same time, and for all I knew there was a revolution—minus only the shooting—going on in front of me.

Yet the atmosphere was gay, and I decided that I liked Havana. I liked it because of the Prado, because of the miles of fresh linen suits that eddied up and down the street, and because of the music and lights and the laughter.

"And," I reflected as I lay in bed looking through my window at a sky full of stars, "it has the most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen and the finest assortment of blues in its sea, and beds placed so that the sleepless can look at the stars. The defense rests."

NEXT morning the prosecution opened with a bang. So much heat poured in my window that I fell to dreaming that I had died and gone to hell, and even after I had fought to a sitting position I wasn't at all sure that I wasn't afire.

"*Mucho calor,*" the floor boy said to me when I emerged after a shower. It seemed to please him, and he chuckled so much that I determined not to mind the

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heat. I didn't for a while, and during the morning I explored all of Obispo and O'Reilly Streets, the shopping centers of the city, and went down to the water front. But when I got back to the hotel even the leather of my shoes was wet.

After lunch I was completely chastened and went to seek aid and advice from the veterans of all and sundry foreign wars, the American newspaper correspondents. They generously took me around to a bar and taught me the fundamentals of a happy Cuban existence. The fundamentals consisted of six dice, with playing-card markings on their faces, which were placed in a leather cup and tossed by everyone in turn along the bar. After a good deal of this, a sad-visaged man who had been introduced to me merely as "The Doc" turned to me and said, "Well, now that you're here I suppose we'll have to look after you and see that you don't break your fool neck.

"Don't walk in the sun," he went on. "Don't ride in any of these taxicabs. I'll get you a driver who is honest. Don't eat very much, especially at lunch. Every time you get a silver dollar, throw it on the floor. If it bounces it's good. Watch yourself crossing streets. There aren't any traffic laws here. Don't argue with a Cuban. You'll end up in jail and cause us all a lot of trouble. You might as well begin by seeing a *jai alai* game tonight. I'll meet you here at nine o'clock. Don't be late."

I WAS ten minutes early, and we arrived at the new Fronton in time for the first game. All I knew about *jai alai* was that it enjoys the reputation of being the fastest game in the world. And that it is something like handball, except that the players wear baskets on their playing arms. There wasn't much else, I discovered, to learn. The ball traveled up and down the court so fast that often I could tell where it was only by the action of the players and the sound of the impact when it hit the concrete wall.

"It's heavier than a baseball," The Doc told me, "and it's traveling faster than a line drive."

And then, while the game went on and the spectators shouted and screamed their bets at the bookmakers, The Doc told me how the game originated and who the season's best players were.

"I suppose," I said, "they're all crooked."

He looked at me blandly.

"How could they be crooked?" he asked. "The bookmakers have no money up. They just accept bets and yell them out for takers. How could that be crooked?"

"Forget it," I said. "Don't give it another thought. Do you know who is going to win this game?"

"Sure," he said. "The whites."

The whites were 10 points behind in a 25-point game then, so I held my tongue. Pretty soon the back-court player on the blues team began to make errors, and the whites pulled up to even and breezed home with three points to spare. The Doc said nothing more to prove his point, so I held my tongue, and after a few more games we left and went back to his office.

"Tomorrow," said The Doc, "I will turn you over to Fernando, the taxi-driver, and he will take you to the places you will want to see. You'll have to stay pretty close to Havana. You can't go down the island."

"But I want to go down to Santiago," I said, "and see all of the island. I want to see the people who carry umbrellas at night when the moon is full to keep from going mad, and I want to see the Haitians in the sugar mills and the voodoo rites."

He shook his head.

"There isn't any voodooism. It is called *brujeria* here, and its practitioners are *brujos*. It is based on certain tribal religions of Africa and it uses African names for its deities.

"But the Cubans have taken their favorite Catholic saints into the thing and given them African names. The patron saint of Cuba, Our Lady of El Cobre, is called *Chango* in the *brujeria* hierarchy. El Cobre is near Santiago, you know, and the legend says that the Virgin Mary appeared to guide to shore some sailors who were lost at sea. They landed at Cobre, and you will see over the doorways of Cuban homes wood carvings representing the vision. . . ."

BY THAT time I was aware that there was no stopping The Doc once he had started. He was, so far as I could see, a walking encyclopedia of all possible information, and he felt it his bounden duty to impart such of it as would serve to educate me.

So I let him tell me, in his ambling fashion, about the liturgy of *brujeria*, the exact location of each of its altars in Havana, and the manner of its sacrifices.

The sun was dusting off the roof-tops when we finally went to our separate beds, and the first fishing schooners were leaving the harbor. In my head things were whirling and I wondered, over and over again, whether I was dreaming the things I did and doing the things I dreamed, or whether there was really such a person as myself and such a person as The Doc. It seemed, as I went to sleep, highly improbable, especially that there was The Doc.

But there was, just as there was heat that came up at me from the sidewalk like a ring full of boxing gloves, and when I got to the retreat of the reporters later in the morning they told me who he was.

"He's the guy who knows everything," they said. "He can recite the Bible verse by verse. He knows all of Cuban history, which is unbelievable in itself. He has only one trouble—no confidence in himself. That's why he's down here. The competition in the States frightened him. But he'll give you the shirt off his back, and he'll look after you."

And I realized, then, that The Doc thought I needed looking after.

I was pondering this when The Doc came in, looking as gloomy and as enigmatic as when I had left him.

"Come on," he said; "Fernando's waiting."

And for the rest of the day, until the sun had set, I was in the hands of Fernando. He spoke not a word of English, and he was so old that I expected him to drift off in a cloud at any moment. He had an old and battered automobile with the speedometer set to register twenty miles more than the actual speed per hour, and he took me exactly where he pleased.

The first stop was the Capitolio. We came roaring up to it at about twenty miles an hour while Fernando gripped the wheel and stared in fascination at the

speedometer, which said forty. We came to a sliding stop, and he opened the tonneau and pointed at the entrance to the building. Then he pointed to a vacant spot in the parking line and finally he turned the forefinger on himself.

I went through the Capitolio in eight minutes flat, breaking my previous record for going through capitols by a full minute and a half. Yet it was, for all my haste, a more beautiful sight than any other capitol I have seen. The absence of statues, the simplicity of ornament, the interlacing of 63 varieties of marble and the hand-carved native mahogany furniture combined to make an entity of beauty rather than a jumble, and the final point of interest, a 24-carat diamond set in the middle of the entrance hall, brought everything to a nice climax. The 6,000 men who built the Capitolio during the four years from 1925 to 1929 gave the diamond, the guide explained, and its gold setting was made from the melted points of the pens used to sign the building contracts.

It was the lack of ornament which pleased me most. Except for 30 reliefs on the great bronze doors at the entrance, depicting the history of Cuba, there was nothing but the marble and the delicately worked ceilings and simple walls. The last two reliefs on the doors were missing, and the guide explained that they had contained images of Machado, the ousted pres dent.

"We do not want to see him even in bronze," the guide explained.

"You have a very nice cap tol," I said to Fernando when I came out. "Now all you need is a government."

He grinned, certain that I was pleased, and turned into the street. After a lot of devious twisting and turning we came to the sea wall, and Fernando clawed at the hand brake.

"Jose," he said.

I turned, and saw a handsome young man who towered over the car like a Civil War statue. He took off his yachting cap, bowed from the waist, and said, "Here is my boat to go to Morro Castle."

I looked at Fernando and asked him with my eyes if I should go. He nodded yes, so I went down the stone steps and got into a motor launch that looked unsafe for anything but swimming. Jose started the motor, and in five minutes we were getting out at Morro Castle. Jose led the way, pouring questions at me about New York and telling me that as soon as he learns English well and saves enough money he is going to the States.

THE ancient fortress which the English proved pregnable as far back as 1762 had only one interest for me, and I followed Jose up the lighthouse with no thought of the effort or the heat. We hung over the edge and looked down at the black streaks moving lazily through the water.

"Sharks," Jose said.

But I could only stare and remember what The Doc had said the night before: "They'll tell you they used to feed those sharks in the time of the Spanish government here, but sharks aren't dumb enough to hang around an empty ice box for thirty-five years. Sharks used to turn up here only too often with clothing in their bellies. I remember one that had an arm in him. There was a ring on one of the fingers, and I knew who it was right away . . . a labor leader who had disappeared a few days before. . . ."

We climbed down again and hurried to the place where the bodies were slipped into the water, but it was filled with rubbish and we could not see into the gory dining-room. So instead we went up to the tower where the flags are hung out for approaching vessels and talked to the little man who has done the job for more than thirty years. He got out his biggest telescope for us and sighted a fishing schooner. I glued my eye to the opening and saw a trim little boat with all sails set making excellent speed. Men were in the rigging and waves were splashing over the decks.

On the way back Jose told me that he did not like army life.

"I like to be my own boss," he said. "I play, I work, I sleep, when I want to. I am happy."

That seemed to sum the situation up pretty well, so I let it go. Fernando took it for granted that I was pleased with the trip, we both waved to Jose, and at what the speedometer said was fifty miles an hour we started for the country.

AT SIX o'clock Fernando delivered me to The Doc, and we wandered down to the Paris restaurant and ate some *pescado papillo*.

"It means," The Doc explained, "fish cooked in a bag. A slice of red snapper or pompano is fried lightly in butter with a little lemon. Then a paste is made of fresh-water lobsters and crabs, finely chopped, and this is packed around the fish. Then the whole thing is wrapped in paper and cooked slowly. You'll have to break the paper yourself. . . ."

I did, and the delight of my senses threw every word of The Doc's oration out of my head. An hour later, I picked up the thread of what he was saying.

". . . this restaurant was founded by a pirate. Try pompano *almendrero* some time, with almond sauce. The native dish here is chicken with rice. The rice looks brown but it isn't. They color it with saffron. The fiesta dish is a suckling pig. I remember once . . ."

And again the sun was dusting off the roof-tops when we went to our separate beds, and the first fishing schooners were leaving the harbor.

Every day Fernando took me whither he pleased, and sometimes it pleased him to take me to some odd places. We went to the country and sat with the peasants during siesta; we went to the baseball games and watched the Cubans bet on whether the next pitch would be a ball or a strike; we went to La Fuerza fortress and we went to the cathedral.

I found the place in the cathedral where the remains of Columbus were supposed to have rested for many years, and I sat there in the coolness wondering what the first Carib thought of the first white man, and what the white man eventually came to think of the Carib, after he had done his duty as an enemy and vanished.

And every evening I was delivered at six o'clock to The Doc. Then we would eat dinner and talk.

Afterward we might go to the Chinese district, so that The Doc could explain to me that there are 24,996 Chinese men and four Chinese women in the city; or we might go to Sloppy Joe's to watch the tourists and hear Gus, the bartender, tell

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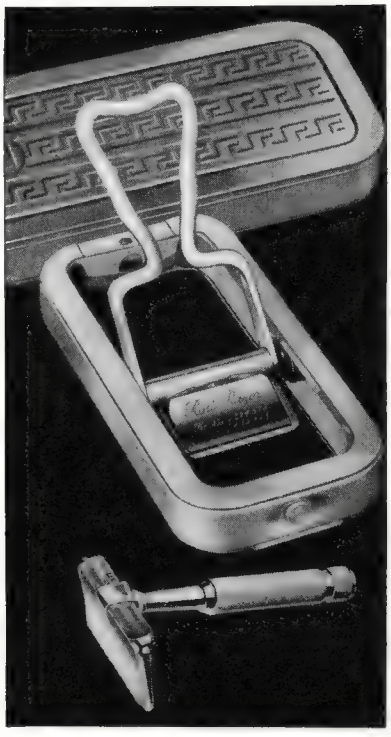

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ROLLS RAZOR

how some day he will go back to the army and be a general.

But wherever we went, and whatever The Doc said, the sun was always dusting off the roof-tops when we went to our separate beds, and the first fishing schooners were leaving the harbor. And I always wondered, as I fell asleep, whether I was awake when I was dreaming or vice versa, and whether there could possibly be such people as The Doc and myself. And it always seemed highly improbable, especially that there was The Doc.

But there was, just as there was Fernando and the heat, and it might have gone on forever had it not been for the matter of Constante, the head bartender at La Florida. I had come more and more to admire the art of Constante as days went by. So one night I asked The Doc just who Constante was and how he came to be one of the finest bartenders in the world.

The Doc didn't know. Perhaps he never thought it mattered; perhaps he never thought of it at all. But the fact remained that he didn't know. The Doc was fallible.

FOR a long time we sat in silence; then by common consent we went down to La Florida and questioned Constante. My notes are as follows:

Constante Ribalaigua. Born in Barcelona, Spain, in 1888. Father a barkeeper in The Silver Pine, now La Florida. Went to school in Barcelona and to English Academy here. At sixteen father asked him if he wished to learn barkeeping. Said yes. Has been behind bar ever since. Is now forty-six but says he is not married "yet." Only hobby is his work. Invents one new drink a day as self-discipline. Does not drink, himself. Will not personally serve a man more than four drinks, which he thinks is enough.

That was all there was to it, apparently. But when I went home I made a decision. The Doc was fallible, and I would revolt.

When I got up that afternoon I slipped out the side door to avoid Fernando, and put on smoked glasses.

It was good to stretch my legs again, and I walked with long strides.

I walked all the afternoon, looking into the open windows of the houses, watching children at play, looking at the ships in the harbor, standing at the bars listening to American sailors. It was dusk when I got to the marble walk of the Prado.

Two blocks from my hotel my hands began to tremble. I seemed to be walking at an angle, there was nothing at all where my stomach usually is, and for the first time in my life I felt that I might faint. I didn't, but I slipped into a coma as soon as I struck the bed, and when I awoke it was dark and things were banging against my temples. I lay quiet for what seemed a long time. Just about the time I was ready to scream the door of the room opened and footsteps sounded on the tile floor. Then the bed jarred and The Doc said, "So you thought you'd take a walk, eh? How do you feel?"

"Rotten," I said. "I am not long for this world."

He went into the bathroom and I heard the water running. Then he was beside me saying, "Drink this." I gulped something bitter and lay back.

"And just when I had arranged to take you to a *brujeria* ritual," he said.

I sat up and grabbed his arm. "Please," I said. "I'm all right. I can go . . ."

He pushed me back. "Lie still for half an hour and we'll see," he said.

Half an hour later I got up and dressed, and Fernando drove us to a black, far-away section of the city. I followed The Doc through a dark alley and into a long, low-ceilinged room. At the end some candles were burning around what looked like an altar, and people were sitting on the floor in front of it.

"Squat here," said The Doc.

I squatted.

Two hours later we got into the car.

"I'm glad I didn't eat any dinner," I said.

The Doc sighed.

"You won't be able to tell anybody about it, or write about it," he said, "but it was worth seeing. Let's go out to Sans Souci and hear some American jazz."

So we drove out to the long avenue of trees that leads to the suburbs and inhaled the descending odor of the *galán de noche* —a strong, pungent, cleansing perfume.

"*Galán de noche,*" The Doc said. "Cavalier of the night. What a lovely name for a tree. That tree was first discovered . . ."

But I could not be bothered with such things, and I did not listen. When we got to Sans Souci it was crowded, and a young man I had met somewhere grabbed me and guided me between tables, introducing me to what he whispered was, "the American colony." One of the ladies asked me to sit down. Her companion was an elderly man with pince-nez.

They asked me what I thought of Cuba and I said I liked it. Then they both told me what a terrible place it was and how hard the Cubans made it for Americans.

"Well," I said, "you don't have to stay."

They froze.

"That," said the lady, "is the most stupid remark I have ever heard."

"Oh, I don't know," I said amiably. "Hoover said that prosperity was just around the corner and lots of boys picked Carnera to beat Baer . . ."

WE RODE back to town in practical silence, except for The Doc's discourse on women and rudeness. It was very hot, and I began to feel weak again.

"Doc," I said, "I think I'll get out of this town."

The Doc borrowed a cigarette and filled his lungs.

"I think," he said by way of accompaniment to the issuing smoke, "that you had better. You haven't the temperament for Cuba. Where will you go?"

"To Mexico," I said.

He purred with the next cloud of smoke and I leaned back in my chair.

"Well," he began, "I don't know much about Mexico. I only lived there eight years. Still, I remember a few things. . . ."

And even now, as I lie on my bunk with sunlight across my face and the Caribbean slapping playfully at the side of the boat, I am not sure. I am not sure whether I dream the things I do and do the things I dream, and whether there is really such a person as myself and such a person as The Doc. It seems, even at high noon, highly improbable.

●

Another of Mr. Sugrue's unusual travel articles, relating his adventures in Mexico, will appear in an early issue.

Enemy Agent

(*Continued from page 47*)

description: "Nose, straight; mouth, curved." He could imagine that she would possess great charm of manner.

Captain McPhail emerged from the hotel and resumed his place at the table. Mr. Bennett glanced at him as he politely refilled the captain's glass. McPhail looked grimly thoughtful. Blockade-runner captains didn't like women passengers. Apart from the risk, there was no accommodation for them.

Mr. Bennett lit another cigar.

"By the way, Captain," he said. "I've been thinking it over. As you say, I may miss my market if I wait much longer, with Lee marching north. One big victory, and the Confederacy would win. So, if you can stow eight hundredweight of women's gewgaws, I'll sail with you tomorrow night."

Captain McPhail's face went stolid.

"You'll have to fix that with Mr. Lazarus. He's the agent."

"Of course. I'll stroll down and see him."

Captain McPhail picked up his glass.

"I misdoubt you'll find cargo space," he said.

Mr. Bennett laughed.

"I'll find it," he asserted confidently. "You blockade-runners can always take another ton aboard." Whatever it cost, he and his consignment—they would be suspicious if he sailed without it, after all his long stay here—were surely going to sail on the Antelope tomorrow night. "I suppose you didn't happen to see the lovely lady while you were inside?"

Captain McPhail's face was still stolid.

"No. I didn't."

"That's too bad. I'd like to see her again, myself." He felt like a cat playing with a mouse. He glanced at the bottle on the table. It was empty, and Captain McPhail did not offer to renew it. Mr. Bennett rose. "Well, Captain, I think I'll stroll down and see your agent."

Captain McPhail made no effort to detain him. Mr. Bennett registered the melancholy fact that Captain McPhail didn't really like him. A suspicious fellow, Captain McPhail. Just as well, perhaps, that he should deal with the clerks before Mr. Lazarus returned to his office. . . .

THERE is nothing that determination, backed by a sufficient amount of cash, cannot effect. That afternoon, Mr. Bennett gave himself the pleasure of strolling along the water front to have another look at the Antelope. After all, he was going to sea in her.

She was certainly a nice little ship, with two raking funnels, paddles that he was aware could be "feathered" to diminish noise, and a turtleback forward so that she could be driven through the waves. She was painted the dull white that experience had taught was least visible on a dark night; even the deck hands had to wear white clothing. Professionally he admired her. There was no Northern cruiser which could catch her, short of throwing a shell into her vitals.

He was interrupted in this interesting study by voices close behind him, one of them a feminine voice. It was singularly attractive, soft, with a contralto tone. He swung round. Captain McPhail was escorting the lady of the hotel, evidently to visit his ship. She had exchanged her little bonnet for a wide-brimmed sun hat without a veil. Her now fully seen beauty, grave and large-eyed, nose, mouth, and chin noble in profile, gave him yet again a queer shock. It was the type of beauty he admired. But she was a spy. To be intercepted at all costs. He hardened himself. As they approached, he lifted his hat.

"Good afternoon, Captain. You've heard, I presume, that I'm sailing with you tomorrow?"

Captain McPhail replied without enthusiasm:

"Yes. I've heard that you are. We sail at six P. M., sharp."

He passed by him and conducted the lady down the gangway.

MR. BENNETT remained standing on the quay. He had nothing else to do, and he might as well linger to watch her as she went with Captain McPhail round the littered deck, dodging the big cases being swung into the open holds. Certainly, she was a glorious creature. Would they shoot her? he wondered. That was not his business. His business was merely to capture her, hand her over. He wondered also what Captain McPhail was saying to her. She did not glance up at him on the quay, but he was intuitively sure that the captain was speaking about him, warning her, perhaps. She disappeared into the captain's quarters under the bridge. He still waited. It was ten minutes before they emerged. To his surprise, Captain McPhail hailed him:

"Mr. Bennett! Can you come aboard for a minute?"

He managed to achieve a sufficiently unhurried passage down the gangway to the deck. Captain McPhail presented him:

"Mr. Bennett—Mrs. Gray."

She smiled at him—nice eyes.

"I hear we are to be fellow passengers, Mr. Bennett. I wonder if you would do me a favor? Captain McPhail is detained by business on the ship. Could I beg of you to escort me back to the hotel?"

She was not joking. He found his voice: He would be honored.

She chattered pleasantly all the way along the quays to the hotel, asked him how long he had been in Nassau and if it had not been very dull, asked him many questions about Montreal. He answered as best he could. As they arrived, she smiled charmingly.

"Mr. Bennett, I have the old-fashioned Virginia habit of drinking tea in the afternoon. Would you permit me to requite your courtesy by offering you a cup?"

Was she playing with him? He did not

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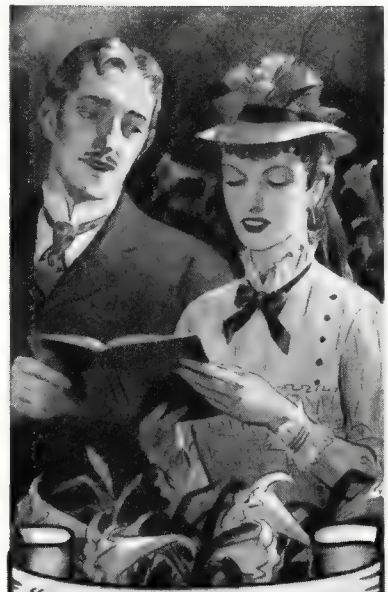

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care. The last card would be his, anyway. He accepted, with a pleasure illicitly surpassing that of his duty.

She smiled again.

"Splendid! And now I'll tell you who I really am! I'm Mrs. Alison Ayres. You may perhaps have heard of me? The Federals would give a great deal to get me before a firing squad!" . . .

They had left Nassau on Tuesday evening. It was now sunset of Thursday. According to schedule, they should arrive before dawn of Friday. The Antelope throbbed with the swift beat of her paddles. Mr. Bennett sat on a case of the deck-cargo, surely containing rifles. The spy sat beside him. He had lifted her there, while she laughed merrily, innocently. He had had an almost irresistible urge to kiss her suddenly in the act, as her face came close to his. But he had not yielded to that temptation. He was a gentleman, even if it was his duty to capture her, hand her over to her enemies.

His plan had been formed in him from the first. It was the only possible plan, and he was quietly confident of its certainty of success. When, during the night, the blockade-runner was dodging through the Federal cruiser-lines, he would suddenly light the small flare in his pocket, reveal the Antelope as several other blockade-runners had already been betrayed by Federal agents enlisted in their crews. At the first hail demanding her surrender, he would proclaim himself a United States naval officer, and take possession.

It was true he had no uniform; he had left that packed with other of his effects at Nassau. In that British possession a contingency might have arisen which would have necessitated the avowal of his real status; to have taken the uniform with him on the boat entailed the risk of its discovery among his baggage should his plan miscarry and the Antelope, after all, make the Confederate port of Wilmington.

But he was sure there would be no resistance. International law entitled blockade-runners to slip through the lines if they could do so peacefully. On the other hand, the first shot or blow on their part automatically converted them into pirates. Federal prisons—the lot of captured blockade-runners—were bad enough. No blockade-runner ever took the risk of being tried as a pirate. They surrendered at once when escape became impossible.

HE SAT silent, a curious oppression on him. In front of them, on the bridge amid-ships, paced the captain, the pilot, and the first officer, alertly scanning the horizon. In the crow's-nest on the foremast was also a lookout. Blockade-runners took no chances. At the first glimpse of a sail, of a smudge of smoke, they turned their stern to it, dropped it below the horizon. Now the sea was empty. Down in the stokehold the men were heaping coal on the fires. The dangerous area was near. They must make all speed to reach it in the first hours of darkness, pass through it before dawn.

Mrs. Ayres—at times, absurdly, he caught himself secretly calling her Alison—turned to him with that peculiarly thrilling little laugh of hers. It was extraordinary how intimate they had become.

"What are you so silent about, Mr. Bennett? Wondering how much you are going to sell your ladies' finery for?"

Sometimes it seemed to him that she made a joke of him. He was not thinking in the least about those corsets, innocuous if they arrived in the Confederacy. He was hating this particular duty that Fate had forced on him. He shook his head.

"I think I'd rather not tell you what I was thinking, Mrs. Ayres."

She smiled, fascinatingly, and yet, he was sure, not at all attempting to play the sorceress with him.

"Won't you be frank with me, Mr. Bennett? I have been frank with you."

YES. She had been completely frank with him. She had told him all about herself. Her husband, her father, her two brothers, had all been killed in the war. She was completely alone in the world. And she was passionately a Confederate, as only a Southern woman could be politically passionate. It was odd to him to hear her talking of "my country"—as he would talk of the Union. With no other ties, she had devoted herself, dedicated herself, to that country in the best way a woman could serve it—her wits against the Northern enemy. She had told him with fascinating frankness of the information she had gathered in the Northern lines. Sometimes he felt a twinge of absurd jealousy against those unknown helpers, and yet he was sure that there had been no love passages with any of them. She was not that kind. There was an innate virtue in her. He had wondered, fatuously, whether in happier times he could have won her to fall in love with him. It was plain to him, with that intimate certainty a man has, that she liked him a great deal.

It was all horrible for him. They had talked so much together, in innocent intimacy, about so many things. To think of her being led out to be shot!

She shook her head at him reproachfully.

"Well, then, Mr. Bennett, if you're going to be sulky and not talk—I'm going to leave you!"

She dropped off the case and went to the cabin under the bridge which Captain McPhail had surrendered to her. He was glad she had gone. What could he say to her that was not vile treachery!

When she returned, when he saw her light-clad figure ghostlike upon the deck, it was already pitch-dark. He had not moved from his position on the packing case, strategically chosen as the best possible place to light his flare. Somewhere near here should be the outer line of the Federal cruisers. When this was passed there would still be the inshore squadron to elude, patrolling in an arc around Cape Fear, and blocking both entrances to Wilmington on the Cape Fear River. The usual plan was to make for the northern end of the arc, and slip down past it close to the land, until Fort Fisher covered the entrance into the New Inlet. But the position of the blockading squadron was always being changed. To get a glimpse of it in the darkness, every eye on the Antelope was being strained. Tarpaulins over the engine-room hatches, every light extinguished, officers giving orders in whispers, she ran on like a part of the night herself. The paddles were suddenly "feathered." Mr. Bennett strained his eyes also into that encompassing darkness.

He was suddenly aware that *she* was

standing by him. She came close, whispered to him: "Help me up!" He obeyed, hoisting her beside him. It was fantastic, this blind surge through the dark night, only the monotonous *thump-thump* of the engine audible, as if they were alone together in a vast, empty universe.

"Mr. Bennett," she whispered, "I shall never forget this trip. It has been so great"—she hesitated—"so great a pleasure to meet you. I should like to think that we may meet again."

What could he say? Anything he might say was intolerable to him.

He muttered, "If only there were no war."

"Yes," she whispered. "But if there had been no war we should not have met."

That was true. Life just now was a hideous tangle. . . .

What was that? The Antelope had stopped suddenly, lay motionless, silent. He peered into the darkness, seeing nothing. He would have to be prompt with that flare when the moment came! He put his hand in his side pocket where it lay in readiness, felt the string of the friction-igniter. The Antelope moved forward again, to the renewed *thump-thump* of her engine, the softened splash of her paddles, the swish of the sea along her sides. He saw by the stars that the pilot had altered course. There must be a score of Federal ships around here.

Alison Ayres whispered again:

"Will you remember me—when the war is over?"

Why did she torture him like this?

"Yes," he said, through his teeth. "All my life."

"That's the nicest thing you've said to me." He could only just hear her, close though she was. "You have been very careful not to say nice things to me. That's because you are a gentleman. In the South we are apt to think there are no gentlemen anywhere else."

SHE was silent. The Antelope swished through the water. Why could not some Federal cruiser hear it? He silently cursed Captain McPhail's skill.

Again she was whispering:

"Don't speak. I don't want you to speak. Your thoughts come to me without your speaking. Your voice might spoil—" She checked, went on again, almost soundlessly: "It seems as though we had known each other a very long time—an eternity where one does not measure by days. Perhaps that's why I can whisper to you like this. I could not have done it—once. But conventionalities have no more hold on me—I have looked death in the face too many times. I am not merely a woman; I am a soul. You are not merely a man; you are a soul, too. We meet far above the world. There is an understanding between us which takes no account of days—which perhaps belongs to eternity. I have felt it in all our talks together. You have felt it, too. Does it not seem as if we were away from the world now—driving through an eternity where it is impossible that there should be ships lurking to shoot, foolish men trying to kill one another? Perhaps our souls, too, had to run a blockade of foolish hates, to test us—" Her whisper faded. "It is all strange—"

The constriction of his throat prevented answer. He prayed that she would not talk, would cease to torture him. It was hideous that she should talk of death. He also had faced death many times in this war, was steeled to desperate courage. But never had he needed courage so much as now. Never had he found himself in so fierce a conflict. It was the worse that it was a silent conflict, that she was unaware of it, that she talked to him thus in this unsuspecting innocence.

Duty! Never had duty seemed so terrible to him. It was an appalling, devastating irony that of all people he should fall in love with this woman—this spy whom he must capture, hand over to a firing party. He had not merely fallen in love with her, in the glib phrase of a trivial romanticism. He *did* love her, utterly, poignantly, limitlessly. As she had said, their relation was timeless, took no account of few or many days. His inmost soul, transcending this present frail circumstance of their temporal lives, knew that he had loved her for an eternity—that they had waited an eternity for this meeting again in the flesh. And he must shatter this strange ecstatic meeting, betray her, hurl her to death. It was his duty. He must do it, or be false to all himself, be indeed unworthy of her serene nobility, be forever shamed in that betrayal of his duty, rigid and impersonal, to his merely personal agony. It was atrocious. There was no escape in that silence, feeling her warm, living presence close to him.

WHAT was that? Again the Antelope stopped suddenly, drifting like a log. Close in the darkness was a darker patch, a cruiser—not a hundred yards away! The cruiser had not seen them. The funnels had instantly been telescoped down to invisibility. They were sliding past. An overmastering temptation invaded him, while his heart thudded. He had only to sit motionless, pretend to himself that he had not seen that cruiser. In a moment or two the opportunity would be gone. They must be near to Wilmington. There was every chance now that if they eluded this lurking inshore squadron to which the cruiser certainly belonged, they would slip through. He had only to sit still, silent, making no move. No one would ever know that he had thus betrayed his duty.

She turned and smiled at him. He could see her face, see that smile, despite the obscurity. Their love was the one eternal reality in the universe. All else was but a play of illusion. These ships, this war where they were enemies, were but unsubstantial phantasms. He had only to sit still, yield himself to that temptation. Afterwards, long afterwards in some distant future, since there would be nothing but utter truth between them, he would tell her, confess everything. His soul seemed to reel over an abyss, an abyss where his honor, his rectitude, his everything that had been his life, hung poised for engulfment. Her eyes were still upon him, more remembered than visible in the gloom, eyes that were so honest, so loyal. It was—absurdly, since she could know nothing, and still she smiled—as though she waited for his decision.

In that agony of crisis, confronting the pitiless inexorability of his duty, where his spiritual value was at stake, it was as if his soul were suddenly illuminated with an intolerable clarity. He could not thus be false, be forever unworthy of her loftiness. He summoned up all himself, wrenched himself from that temptation. What be-

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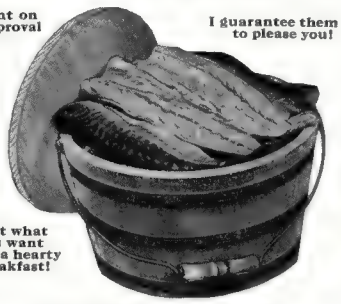

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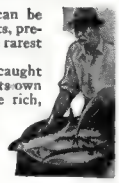

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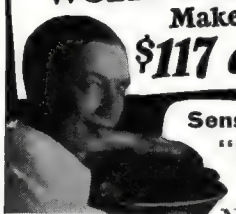

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fell him or her was insignificant in that stark necessity of impersonal duty, overriding their petty human lives. In a desperate, voiceless prayer for her forgiveness in that which he must do, he sprang down from his perch, plucked the flare from his pocket, pulled the igniter-string. . . . *There was no flash!*

Before he could shout out across the dark water, a hand was on his mouth, he was borne backward to the deck, strong hands upon him in silent mastery of his struggles. He was gagged, bound, lay on his back, maddeningly impotent.

Nevertheless, the cruiser had glimpsed their shadow. He heard a shout, the stunning crash of a gun. Something howled overhead, splashed into the water. There was another detonation, a series of violent crashes, brief, dazzling gun-flares. Rockets soared upwards, bursting in coruscations. The Antelope also was instantly sending up rockets that burst and showered. He knew the ruse. She was confusing the signals to the other blockading ships. Now, full steam ahead, she raced forward. She heeled suddenly as she swirled round at right angles to her course, heeled again, as again she swerved. The dark night was lighted by gun flashes, it seemed from every direction. Projectiles screamed through the sky, howled close. Miraculously, she was not hit.

Presently, from a distance, there were heavier detonations. The big guns of Fort Fisher were taking a hand, warning off the blockading vessels from too near approach. The Antelope shook with the energy of her thumping engine, her racing paddles. Captain McPhail's boast was not exaggerated. He could get almost seventeen knots out of her. None of the blockading squadron could do more than ten.

It seemed that now only Fort Fisher was firing, great white flashes that leaped into the sky, nearer and nearer. He heard nothing from the Federal ships. From the bridge came the sharp voice of the pilot, no longer hushed: "Hard a-larboard!—Steady!" They ran into calmer water. They were running into Cape Fear River—were through the blockade—Confederate Wilmington clear ahead.

IN THAT agony of spirit, he saw Alison Ayres standing over him. She smiled.

"You will forgive that necessary violence, Mr. Bennett—or, rather, Lieutenant Bruce, I believe. There is no more need for it. The danger is past. Release him, please, Captain McPhail."

"I'd keep him trussed up," growled Captain McPhail.

"Release him, please," she insisted.

He felt his bonds cut away from him. A white-clad sailor helped him to his feet. He stood confronting her sullenly.

"You tampered with my flare, too, I presume," he said icily. "My congratulations on your skill in your profession."

"Please!" she protested.

The dawn was breaking, and he could see her clearly. Never had she looked so beautiful, the wind blowing her hair.

"That also was a necessary precaution. I had no desire to meet that Federal firing squad I spoke of."

He shrugged his shoulders angrily. The illusions of the night had vanished. It was intolerable thus to be defeated by a woman. He resented that she should smile.

"May I remind you of something else, Lieutenant Bruce? You are a Federal officer. You are now in Confederate territory—and you are not in uniform. Do you realize to what that exposes you?"

He did realize, with a sudden hideous clarity. By all the laws of war, he was a spy. He would surely be shot as such. If on this ship he was still under the British flag, he had paid his passage only as far as Wilmington. Captain McPhail would assuredly order him ashore—and ashore he would pass to immediate arrest, to court-martial. He was a brave man, but the thought made him feel a little sick. She was continuing to smile, to speak:

"Therefore, I took another little precaution, Lieutenant Bruce. I had a burglary committed at Nassau—after we had had that pleasant tea together—in fact, after you, yourself, had come aboard this ship. I brought your uniform along with me." Was she mocking him with that smile? "I think you have just time to change into it. Captain McPhail will not refuse you the hospitality of the cabin he so kindly lent me. I feel sure you will prefer being a regular prisoner of war to being that most unpleasant thing—a spy."

THIS was no time to argue. He hurried to the captain's cabin. Never before had it felt so good to stand up in his naval officer's uniform. She had forgotten nothing. He set his cap on his head and looked at his chestnut-bearded face in the mirror. It was the face of a damned fool, he thought. She had played with him. She could not have had the least real feeling for him.

When he emerged again, they were running swiftly between the low banks of the river, Wilmington in sight. A guard boat was coming out to meet them. Its armed men emphasized, unpleasantly, the danger he had so narrowly escaped. It was bad enough to be a prisoner of war, but without this legitimate uniform—!

He went up to her where she stood on a paddle box. Were there tears in her eyes as she turned to him?

"I have to thank you, Mrs. Ayres," he said, "for giving me back my life. I played it against yours, and you won."

She smiled.

"Don't talk about that. It's all over. I'm afraid you are going to suffer the inconvenience of a prisoner-of-war camp—unless and until you are exchanged." She hesitated. "I have some little influence in Richmond, Lieutenant Bruce." She hesitated again. "You are a very proudly punctilious young man, I know. Would you resent it very much if I—exercised that influence?"

Something surged in him.

"Not—if you meant what you said last night."

She smiled. Those couldn't be tears in her eyes.

"I did mean it.— We were then in a timeless realm where there is no more foolish war—ever."

The guard boat was alongside. A gray-clad officer clambered to the deck.

He went towards him.

"I surrender myself to you, sir," he said, "as your prisoner." He turned to her where she stood, the early morning sunlight on her face. He saluted. "And yours, madam—for that eternity!"

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The House of Darkness

(*Continued from page 63*)

find no knob or latch. He bared a blade of his penknife and began to scratch away at the glass, which reason told him must have been smeared with thick, opaque paint. But after several minutes of hot work he had uncovered only a faint and miserable sliver of light.

"That's not it," he said wearily. "Glass door or window here, and that pin-line of light suggests it opens onto a balcony or something. We'll have to find—"

"*Ow!*" shrieked Djuna from somewhere behind him. There was a scraping sound, followed by a thud.

ELLERY whirled. "For heaven's sake, Djuna, what's the matter?"

The boy's voice wailed from a point close at hand in the darkness: "I was lookin' for how to get out an'—an' I slipped on somethin' an' fell!"

"Oh." Ellery sighed with relief. "From the yell you unloosed I thought a banshee had attacked you. Well, pick yourself up."

"B-but it's *wet*," blubbered Djuna.

"Wet?" Ellery groped toward the anguished voice and seized a quivering hand. "Where?"

"On the f-floor. I got some of it on my hand when I slipped. My other hand. It—it's wet an' sticky an'—an' warm."

"Wet and sticky and wa—" Ellery released the boy's hand and dug about in his clothes until he found his tiny pencil-flashlight. He pressed the button with the most curious feeling of drama. Djuna panted by his side. . . .

It was a moderately sane door with only a suggestion of cubistic outline. The door was shut. Something semi-liquid and dark red in color stained the floor, emanating from the other side of the crack.

"Let me see your hand," said Ellery.

Djuna, staring, tendered a small, thin fist. Ellery turned it over and gazed at the palm. It was scarlet. He raised it to his nostrils and sniffed. Then he took out his handkerchief almost absently and wiped the scarlet away.

"Well! That hasn't the smell of paint, eh, Djuna? And I scarcely think Duval would pour anything else on the floor as atmosphere." He spoke soothingly, divided between the stained floor and the dawning horror on Djuna's face. "Now, now, son. Let's open this door."

He shoved. The door stirred a half-inch, stuck. He set his lips and rammed. There was something obstructing the door, something large and heavy. It gave way stubbornly, an inch at a time. . . .

He blocked Djuna's view deliberately, sweeping the flashlight's thin finger about the room disclosed by the opening of the door. It was perfectly octagonal, devoid of fixtures. Just eight walls, a floor, and a ceiling. There were two other doors besides the one in which he stood. Over one there was a red arrow, over the other a green. Both doors were shut.

The finger of light touched something large and dark and shapeless on the floor, and quite still. It sat doubled up like a jackknife, back to the door. There were four blackish holes in the middle of the back, from which a ragged cascade of blood had gushed.

Ellery growled something to Djuna and knelt, raising the head of the figure. It was the massive man, and he was dead.

When he rose Ellery was pale and abstracted. He swept the flash slowly about the floor. A trail of red led to the dead man from across the room. Diagonally opposite lay a short-barreled revolver. The smell of powder was still in the room.

"Is he—is he—?" whispered Djuna.

Ellery grabbed the boy's arm and hustled him back into the room they had just left. His flashlight illuminated the glass door on whose surface he had scratched. He kicked high, and the glass shivered as the light of day rushed in. Hacking out an aperture, he wriggled past the broken glass and found himself on one of the fantastic little balconies overlooking the open inner court of *The House of Darkness*. A crowd was collecting below, attracted by the crash of falling glass. He made out the dapper figure of Monsieur Duval by the ticket booth in agitated conversation with a khaki-clad special officer, one of the regular Joyland police.

"Duval!" he shouted. "Who's come out of the *House?*"

"Eh?" gulped the little Frenchman.

"Since I went in? Quick, man!"

"Who has come out?" Monsieur Duval licked his lips, staring up with scared black eyes. "But no one has come out, Mr. Queen. . . . What is it that is the matter?"

"Good!" yelled Ellery. "Then he's still in this confounded labyrinth. Officer, send in an alarm for the regular county police. See that nobody leaves. A man has been murdered up here!" . . .

THE note, in a woman's spidery scrawl, said:

Darling Anse:

I *must* see you. It's important. Meet me at the old place, Joyland, Sunday afternoon, three o'clock, in that House of Darkness. I'll be awfully careful not to be seen. Especially this time. He suspects. I don't know what to do. I love you, love you! ! !

MADGE

Captain Ziegler of the county detectives cracked his knuckles and barked, "That's the pay-off, Mr. Queen. Fished it out of his pocket. Now, who's Madge, and who's the guy that 'suspects'? Hubby?"

The room was slashed with a dozen beams. Police crisscrossed flashlights in a pattern as bizarre as the shape of the chamber, with the shedding lantern held high by a policeman over the dead man as their focal point. Six people were lined up against one of the eight walls; five of them glared, mesmerized, at the still heap in the center of the rays. The sixth—the white-haired old man, still leaning on the arm of the tall young woman—was looking directly before him.

"H-m-m," said Ellery; he scanned the

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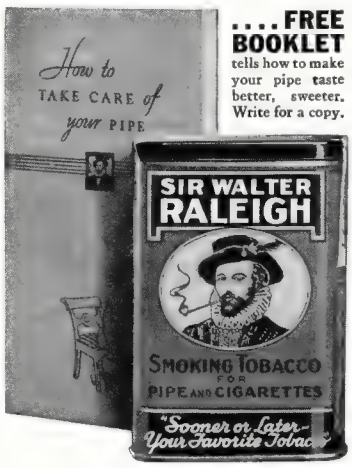

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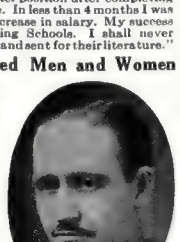

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prisoners briefly. "You're sure there's no one else skulking in the *House?*"

"That's the lot of 'em. Mr. Duval had the machinery shut off. He led us through, himself, searched every nook and cranny. And, since nobody left this hole, the killer must be one o' these six." The detective eyed them coldly.

"Duval," murmured Ellery. Monsieur Duval started; he was deathly pale. "There's no 'secret' method of getting out?"

"Ah, no, no, Mr. Queen! Here, I shall at once secure a copy of the plans myself."

"Scarcely necessary."

"The—the assembly-chamber is the sole means of emerging," stammered Duval.

ELLERY said quietly to a dainty woman, somberly gowned, who hugged the wall, "You're Madge, aren't you?" He recalled now that she was the only one of the six prisoners he had not seen while listening, with Djuna and Monsieur Duval, to the oration of the barker outside. She must have preceded them all into the *House*. The five others were here—the tall young woman and her odd father, the bearded man with his artist's tie, and the burly young Negro and his pretty mulatto companion. "Your last name?"

"I—I'm not," she whispered, edging, shrinking away. There were half-moons of violet shadow under her tragic eyes. She was perhaps thirty-five, the wreck of a once beautiful woman.

"That's Dr. Hardy," said the tall young woman suddenly in a choked voice. She gripped her father's arm as if she were already sorry she had spoken.

"Who?" asked Captain Ziegler quickly.

"The . . . dead man. Dr. Anselm Hardy, the eye specialist. Of New York."

"That's right," said the small, quiet man kneeling by the corpse. "Here's one of his cards."

"Thanks, Doc. What's *your* name, miss?"

"Nora Reis." The tall young woman shivered. "This is my father, Matthew Reis. We don't know anything about this—this horrible thing. We've just come out to Joyland today for some fun—"

"Nora, my dear," said her father gently; but neither his eyes nor his head moved.

"So you know the dead man, hey?" Ziegler's face expressed heavy suspicion.

"If I may," said Matthew Reis. There was a soft, musical pitch in his voice. "We knew Dr. Hardy, my daughter and I, only in his professional capacity. He treated me for over a year. Then he operated upon my eyes." A spasm of pain flickered over his waxy features. "Cataracts, he said . . ."

"H-m-m," said Ziegler. "Was it—?"

"I am totally blind."

There was a shocked silence. Ellery shook his head with impatience at his own blindness. He should have known. The old man's helplessness, the queer fixed stare, that vague smile, the shuffling walk . . . "This Dr. Hardy was responsible for your blindness, Mr. Reis?" he demanded.

"I didn't say that," murmured the old man. "He did what he could. I have been blind for over two years."

"Did you know Dr. Hardy was here, in this place, today?"

"No. We haven't seen him for two years."

"Where were you people when the police found you?"

Matthew Reis shrugged. "Somewhere ahead. Near the exit, I believe."

"And you?" asked Ellery of the colored couple.

"M'name is—is," stuttered the Negro, "Juju Jones, suh. Ah'm a prize fighter. Light-heavy, suh. Ah don' know nothin' 'bout this doctuh man. Me an' Jessie we been havin' a high ol' time down yonduh in a room that bounced 'n' jounced all roun'. We been—"

"Lawd," moaned the pretty mulatto.

"And how about you?" demanded Ellery of the bearded man.

He raised his shoulders in an almost Gallic gesture. "How about me? This is all classical Greek to *me*. I've been out on the rocks at the Point most of the day doing a couple of sea pictures and a landscape. I'm an artist—James Oliver Adams, at your service." There was something antagonistic, almost sneering, in his attitude. "You'll find my paint-box and sketches in the checkroom downstairs. Don't know this dead creature, and I wish to heaven I'd never been tempted by this atrocious gargoyle of a place."

"Where were you, Mr. Adams, when the machinery stopped?"

"Somewhere ahead." The man had a harsh, cracked voice. "I was looking for the way out of the place. *I'd* had a bellyful."

"That's right," snapped Captain Ziegler. "I found this bird myself. He was swearin' to himself like a trooper, stumblin' around in the dark. He says to me, 'How do you get out of here? That barker said you've got to follow the green lights, but they don't get you anywhere except in another silly hole of a monkeyshine room,' or somethin' like that. Now, why'd you want to get out so fast, Mr. Adams?"

The artist snorted his disgust, disdaining to reply.

"I should think, Captain," murmured Ellery, studying the faces of the six against the wall, "that you'd be much more concerned with finding the one who 'suspects' in Madge's note. Well, Madge, are you going to talk? It's perfectly silly to hold out. Sooner or later—"

THE dainty woman moistened her lips; she looked faint. "I suppose you're right. It's bound to come out," she said in a low, empty voice. "I'll talk. Yes, my name is Madge—Madge Clarke. It's true. I wrote that note to—to Dr. Hardy." Then her voice flamed passionately: "But I didn't write it of my own free will! *He* made me. It was a trap. I knew it. But I couldn't—"

"Who made you?" growled Ziegler.

"My husband. Dr. Hardy and I had been friends . . . well, friends, quietly. My husband didn't know at first. Then he—he did come to know. He must have followed us—many times. We—we've met here before. My husband is very jealous. He made me write the note. He threatened to—to kill me if I didn't write it. Now I don't care. Let him! He's a murderer!" And she began to sob.

Captain Ziegler said gruffly, "Mrs. Clarke." She looked up and then down at the snub-nosed revolver in his hand. "Is that your husband's gun?"

She shrank from it, shuddering. "I—no. He has a revolver, but it's got a long barrel. He's a—a good shot."

"Pawnshop," muttered Ziegler, putting the gun in his pocket.

"You came here, Mrs. Clarke," said

Ellery gently, "in the face of your husband's threats?"

"Yes. Yes. I—I couldn't stay away. I thought I'd warn—"

"That was very courageous. Your husband—did you see him in Joyland, in the crowd before this place?"

"No. I didn't. But it must have been Tom. He *told* me he'd kill Anse!"

"Did you meet Dr. Hardy in here?"

She shivered. "No. I couldn't find—"

"Did you meet your husband here?"

"No . . ."

"Then where is he?" asked Ellery dryly. "He couldn't have vanished in a puff of smoke. . . . Do you think you can trace that revolver, Captain Ziegler?"

"Try." Ziegler shrugged. "Manufacturer's number has been filed off. It's an old gun, too. And no prints."

ELLERY clucked irritably and stared down at the quiet man by the corpse. Suddenly he said, "Duval, isn't there some way of illuminating this room?"

Monsieur Duval started, his pallor deeper than before. "There is not an electrical wire in the entire structure. Excepting for the assembly-room."

"How about the arrows pointing the way? They're visible."

"A chemical. I am desolated by this—"

"Naturally; murder's rarely an occasion of hilarity. But this Stygian pit of yours complicates matters. What do you think, Captain?"

"Looks open and shut to *me*. I don't know how he got away, but this Clarke's the killer. We'll find him and sweat it out of him. He shot the doctor from the spot where you found the gun layin'"—Ellery frowned—"and then dragged the body to the door of the preceding room and sat it up against the door to give him time for his get-away. Blood-trail tells that. The shots were lost in the noise of this crazy place. He must have figured on that."

"That's all very well, except for the manner of Clarke's disappearance . . . if it *was* Clarke." Ellery sucked his fingernail, revolving Ziegler's analysis in his mind. There was one thing wrong. . . . "Ah, the coroner's finished. Well, Doctor?"

The small, quiet man rose from his knees in the light of the lantern. "Simple enough. Four bullets within an area of inches. Two of them pierced the heart from behind. Good shooting, Mr. Queen."

Ellery blinked. "Very good shooting indeed. How long has he been dead?"

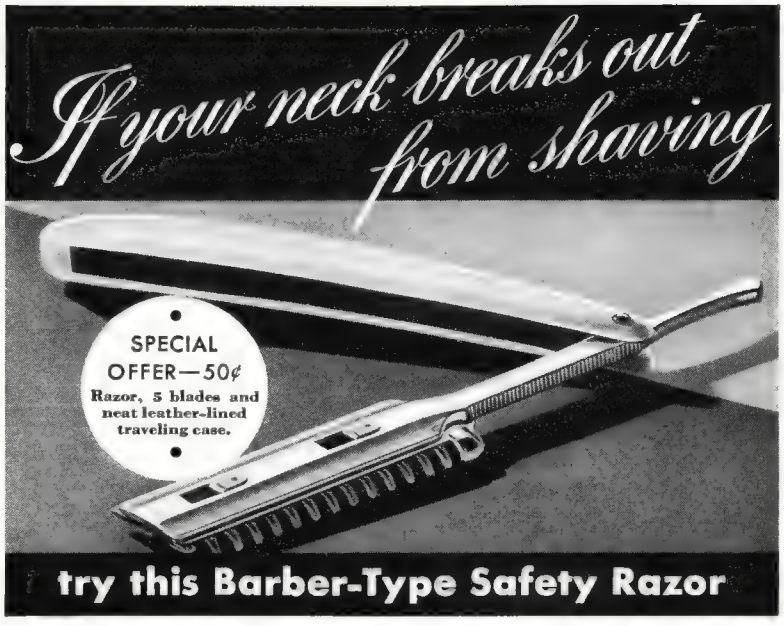
"About an hour. He died instantly."

"That means," muttered Ellery, "that he must have been shot only a few minutes before I found him. I remember his body was still warm." He looked intently at the empurpled dead face. "But you're wrong, Captain Ziegler, about the position of the killer when he fired the shots. He couldn't have stood so far away. In fact, as I see it, he must have been very close to Hardy. There are powder marks on the dead man's body, of course, Doctor?"

The county coroner looked puzzled. "Powder marks? Why, no. Not a trace. Captain Ziegler's right."

Ellery said in a strangled voice, "No powder marks? Why, that's impossible! There *must* be powder marks!"

The coroner and Captain Ziegler exchanged glances. "As something of an expert in these matters, Mr. Queen," said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the little man icily, "let me assure you that the victim was shot from a distance of at least twelve feet."

The most remarkable expression came over Ellery's face.

"Twelve feet. No powder marks," he said in a hushed voice. "Well, well. Now, that's downright amazing. I can't believe it. Simply can't believe it."

The coroner eyed him hostilely. "Mr. Queen, you're talking nonsense as far as I'm concerned."

"What's on your mind?" demanded Captain Ziegler.

"Don't *you* know, either?" Then Ellery said abstractedly, "Let's have a peep at the contents of his clothes, please."

THE detective jerked his head toward a pile of miscellaneous articles on the floor. Ellery went down on his haunches, indifferent to his staring audience. When he rose he was mumbling to himself. He had not found what he was seeking, what logic told him should be there. There were not even smoking materials of any kind. And there was no watch; he even examined the dead man's wrists for marks.

He strode about the room, nose lowered, searching the floor with an absorption that was oblivious of the puzzled looks directed at him.

"But we've searched this room!" exploded Captain Ziegler. "What in the name of heaven are you looking for?"

"Something," murmured Ellery grimly, "that must be here. Let's see what your men have scraped together from the floors of all the rooms, Captain."

"But they didn't find anything!"

"I'm not talking of things that would strike a detective as possibly 'important.' I'm referring to *trivia:* a scrap of paper, a sliver of wood—anything."

A broad-shouldered man said respectfully, "I looked myself, Mr. Queen. There wasn't even dust."

"*S'il vous plaît,*" said Monsieur Duval nervously. "Of that we have taken care with ingenuity. There is here a vacuum system, which sucks in the dust and keeps *la maison des ténèbres* of a cleanliness immaculate."

"Vacuum!" exclaimed Ellery. "A sucking process. . . . It's possible, by George! Is this machine on all the time, Duval?"

"But no, my friend. Only in the night, when *The House of Darkness* is empty. But that is why your gendarmes found nothing, not even the dust."

"Foiled," muttered Ellery lightly, but his eyes were grave. "The machine doesn't operate in the daytime. So that's out. Captain, forgive my persistence. But everything's been searched? The assembly-room downstairs, too?"

Captain Ziegler's face was stormy. "I can't figure you out. How many times do I have to say it? The man on duty in the cellar says no one even popped in there and went back during the period of the murder."

"Well, then," sighed Ellery, "I'll have to ask you to search each of these people, Captain." There was a note of desperation in his voice. . . .

Mr. Ellery Queen's frown was a thing of beauty when he put down the last personal possession of the six prisoners. He had picked them apart to the accompaniment of a chorus of protests. But he had not found what should have been there. He rose from his squatting position on the floor and silently indicated that the articles might be returned to their owners.

"*Parbleu!*" cried Monsieur Duval suddenly. "I do not know what is it for which you seek, my friend; but it is possible that it has been secretly placed upon the person of one of us, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Ellery looked up. "Good for you, Duval. I hadn't thought of that."

"We shall see," said Monsieur Duval excitedly, beginning to turn out his pockets, "if the brain of Dieudonné Duval is not capable . . . *Voici!* Will you please to examine, Mr. Queen?"

Ellery looked over the collection of odds and ends briefly. "No dice. That was generous, Duval." He began to poke about in his own pockets.

Djuna announced proudly, "I've got everything *I* ought to."

"Well, Mr. Queen?" asked Ziegler impatiently.

Ellery waved an absent hand. "I'm through, Captain . . . Wait!" He stood still, eyes lost in space. "Wait here. It's still possible—"

Without explanation he plunged through the doorway marked with the green arrow, found himself in a narrow passageway as black as the rooms leading off from it, and flashed his light about. Then he began a worm's progress, scrutinizing each inch of the corridor-floor as if his life depended upon his thoroughness. Twice he turned corners, and at last he found himself at a dead end confronted by a door marked, EXIT: ASSEMBLY-ROOM. He pushed the door in and blinked at the lights of the cellar. A policeman touched his cap to him; the attendant skeleton looked scared.

"Not even a bit of wax, or a few crumbs of broken glass, or a burnt match-stick," he muttered. A thought struck him. "Officer, open this door in the grating, will you?"

THE policeman unlocked a small door in the grating, and Ellery stepped through to the larger division of the room. He made at once for the rack on the wall, in the compartments of which were the things the prisoners—and he, himself—had checked before plunging into the main body of the *House.* He inspected these minutely. When he came to the artist's box he opened it, glanced at the paints and brushes and palette and three small daubs—a landscape and two seascapes—closed it.

He paced up and down under the dusty light of the bulbs, frowning fiercely. Minutes passed.

Suddenly Ellery halted, and the frown faded, to be replaced by a grim smile.

"Yes, yes, that's it," he muttered. "Why didn't I think of it before? . . . Officer! Take all this truck back to the scene of the crime. I'll carry this small table. We've all the paraphernalia, and in the darkness we should be able to conduct a very thrilling séance!"

When he knocked on the door of the octagonal room from the corridor, it was opened by Captain Ziegler himself.

"You back?" growled the detective. "We're just ready to scram. Stiff's crated—"

"Not for a few moments yet, I trust," said Ellery smoothly, motioning the burdened policeman to precede him. "I've a little speech to make."

"Speech!"

"A speech fraught with subtleties and clevernesses, my dear Captain. That's right, Officer; on the table. Now, gentlemen, if you will kindly focus the rays of your flashes upon me and the table, we can begin our séance."

The room was very still. The body of Dr. Anselm Hardy lay in a wicker basket, brown-covered, invisible. Ellery presided like a Swami in the center of the room.

"*Alors, mesdames et messieurs,* we begin. We begin with the extraordinary fact that the scene of this crime is significant for one thing above all—its darkness. This is literally a house of darkness. A man has been murdered in one of its unholy chambers. In the house itself—excluding, of course, the victim, myself, and my panting young charge—we find six persons. No one during the period of the crime was observed to emerge from the only possible exit. It is inevitable, then, that one of these six is the killer of Dr. Hardy."

THERE was a rustle, a rising sigh, which died almost as soon as it was born.

"Now, observe," continued Ellery dreamily, "what pranks fate plays. In this tragedy of darkness, the cast includes at least three characters associated with darkness. I refer to Mr. Reis, who is blind, and to Mr. Juju Jones and his escort, who are Negroes. Isn't that significant?"

Juju Jones groaned, "Ah di'n't do it, Mistuh Queen."

Ellery said, "Moreover, Mr. Reis has a possible motive; the victim treated his eyes, and in the course of this treatment Mr. Reis became blind. And Mrs. Clarke offered us a jealous husband. Two motives, then. So far, so good. . . . But all this tells us nothing vital about the crime."

"Well," demanded Ziegler harshly, "what does?"

"The darkness, Captain, the darkness," replied Ellery in gentle accents. "This room is totally black. There is no electricity, no lamp, no lantern, no gas, no candle, no window in its equipment. Its three doors open onto places as dark as itself. The green and red lights above the doors are non-luminous, radiate no light visible to the human eyes beyond the arrows themselves. . . . *And yet, in the blackest of black rooms, someone was able at a distance of at least twelve feet to place four bullets within an area of inches in his invisible victim's back!*"

Someone gasped. Captain Ziegler muttered, "By damn . . ."

"How?" asked Ellery softly. "Those shots were accurate. They couldn't have been accidents—not four of them. I had assumed in the beginning that there must be powder burns on the dead man's coat, that the killer must have stood directly behind Dr. Hardy, touching him and firing. But the coroner said *no!* The killer couldn't have hit Hardy by ear alone, listening to movements, footsteps; the shots were too accurately placed for that theory. I couldn't understand it. The only possible answer was that *the murderer* had light to see by. And yet there was no light."

Matthew Reis said, "Very clever."

"Elementary, rather, Mr. Reis. There was no light in the room itself. . . . Now, thanks to Monsieur Duval's vacuum-suction system, there is never any débris in this place. That meant that if we found something it might belong to one of the suspects. But the police had searched

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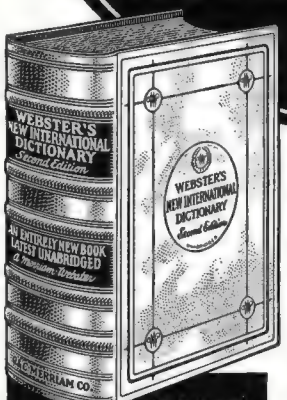

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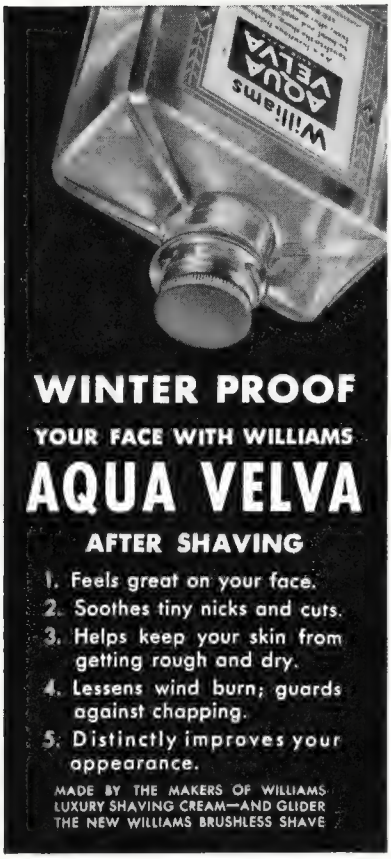

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minutely and found literally nothing. I, myself, fine-combed this room looking for a flashlight, a burnt match, a wax taper—anything that might have indicated the light by which the murderer shot Dr. Hardy. I found nothing.

"I examined the contents of the pockets of our six suspects. A single matchstick would have helped, although I realized that that would hardly have been the means employed; for this had been a trap laid in advance. The murderer had apparently enticed his victim to *The House of Darkness.* Undoubtedly he had visited it before, seen its complete lack of lighting facilities. He therefore would have planned in advance to provide means of illumination. He scarcely would have relied on matches; certainly he would have preferred a flashlight. But there was nothing, nothing. If it was not on his person, had he thrown it away? But where? It has not been found."

Ellery paused over a cigarette. "And so I came to the conclusion," he drawled, puffing smoke, *"that the light must have emanated from the victim himself."*

"But no!" gasped Monsieur Duval. "No man would so foolish be—"

"Not consciously, of course. But he might have provided light unconsciously. I looked over the very dead Dr. Hardy. He wore dark clothing. There was no watch which might possess radial hands. No matches or lighter. And no flashlight. There is," he murmured, "nothing but one last possibility."

"What—"

"Will you gentlemen please put the lantern and your flashes out?"

For a moment there was uncomprehending inaction; and then lights began to snap off, until finally the room was steeped in thick, palpable darkness.

"Keep your places, please," said Ellery curtly. "Don't move, anyone."

THERE was no sound at first except the quick breaths of rigid people. The glow of Ellery's cigarette died, snuffed out. Then there was a slight rustling and a sharp click. And before their astonished eyes a roughly rectangular blob of light no larger than a domino, misty and nacreous, began to move across the room. It sailed in a straight line, like a homing pigeon, and then another blob detached itself from the first and touched something, and lo! there was still a third blob of light.

"Demonstrating," came Ellery's cool voice, "the miracle of how Nature provides for her most wayward children. Phosphorus, of course. Phosphorus in the form of paint. If, for example, the murderer had contrived to daub the back of the victim's coat—perhaps in the press of a crowd—he insured himself sufficient light for his crime. In a totally black place he had only to search for the phosphorescent patch. Then four shots in the thick of it from a distance of twelve feet—no great shakes to a good marksman—the bullet holes obliterate most of the light-patch, any bit that remains is doused in gushing blood . . . and the murderer's safe all round. . . ' Yes, yes, very clever. . . . *No, you don't!*".

The third blob of light jerked into violent motion, lunging forward, disappearing, appearing, making progress toward the green-arrowed door. . . . There was a crash, and a clatter, the sounds of a furious struggle. Lights flicked madly on, whipping across one another. They illuminated an area on the floor in which Ellery lay entwined with a man who fought in desperate silence. Beside them lay the paint-box, open.

Captain Ziegler jumped in and rapped the man over the head with his billy. He dropped back with a groan, unconscious. It was the artist, Adams. . . .

"BUT how did you know it was Adams?" demanded Ziegler a few moments later, when some semblance of order had been restored. Adams lay on the floor, manacled; the others crowded around.

"By a curious fact," panted Ellery, brushing himself off. . . . "Djuna, stop pawing me! I'm quite all right. . . . You, yourself, told me, Captain, that when you found Adams blundering around in the dark he was complaining that he wanted to get out but couldn't find the exit. (Naturally he would!) He said that he knew he should follow the green lights, but when he did he only got deeper into the labyrinth of rooms. But how could that have been if he *had* followed the green lights? Any one of them would have taken him directly into the straight, monkey-shineless corridor leading to the exit. Then he *hadn't* followed the green lights. Since he could have no reason to lie about it, it must simply have meant, I reasoned, that he *thought* he had been following the green lights but had been following the red lights instead."

"But how—?"

"Very simple. Color-blindness. He's afflicted with the common type of color-blindness in which the subject confuses red and green. Unquestionably he didn't know that he had such an affliction; many color-blind persons don't. He had expected to make his escape quickly.

"But that's not the important point. The important point is that *he claimed to be an artist.* Now, it's almost impossible for an artist to work in color and still be color-blind. The fact that he found himself trapped, misled by the red lights, proved that he was not conscious of his red-green affliction. But I examined his landscape and seascapes in the paint-box and found them quite orthodox. I knew, then, that they weren't his; that he was not an artist at all. But if he was masquerading, he became a vital suspect!

"Then, when I put that together with the final deduction about the source of light, I had the whole answer in a flash. Phosphorus paint—paint-box. And he had directly preceded Hardy into the *House.* . . . The rest was pure theater. He felt that he wasn't running any risk with the phosphorus, for whoever would examine the paint-box would naturally open it *in the light,* where the luminous quality of the chemical would be invisible."

"Then my husband—" began Mrs. Clarke in a strangled voice.

"But the motive, my friend," protested Monsieur Duval, wiping his forehead. "The motive! Why—?"

"The motive?" Ellery shrugged. "You already know the motive, Duval. In fact, you know—" He knelt suddenly by the bearded man. His hand flashed out and came away—with the beard. Mrs. Clarke screamed and staggered back. "He even changed his voice. This, I'm afraid, is your vanishing Mr. Clarke!"

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Beauty's daughter

(*Continued from page 70*)

family courtesies, dinners and evening meetings, with the house next door. Whatever his relationship with Serena had become, he was content never to mention it; it was their own affair now, his and Serena's, and needed no apologies, no justification.

Almost every afternoon he managed to get away from his office early enough to have tea at the Morrison house. There were always a great many men there. They came from their business or from their golf and polo, and sat about in the patio, talking, roaring with laughter, completely her slaves.

Spencer Morrison never joined these informal gatherings; he was usually off in his own wing of the rambling house, "resting." Women rarely came; when they did no one was especially interested in them. Serena served drinks, in a desultory and casual way, and sometimes there were sandwiches. Mayerstein, the financier, was one of her adorers, as were Fred Becket, the tennis champion, Henry Hall and George Nalbro, and Marchesi, who played the piano so beautifully, and sometimes a star or two from Hollywood. Some of these had wives at home, Vicky would reflect, when Quentin reported admiringly on the gathering. What were these wives thinking? Ah, well, she knew the answer to that.

Victoria would tell herself gallantly that she would rather have Madeleine in her lap for one cuddling hour at twilight than meet in this superficial fashion all the famous folk of the world, but even while she formulated the thought she would know it was not quite true. Women's hearts were so made that they wanted everything—to be domestic and beloved, to be socially in demand, to be pure and strong and weak and giddy all at once—Vic learned to her bitter cost.

FROM her confused thoughts there emerged surprisingly one concrete fact: She loathed Serena; she would have been glad to hear of Serena's violent and sudden death. And this made it increasingly hard to endure Quentin's simple revelations concerning her neighbor.

"She's always been just a little girl," Quentin would say. "She says she still likes to get a kitten and a plate of apples and a good book on a rainy afternoon and curl up in the attic and read. Imagine it, Vic, this woman who has been adored and spoiled by some of the most famous persons in the world! Rothesay Middleton, for example—you know that every woman in Hollywood is trying to get him? She tells me that when she married Morrison she told him that she had to spend one week every year with Middleton, and no questions asked! She said Spencer almost lost his mind trying to reconcile himself to the idea, but in the end he gave in."

"Not much to his credit," Vic might submit dryly. But, fortunately for her, Quentin was usually too much absorbed in his subject to see anything amiss.

"Well, he couldn't have gotten her otherwise! And when I think what that fellow has put her through—"

"Spencer? How d'you mean 'put her through'?"

"Why, great Scott, Vic, he was climbing right to the top in diplomacy when he got hurt! They were to go to Spain; that's one of the fat places! There's lots of money; nothing could have stopped him! She was packing her trunks when he was hurt."

"Well, I don't suppose *he* especially enjoyed it."

"She told me," Quentin said in a tender undertone, not hearing one word of what Vicky had said, "she told me that just before the smash she had been planning to buy a certain white shawl at 'The Sea Captain's Shop' in Shanghai. She says it was the most gorgeous thing she ever saw, and that when their plans all changed, and before she knew whether Morrison's eye was going to be saved or not, she used to go every day and take a look at the shawl. So, when it was all over and he'd resigned from the diplomatic staff, she went up there one last time and kissed the white shawl good-by!

"SOMEHOW," Quentin said, lost in his own thoughts, "somehow the thought of her going in there, and laying her face against that shawl—well, it gets you! I mean she's nothing but a little girl."

"And you're nothing but a little raw, blind baby!" Vicky might think hotly. But she never said it aloud. No, he was in the grip of a fever now, and there was no saving him until it went down. He could neither hear nor understand until then.

She began to see by the expression in other women's eyes that Quentin's attitude toward the woman next door was no secret. She said nothing. Not even to Violet would she give a hint of what it meant. But the sun went out of her sky and the elasticity out of her step; the dull, cold winter days dragged by in endless monotonous procession; this part of life simply had to be endured, lived through. Quentin nowadays was bored, silent, polite at home; what he did when he was away from home she did not know. Were they lunching together, having dinner, plunging into long, murmured talks over some restaurant table? Oh, but Quentin wouldn't do that cheap sort of thing! Her tortured thoughts were never far away from the two; sometimes she despaired; sometimes she tried to laugh at herself.

"Why, it's nothing but a man's fancy for a beautiful woman; I'm being a fool about it!" Vicky told herself.

One day she met in the street a woman who stopped her. A pretty woman, but wearing too much rouge and powder, lipstick and mascara, a woman suggesting a gallant retreat from youth and beauty.

"Marian Pool!" Vicky said.

Marian was animated; the beautiful

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eyes worked with their old fire; she had an "adorable cattle king" in tow. "My dear, he owns half of Brazil!" she said in an aside, introducing a copper-colored, stout old person who spoke only a stilted English, and used that almost entirely for labored compliments to Marian. Marian was still beautiful, Vicky thought; she was not much more than forty, but ten years ago she would not have wasted any time on Señor de Raa.

Now she was working over him industriously, laughing at his lame jokes, allowing the fat paw to squeeze her own slim hand.

"Watch me get a present out of him. He shipped his wife and daughters on the last steamer and he's going wild," said Marian, drawing Vicky with them into Marsh's beautiful shop. She called the attention of the cattle king to the cabinets of jade jewelry. Vicky, who had left Gwen with a dentist for an hour's work on her teeth, looked interestedly at one of the world's finest collections of oriental jewelry and porcelain.

A MIDDLE-AGED saleswoman presently drew her aside.

"Excuse me, madam, but did your friend speak of you as 'Mrs. Hardisty'?"

"I'm Mrs. Hardisty," Vic said.

"And your husband is Dr. Hardisty? . . . I thought so. There was something I wanted to ask you. This is very unprofessional," the woman broke off in a tone of smiling and eager apology.

Vic could only continue to look expectation and surprise.

"You see," the saleswoman pursued, "Christmas is very close, and somebody was looking at a present for you in here yesterday, and I thought—"

She had led Victoria into a small adjoining salesroom where there were a teak table and some chairs.

"Do sit down," she said, "and I'll explain. Your husband was in here yesterday looking at some of our lovely things, and he picked one out for your Christmas present. Now, often when a gentleman does that," Mrs. Moorweather went on confidentially, "I like to give the lady just a little hint, when I can, because sometimes, as we all know, tastes *do* differ, and when a present is very handsome—and this is handsome—it's so easy to give a gentleman just a little hint, and say, 'I think your wife would surely prefer *that,*' and then she gets what she wants, and we please a customer."

She had found what she wanted now: a soft, bulky package wrapped in chamois skin and tied with an oriental-looking string of the same. Her fat, capable hands untied the string; something soft and lustrous and creamy tumbled free, and she posed it against her unromantic middle-aged face and stout shoulder.

"There!" she said. "We've never had anything handsomer than that in the shop. But the color—of course, it *is* practical, too," she went on, laughingly, good-humoredly arguing with herself, "for one doesn't use this sort of thing as an everyday wrap, but the color is just a little extravagant."

Victoria did not hear her. Her head was spinning, and her mouth filled with salt water. Her brown hand was lying on the royal folds of a white Chinese shawl.

After a while she was out on the street again, walking in a businesslike way toward the White House. The familiar shops and corners went by her; flashing in winter sunlight and cold shadows, moving with forms and sounding with the horns of cars and the click of feet.

Victoria felt dazed and weak; she felt that her knees would give way. The sunshine felt strange as it fell upon her, and the ground hard under her feet.

"Oh, my God, my God, my God!" Victoria said, half aloud.

She couldn't stand here like an idiot; passers-by would notice her. She walked irresolutely toward Geary Street, turned back. She had had something to do—something to do at three o'clock—Oh, yes, Quentin had asked her what she wanted for Christmas, and she had said an electric refrigerator; a great big one, hotel size. He had said that he would meet her some afternoon to pick it out. And then—only yesterday, Quentin had suggested that she pick it out herself, he would have his secretary make an appointment for her at Nathan Dohrmann's, and she knew ten times more than he did about it.

She had said she would go in at three and pick out the electric refrigerator.

Her Christmas gift was to be an electric refrigerator; it would be Quentin's only Christmas gift to anyone—he never bothered with the children's presents, and she never expected him to.

Now Quentin was going to send one more present. The sumptuous shawl would go to Serena—

No, Victoria couldn't bear it. She stopped short, in the street, staring, in her misery, at a window full of Christmas handkerchiefs.

Another oriental art shop. Victoria went in.

"You have a beautiful shawl in the window—the red and yellow one. What price is a shawl like that?"

"That one, madam? That one is three hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"It's beautiful. But not today, thank you."

"It isn't as handsome as the white one," Vicky thought, wandering aimlessly out again. "It isn't anything like so handsome. What will he write on the card? But no, I won't bear it. I won't bear it!"

A LEADEN sky had lowered over the city; the sunshine was gone. In all the windows holly and Santa Claus and gift suggestions. Gift suggestions. Gift suggestions. For one woman an electric refrigerator for babies' bottles and chicken broth and prune sauce, and for another woman a useless, exquisite, extravagant Chinese shawl.

She couldn't select the refrigerator today. Feverishly, in a sudden need to be home and with her children, Victoria picked up Gwen, very chatty and gay, went to the garage, got into her car, and threaded her way through the southbound traffic toward the Peninsula. Victoria shuddered; it would be good to get home.

But when she was in a cotton dress, and fairly smothered by the enthusiastic reception from the nursery, even then the sense of sickness and shock did not heal. Quentin loved another woman. Quentin loved another woman.

A more beautiful woman than she could ever hope to be. A strange, mysterious, fascinating woman. . . .

"The doctor will not be home for dinner,

Mrs. Hardisty. Miss Cone just telephoned. He has an operation at nine."

"Thank you, Anna."

And the jealous agony, lulled for a moment, began again, tearing and irresistible. After a while Victoria was in her own room, and idly handling the telephone.

Suddenly, shamed color in her pale face, she called the hospital. Was Dr. Hardisty there? Was he to be there? No operation that evening?

"You can get him at his home, Atherton eight eight eight," a pleasant girl's voice presently said.

Vicky waited a while, and the cold-bound winter world and the wind whining over the hills and the oaks and the blighted gardens seemed to wait, too. Presently she telephoned to Serena.

"What are you two doing tonight?"

"My dear," said Serena. "I've just ordered an early dinner for Spencer—why don't you be a darling and come over and play backgammon with him? I've been called to town. A dear old friend, Mary Catherwood, is at the Marlborough, and she wants me to come in and dine late with her. I'm disgusted—such a frightful night, but what can you do?"

THERE was more of it. It was very convincing, but not quite convincing enough. When the conversation was ended there was nothing for Victoria but vigil. Restless, feverish, sleepless, the hours of the night began to go by. It was a still night, the eve of Christmas Eve, with the world tightened under a frost, and every outdoor sound echoing like a pistol shot.

Ten. Eleven. Midnight, and no Quentin. At half past twelve, Victoria, drowsing, with her reading lamp shining full in her eyes, started up with a frightened sense that everything was all wrong. Fire—accident—calamity—

No, everything was serene in her pleasant bedroom, but the light was still burning in the drive below, and she knew Quentin had not yet come home.

Then she heard what had waked her: his car on the drive. She snapped off her light, composed herself as if asleep. He mustn't feel himself watched.

She heard him come upstairs; he wasn't going to put his car away? Poor Quentin, perhaps it had really been an operation, then; perhaps he was completely blameless, tonight, at least—

Other sounds. Victoria sat up in bed with her heart pumping. Everything was all wrong, cold, terrifying, shaken, again. For Quentin, cautiously coming upstairs, had only put out the porch light, had snapped out the drive light. Now the car lights were up again, and the car itself was slowly wheeling on the drive.

Victoria, not knowing what she did, was on her own upper porch, trembling with cold and fear and despair in her thin wrapper, with her feet bare and her eyes straining after the departing car.

She saw the car turn, saw it leave the gates again, saw it turn toward the Morrisons' house. It stopped at the side door, and presently a house light went up, and then the car lights were put out. Shrubs shut the doorway partially from the window porch where Victoria stood with all her world going to pieces about her, but she could discern two figures silhouetted for an instant against the open door. Then it closed, and presently the downstairs light went out, too, and the cold Christmas countryside, and her life and her love and her faith were all plunged into cold darkness. . . .

An iron winter sky was low over the world when morning came without sunrise; Vicky, waking at seven, shivered wearily down again into her warm blankets. It would be good to stay in bed on such a morning, she thought, still caught in dreams—what morning was this, anyway? Good heavens, this was Christmas Eve—with everything to do—!

Then she remembered, and the gray, dark morning seemed darker, and her bones, her head, her whole being seemed to ache with the bitter necessity of coming back to consciousness. She lay thinking, her throat thick, her head confused, her heart and mind in confusion. Quentin. Quentin and Serena Morrison.

Victoria suddenly felt that she was suffocating, strangling. The bedcovers were sliding over her; lying flat here in the dim morning gloom of the room she was going mad under the pressure of the thoughts she dared not define—the fears she could not bear. She flung off the blankets, reached for her heavy wrapper even while she was groping with her feet for her slippers.

She splashed her face with cold water, brushed her hair, looked at the ghostly vision in the mirror. Five o'clock had struck from the mantel clock before she had fallen asleep; she felt weary and feverish for want of rest. She had lain awake tossing for an hour after Quentin had returned to his porch bed, to begin healthily snoring as soon as his head had touched the pillow, and she had finally fallen asleep for sheer weariness, with her problem still as fresh and as bitter as it had been in the first insufferable moment of revelation.

Victoria felt broken; there was an infinite weariness in her attitude. It was morning, and somehow the day would wear away to evening and to night, and there never would be happiness anywhere again.

AFTER a while she went downstairs, to sit holding her coffee cup at the level of her mouth, an elbow resting on the table, her eyes far away. She could eat nothing, but she managed a few swallows of coffee; managed a question to the maid:

"Did the doctor have his breakfast, Anna?"

"No, ma'am. He had a cup of coffee standing, in the kitchen. He had an eight o'clock at the Dante."

"Did he say anything about dinner?"

"He said he'd have Miss Cone telephone."

Presently in the kitchen there was talk of corned beef, cabbage, salad, fig pudding. Tomorrow's turkey lay stark and nude upon Hong's table, awaiting stuffing.

All the Keatses would be coming tomorrow to have Christmas dinner with all the Hardistys. This was Christmas Eve. Hateful, unendurable, empty, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day must somehow be endured. And one didn't scream out suddenly, and sweep the turkey and the mincemeat and the yellow bowls from the table; one didn't go mad. One moved through the stupid farce of it all somehow, with one's heart bleeding away—dragging like a weight in one's breast—

Rooms and halls, dull rooms, dull halls, dull wintry light outside under a dull sky. There was nothing for which to live, and

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Victoria knew that there was no hope of dying. Anger seethed up in her suddenly; with an effort that sent a physical pain through her shoulders, through her ribs, she controlled it. No use getting angry—not yet. When she saw Quentin there would be time for that.

It was cold in the drawing-room; Victoria worked in a sweater, left half the trimming undone. There was no heart in it today. Christmas had always been a wildly festive time in the Hardisty family—even the dreadful first Christmas when Quentin and Vicky and Gwen had all been ill. It would be no such holiday tomorrow. It would never seem Christmas again.

"Oh, my God!" Vicky said, standing still in the middle of the room, putting her hands that were sore from wires and string and tinsel, that were cold and dirty, tightly over her eyes. "My God, what shall I do!"

AT NOON Quentin telephoned:

"That you, Vicky? Vic, will you look in the pocket of my coat—the gray coat—and see if there's a little black book there? I'll send down for it if you find it—"

"Just a minute, Quentin." It was the doctor's wife talking; it was no longer only Victoria Hardisty. In a moment she was back. "It's here. Want Claus to bring it in?"

"Well, but won't that mean that you've no car?"

"I don't need it. I'm not going out."

"Everything all right?"

A pause. Then Vicky said heavily, "I guess so."

"Well, don't get too tired. I'll be home early."

Vicky put down the telephone, stood up, and somehow moved blindly toward her bed. In another moment she was flung upon it, in a passion of tears. To have to end all this—to have to end the happy years when she had felt so sure that she and the children were enough—to have next Christmas Day dawn on a nursery to which Daddy was a stranger—!

"What's the matter, Vicky?" Magda asked, late in the afternoon, when Vicky, from sheer inability to do anything more, was lying idle on the couch near the fire in the upstairs sitting-room and the older woman was sitting near, pulling gently at the heavy gold coat of the great cat that lay on her knees.

"Matter?" Vicky responded brightly. "Too much Christmas!"

"It isn't that," said Magda, not deceived.

"I think maybe I've a cold coming on. I hope we get through tomorrow comfortably," Vicky said, carefully sensible and commonplace. "Then I can take it a little more easily! Things always pile up on Christmas Eve."

"Yes, but it isn't that," Magda repeated, after a pause. "You were crying this morning. What's the matter?"

Vicky turned raised eyebrows toward her in innocent surprise; broke, and looked at the fire, biting her lip.

"What is it?" persisted Magda.

"It's nothing—really."

A silence. The older woman shrugged.

"All right," Magda said then. "It's nothing."

"It's only," Vicky began deliberately, in a thick voice that cleared as she went on. "It's only that I think Quentin and I are going to be divorced."

Their eyes met fully; both women looked back at the fire.

"Feel that way about it?" Magda said mildly.

Victoria looked up quickly.

"You know why?" she demanded in surprise.

"I suppose so," Magda said reluctantly. She jerked her head in the general direction of the Morrison house.

"You know about it then, Mother?"

"Well—as much as there was to know—"

"There's everything to know!" Vicky said desperately, grimly.

"You don't know that, Vicky. Nobody ever knows that."

"You know it if he admits it."

"You mean he's admitted it?" Magda was surprised now.

Victoria was silent. After a while she said, unsteadily, "If he denied it, I'd believe him. I'd believe him because of all—of our—of—"

Voice and self-control failed her together; the fire was suddenly arrows and darts through her tears.

"But I know it's true," she presently added in a heartbroken voice.

There was a long pause.

"Men get crushes on pretty women," Magda offered, uncertainly.

"This isn't that sort of thing."

"Don't take it so seriously, Vic!" her mother urged, after a silence in which she had obviously been casting about for something to say.

"Seriously!" Vicky blew her nose, wiped her eyes, spoke in a quite determined voice. "I'm not going to make any fuss," she said. "But of course, if that's what Quentin wants, I won't stand in his way."

"But of course he doesn't want it! He's devoted to you and the children," Magda said quickly.

SHE looked expectantly, anxiously at her daughter, but Vicky, who had rested an elbow on the couch where she was half sitting and half lying, had tightened the fingers of one hand over her eyes, and did not speak.

"Vicky," her mother presently began placatingly, in real uneasiness, "you wouldn't break up a home like this just because Quentin happened to look at another woman?"

"What else can a woman do when everything she's ever loved and trusted—" Vicky stopped abruptly, choked by the tears that rose in her throat. "After all, one has some pride!" she added, in a lower tone. "Oh, it's all so horrible," she said bitterly, half aloud.

"She'd marry him, like a shot," Magda predicted. "She'd get a divorce and a big settlement from Spencer Morrison, and then she'd marry Quentin."

"She can," Vicky said, trembling.

"She knows Quentin is going to be the biggest of them all," Magda went on. "How old is he, Vic?"

"Nearly forty-five."

"Ah, well," Magda said, "that's the time they get them!"

Victoria did not question this cryptic summary; she was not listening.

"I'd like to know what Quentin would think if I began to carry on an affair with a man next door!" she said bitterly. "I'd feel so sick with—with *shame*, with *weakness*—"

"Men think it is strength," Magda

observed innocently, during the pause.

"It's weakness and cruelty and stupidity!" Victoria said, in a whisper. "Why can't a woman who has a husband of her own let another woman's man alone? Why can he trample me into the dust, kill my faith in him and my love for him, and go along perfectly satisfied with himself, while I stay at home here getting uglier and tireder and stupider every day, raising his children, keeping him comfortable—!"

She stopped. The room was still for a moment as Anna came in to light a lamp and to draw the curtains.

"Would you like some tea, Mrs. Hardisty? The doctor telephoned that he'd asked Dr. Bledsoe for dinner, and that might put it off a little late."

"Yes, let's have tea. We'll have tea, Anna," Magda said.

"It seems so ridiculous to go on with the tree and the turkey when everything has gone to wreck and ruin," Victoria observed drearily when the maid was gone.

"I know. There are times like that."

"It's like a death," Vicky said. "It's worse than a death!"

"Oh, no, it isn't, Vic. It happens all the time."

"But it never seemed as if it would happen to me." Vicky fell into brooding thought. "It ends everything—everything that I ever built into my life," she said. "Perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps men like the sort of women who go right on in marriage and have their own affairs! Perhaps a home and children and a woman who loves him aren't enough."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" Magda said soothingly. But something in her false tone made Vicky laugh suddenly.

"But you think that, don't you, Mother?" she asked, looking up, her haggard cheeks suddenly scarlet.

"Well, yes—and no," Magda said, pondering. "I think most men would like a mother-wife and a—a show-off wife," she formulated it slowly. "They love home first, and to find a big steak ready, and a fire, and someone to love them in a quiet sort of way. And then they like another woman to flatter them, and meet them places, and be admired."

VICKY considered this, a faint scowl between her heavy brows.

"And what would a man think of a wife who felt that way?"

"Oh, well, you can't go by that, Vicky!" Magda assured her hastily.

"No, you can't go by anything," Vicky lifelessly agreed.

"In the old days, you see, it was harder for 'em!" Magda presently observed.

"Harder for wives?"

"No, harder for the other women."

"How d'you mean harder?"

"Well, before there was so much divorce," Magda offered simply. "A woman had to be a man's mistress then, and that wasn't so good. Other women wouldn't speak to her, and the man himself got pretty sick of it after a while. Then he came back to his wife."

"If she was a spineless fool," supplied Vicky.

"She didn't have much choice. That's the way things were."

"That isn't the way things are now! Women have changed all that, at least. God knows it's not fair, even now, that men can do what they do, and get away with it! But at least a woman doesn't have to make a doormat of herself!"

"In the old days she forgave him, and in a few weeks he forgot all about it," Magda said.

"I haven't any doubt he did."

"But now his wife gets a divorce, and then he has to marry the other woman, and she's won out."

"Not always," Vicky said. "The man is apt to find that he didn't want her quite as much as he thought he did. Quentin may wreck my life," she added. "But I wonder how he'll feel when he discovers that he's wrecked his own, lost his children, made himself ridiculous—" she paused.

"AS FAR as the children go, if a man is successful and makes money," Magda said, "they pretty soon find good reasons for getting back to him. He takes one to Europe, or he gives another a car—they don't take sides. You never resented anything I did, poor kid!"

"Yes, but that was my mother!"

"I know. But I was the one who got out—I threw Keith Herendeen over. You know, Vic, it's an awful mistake to bring children into a quarrel, because they don't understand and it just scares them."

"I certainly wouldn't bring them into this!" Victoria protested almost indignantly.

"Well, I didn't suppose you would. All you tell 'em is that Daddy is going to be away for a while, and that you feel happy about it."

"Oh, my God," Victoria prayed, in an agonized whisper, as the full sense of her own helplessness and of the desperate nature of the situation strengthened in her heart. Daddy going to be away for a while—no Quentin to come into her room from the dressing-room in the early morning. No tired doctor for whom to call at the office so proudly, so lovingly, in the late afternoons, and drive home to warmth and fire and heartening dinner. No picnics on the scimitar-shore of Halfmoon Bay, with Quentin's big figure recumbent and asleep on the sand, and small forms, barelegged to the hip, dipping and running in the level, warm rush of waves!

"'Feel happy about it!'" she echoed bitterly. And in despair she added, "I shall never feel happy again! There's nothing I can do. Whatever I do is wrong!"

"People get over divorce," Magda said.

"I never will."

"Funny thing," Magda mused, as her daughter's passionate accents died away into silence. "If a woman—I mean the wife, now—could only keep her mouth shut and wait, she'd win out every time."

"You mean kiss a man, and be kind to him, and keep his house comfortable, and let him go off to the other woman whenever he likes?" Victoria asked, in a proud, quick voice.

"Yep. About that."

"You mean *knowing* that he was unfaithful, *knowing* that he despised her and wanted to get away from her, *knowing* that another woman was reveling in his compliments and presents—in the love that belonged to her, to keep it up for weeks—?"

The indignant summary halted; Victoria, her cheeks scarlet, was looking a challenge at her mother.

"Weeks!" Magda echoed. "Months, anyway. Years, maybe."

"Years!" Vicky echoed. And with a

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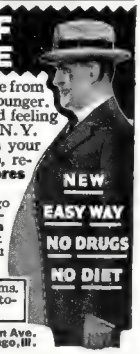

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brief and mirthless laugh she plunged her head into her hands and rumpled her hair. "You make me *laugh*," she muttered scornfully.

"You don't think, Mother," she added, more quietly, "that any woman who had borne a man five children, spent years of care and love on his own child, nursed him when he was ill, worried over his bills and his diet for seven years—you don't think that that woman can calmly put up with his setting up a—a mistress, and shaming her and wronging her, and wronging his own children, too? And then, when he's tired," Victoria rushed on, warming to her subject, "and comes home calmly, she is to forgive him, and make a fuss over him again! Well, perhaps there are women who could do it, but I'm not one of them!"

"No, I didn't say that there were women who could do it," Magda observed mildly. "I just said that *if* a woman could do it she'd always win out."

"Win the other woman's leavings, you mean!"

"Well, in a way, I suppose. And as I say, Vicky, it may go on for years. Three years, four years—but then the break comes. Her husband—and he's just as good, or as kind, or whatever he was, as ever—comes back. Unless she's said something he can't forget, or done something radical, he comes back. Then it's the other woman's turn to worry—the wife is holding thirteen trumps. She's got his children, his home, she's gentle and kind and respectable, just as she always was."

"Thank you," Vicky said, trembling. "I don't seem to care for the rôle!"

"Oh, no, you can't," Magda agreed sympathetically. "I don't believe a woman alive could do it. It's too much. All the hard work for you, shut up in a country house with your children, and he taking the girl friend to New York! But all I said was, Vic, that she wants something you've got, and you don't have to give it up to her unless you feel like it."

"I hardly want to hold a man who wants to get free, Mother."

THERE was a barb, surely. But no, Magda turned it aside with that maddening, simple air of hers that Vicky couldn't believe masked any consciousness of how she was fencing.

"That's it, you see. You want to save yourself what you can."

"Save myself! There's nothing left to save, as far as I'm concerned. But I certainly don't want him to think that I'd hold him after this!"

"That's saving yourself, Vic—saving your pride."

"I don't see it!" Vic said sullenly. But she did see it in an odd flash of clear vision through the murk.

"You quit now," said Magda, "and you miss a big thrill. I've never worked it that way—I've always been on the other side of the fence! But it must be quite a kick, getting your man back."

"Getting part of him back!" Victoria began haughtily. But despair weakened her suddenly, and she ended in a broken echo of her own voice.

"You wouldn't want a man no other woman wanted, Vic. Quentin's yours, as he is, as long as you want him. She couldn't hold him. Ten like her couldn't hold a man—after the first rush is over."

"Yes, but suppose I wait, and put up with it all, and don't get mad, and stand for everything—but I *can't!*" Vic broke off to exclaim despairingly. "But suppose I *did*, somehow; stuck it out somehow and this affair *did* blow over, and she went away, and he came home, sorry and—well, sorry. And then suppose he ran into still another woman, and it was all to do over again? Am I just to sit home knitting, and take it on the jaw again?"

"Well, you see, he works terribly hard, and things are—well, domestic here at home," Magda explained it lamely.

"Domestic! They're his children!"

"Yes, I know. But when a man's nervous and tired and overburdened he reaches out for something that's soft and lazy and that smells of French perfume," Magda elucidated it simply.

"I'd never respect myself again if I countenanced—*encouraged* that sort of thing!" Vicky exclaimed. "Ugh!"

"Oh, they don't care whether you *encourage* them or not, so long as you don't cry and fuss," Magda observed, with her irritating power of making a point while not trying to do anything of the sort. "The minute a man leaves you, what you think doesn't matter to him any more. They can walk right out on things, Vic. Women can't, quite. If you make all this easy for Quentin he'll think you're a good little sport, but he won't care whether you do it by divorce, or by just being decent."

STUPEFIED by this philosophy, and by the blankness and darkness of her thoughts, Victoria was still staring at her mother dully, her brow knitted, when Anna came in to announce a caller. Magda had time only for one more word:

"I've always thought—and I've been thinking it especially lately, Vic—that of all the girls I ever knew you were the one to try the long way—I mean stick to your guns, and not let what anyone does make you anything but what you are. But, mind you, I'm not advising you. You were smarter when you were born than I'll ever be."

Vicky dragged her eyes, eyes into whose mutinous light a new look had suddenly come, from her mother's face to the maid's face. But her thoughts were still upon what Magda had said and she had to have the message repeated.

"Mrs. Morrison, madam. She says she just wants to say 'Merry Christmas!'"

Vicky's color, under the glow of the fire, faded a little. She turned toward her mother. Magda shrugged.

"Say you're not at home," Magda said.

But Vicky, after a hesitant moment, told Anna simply to ask Mrs. Morrison to come upstairs, and a few seconds later Serena came in.

"I had to come up and say 'Merry Christmas,'" Serena said. She was rosy from a cold walk, belted into a long tweed coat with sables loose about her shoulders and a brimmed tweed hat drawn down over her sea-blue eyes. "You're not sick?"

"Lazy," Vicky said. "I've been doing everything at once today, and about an hour ago I simply gave out."

"I can imagine," said Serena. "With so many stockings to fill. Gita was quite envious about it, but I don't think it would be much fun for one child to hang a stocking. I never did it."

Flawlessly lovely. Blond and fresh, her hair a crisp, pale gold against the rough

texture of the hat, her skin of the smooth, deep silkiness of the magnolia petal. Her open coat showed her gown of dark blue silk, and the bare column of her round throat, as pure as milk. Victoria, watching her, felt an inner trembling that was almost a vertigo. How dared she? How *dared* she! Or was this all a troubled dream, one of those dreams that came when she was too tired or lying in some uncomfortable attitude that twisted body as well as mind?

If it was a dream it was singularly, disturbingly real. The flickering fire that had died down to a few broken logs; the drawn curtains at the windows; the pink teacups and the old silver teapot, these were no dream. And Magda, frilled and rouged and crimped, sunk in her chair, watching the guest suspiciously, she was not a dream.

LASTLY, it was not a dream to hear the front door bang, and Quentin's step on the stairs, and his voice at the door.

"Hello, Vicky! Having tea? Hello, Magda— Oh," said Quentin, his voice dropping. "Serena? I didn't see you."

They shifted about a little, to make room for him; Anna brought fresh toast and more tea. Vicky put her hand to her disordered hair; Serena sat, a picture of radiant beauty, in her loosened furs, with the firelight glowing in her eyes.

"Quentin, I'm disgraceful!" his wife said. "But I've been on the go all day."

Her voice trembled, her hand trembled, but not one noticed it unless Magda did, and she gave no sign.

"I'll bet you have. You got the wreaths up? Did the Emporium stuff come?"

"Everything's come, I think. The spare-room looks like a toy shop."

Vicky had gotten to her feet, poured his tea; she stood now, looking down upon him. And as he glanced up, handsome, relaxed after the hard day, she wished in her heart that he and she were dead, and lying in the warm, kind earth somewhere together, with this bit of living well behind them

"I only came in to say 'Merry Christmas,'" Serena, who had this little phrase well in hand, repeated once more.

"Nice that you did! Well, it's certainly going to be a cold one," Quentin said.

"Are you going out tonight, Quentin? They telephoned from the San Mateo hospital about an hour ago."

"I stopped there on the way down. No, Bledsoe's coming, at about eight—maybe earlier. Is that too late for dinner? And then aren't we finishing off the tree?"

"There isn't very much to do."

It was cruel, this semblance of the old happy holidays, this reminder of the wonderful hours when he and she, together in their own house in the depth of the winter's night, had finished off all the surprises for the children, had filled the little stockings on so many Christmas Eves! Vicky began to think that what she had undertaken to do would be too much for her. Anything rather than hypocrisy and pretense between them, after so many years!

And yet instinct taught her, and native courage helped her, to chat along idly with Serena, and presently to excuse herself and go off to the nursery. She left her mother with Quentin and Serena, but after a wild half-hour with the children, when she was going to her room for a bath and a sleep, she met Magda on the stairs.

"Are you going to give him any hint, Vicky?" Magda asked.

"Of what?" Vicky said heavily, with averted eyes.

"That you're not going to stand for it?"

"No," Vicky said slowly. "Perhaps—" she added, scowling a little, still looking away, "perhaps I am."

"I think you were smart to let her come up," Magda commented. "I mean, if you're going to make a break, make a break. And if you're not, play the game right up to the handle."

"I don't think anything I can do now is smart," Vicky said.

"I wish to goodness there was something I could do to help you, Vic."

"You do help me, Mother. You did," Vicky said, going on her way.

But she did not say how. She did not say that that last phrase of her mother's, uttered just as Anna had come into the room to announce Serena, had somehow reached her heart—reached her soul; had changed blank despair to despairing resolution.

"I've always thought that of all the girls I ever knew, Vic," Magda had said, "you were the one to try the long way, to stick to your guns, and not let what anyone else does make you anything but what you are."

Vicky went into her room, got out of her clothes, and turned the water into the bathtub Wandering about in a scant cotton kimono, she gathered up odds and ends of tissue paper and ribbon; cardboard boxes, papers. These fed the wood fire; Vicky crossed two logs on the brass fire-dogs, and, fresh and rested after her hot bath, curled herself up on the bed for half an hour's rest before dinner.

Her heart failed her for a moment, and everything looked black and hopeless again. Then she heard Quentin splashing in the bathroom; heard the shower going. And another phrase of her mother's casual talk in the sitting-room that afternoon came to her, and somehow gave her courage: "Quentin's yours, as he is, as long as you want him."

"As he is, ' Vicky thought. "He married me as I am, and I married him as he is. If he s that way—"

She was half asleep when he came to her door, and stood there in the shadows. The bathroom behind him was dark now, and the only light in her room was the green-shaded reading lamp beside her bed.

"Coming down?"

Victoria had to clear her throat. She made a second effort to speak.

"In five minutes. Is Harold here?"

"Just heard his car." Quentin disappeared, and Victoria resolutely reopened her book, and forced her eyes and her attention to a dozen of the immortal lines of *Antony and Cleopatra* before getting up and setting briskly about her dressing.

IN LITTLE more than the promised five minutes she descended to the library; the drawing-room doors were locked upon the heaped packages and the partly trimmed tree. Magda and the men were in the library. Dr. Bledsoe had brought his contribution to the Christmas of the famous Hardisty nursery, and Vicky, looking young and slim and still faintly weary, in her loose, soft blue velvet gown, smiled up at him as she thanked him with all her usual composure. (*Continued on page 158*)

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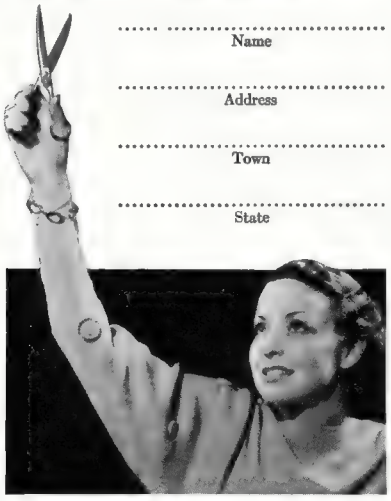

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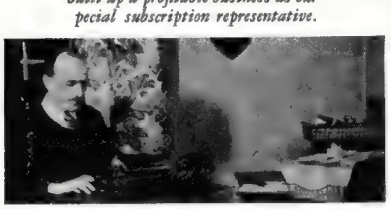

"Christmas tree, eh, Vic?" Quentin asked, when the guest was gone.

"I can finish it if you're too tired."

"I'm not tired."

"I'm going to jump into a smock—those packages are dusty!"

Vicky, one hand pressed against her heart, went upstairs, and when she came down, in comfortable old slippers and a linen smock of faded, much-washed blue, Quentin was attacking crates and packages with great good will.

Magda sat in a deep chair, stuffing the small stockings with the little gifts Victoria sorted out for her. Victoria scribbled names with a red pencil, licked little holly pasters scented with wintergreen, tied ribbons. The clock raced; it was midnight, and Christmas horns were sounding from the village when she and Quentin went upstairs.

"Four hours of any physical work is mighty tiring!" Quentin said. "Well, Merry Christmas, Magda! Merry Christmas, Mummy!"

"Merry Christmas!" Vicky responded.

She went into her own room, set her alarm clock for seven, got quickly into bed, and cried herself to sleep. . . .

THE only talk they were to have on the subject for almost a long year came a few days later, when the Christmas tree had been sawed into short lengths that were still draped here and there with odd scraps of cotton and tinsel, and when Vicky and Quentin had the sitting-room fire to themselves, after Magda had gone to bed.

"There, that's perfectly safe now. We can put the screen up and let it burn itself out," Victoria said.

She got to her feet, flung out her arms in the great gesture of a yawn.

"Tired?" Quentin asked.

"Not uncomfortably tired. I get completely tired every day, that's all, and by this time—by ten o'clock I can scarcely keep my eyes open."

"I was wondering—" Quentin began, and stopped abruptly. "Wondering if you'd like to get away."

"Get away?" She was honestly taken by surprise.

"Yep. Take Gwen and Susan, or Kenty, if you liked, and go on a trip somewhere?"

Victoria sat down again, looking at him. Her heart had turned to ice.

"How could I possibly get away, Quentin? What of the twins, and Maddy?"

"Well, I think it's too much for you," Quentin persisted gruffly and stupidly.

"I see," Victoria presently said slowly. "But how could we afford that, now?"

To this Quentin made no answer. After a time he said, irrelevantly, "You see, I may have to be in town a good deal this winter."

"You mean overnight?"

"Sometimes." He did not look at her.

"At the club?"

'Well, no. Swanson has taken a little place on Pine Street and he'd like me to go into it with him."

"But I thought Dr. Swanson was going to Los Angeles?"

"He'll be back and forth, he says."

"I see," Vicky said again, pondering. Her heart was beating fast, and she felt her spine cold—her hands cold and wet. "It's Serena, isn't it, Quentin?" she added, almost involuntarily. She had not meant to ask it: it was said.

Quentin glanced quickly across at her, looked back at the fire. His eyes narrowed and she saw his jaw stiffen.

"Uh-huh," he said simply.

"You like her terribly, don't you?" Vicky pursued, turning the knife in her heart.

"Oh, it isn't that!" Quentin said impatiently. "If it was just my *liking* her it wouldn't matter! Everyone likes her; I don't suppose she's met a man in ten years who hasn't fallen for her. No, it isn't what I feel for her," Quentin went on after a moment. "It's that—that I can't see any sense in hurting *her*.

"She's so darned decent," he added. "She's such a sport about it. I don't know how well you understand her, Vicky, or how well you like her—she thinks you don't like her. But if you knew her you'd have to like her. She's just like a little girl. She's always wanted someone to love—she told me the other day that for a while she had a little gray cat, and she adored it. When it was killed she made a wreath of little roses for its grave.

"I don't know," Quentin said, smiling tenderly at the fire. "I don't know why it seems to me so touching to think of that woman, hungry all her life for something to love, weaving those little roses into a wreath for a cat!"

"What about Spencer?" Victoria asked simply after a silence. "She has him."

"What did you say?"

"Didn't she love Spencer?"

"No, that was a funny thing, too. She tells me—"

Quentin told the whole story eagerly, believingly. It was the story Magda had told her daughter years before; the story of the beautiful woman wheedled into marriage on the promise of love sure to follow. Spencer, and Ferdy so long ago, and all the other men to whom these beautiful women later were to prove false, had promised to "love enough for two."

"SHE'S as sorry as I am," Quentin presently finished.

Victoria, with a start, came back from the past.

"About caring for you?" Vicky cleared her throat.

"It took her by surprise," he said, nodding with all a boy's solemn, fatuous pride. "She—poor little thing, she's never felt anything like it before. It makes me a little ashamed, Vic. I don't see what she sees in me, or what any woman does, for that matter.

"She kept it from me for a long while. And then—oh, this was some time before Christmas, we were having lunch together, and at that time were just friends, understand—" He paused, with the lover's fond, absent smile fixed on the fire.

"She told me we couldn't lunch together any more," he said. "I said 'Nonsense!' In the first place, Vic, we both like the same silly little place to eat—we're both crazy about 'Julius's' up on the hill. And then, for another thing, she's got the darn'dest level head I ever saw on any woman; I can talk cases with her—you'd be amazed at what she knows. She'll think of some simple little thing—it's the darn'dest thing I ever saw!"

"It must be."

"Funny for me to be telling you all this," Quentin (*Continued on page 160*)

Castaway's Library

RECENTLY we were asked a provocative question: "If you were forced to live entirely by yourself for several years and could take but five books, which five would you choose?"

We passed the question on to a number of distinguished people in various fields of activity, and here are their replies.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT:

The Bible — Copeland's Selections
Peter Ibbetson — John Brown's Body
The Home Book of Verse

NORMAN ROCKWELL, artist:

This list sounds as though I am the Boy Scout of the Five-Foot Bookshelf. Anyway, I would go crazy if I were entirely by myself for several years. . . . After all, two years is a long time. Couldn't I sneak in a few short stories?

Anna Karenina—Leo Tolstoy
War and Peace—Leo Tolstoy
Small Souls—Louis Couperus
Crime and Punishment—Dostoevski
A Sentimental Journey—Sterne

IRVIN S. COBB, author and humorist:

The Bible — Huckleberry Finn
Shakespeare — Pickwick Papers
Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire

C. F. KETTERING, president of the General Motors Research Corporation:

Some of the older English physicists, such as Faraday and Maxwell (perhaps two books)
One book on the History of Civilization
One book on Modern Physics
One book on Modern Chemistry

I would supplement this list with a pad of paper and a couple of dozen lead pencils, and when several years were up I believe I would be able to clarify some of the provoking questions with which the modern physicist is faced today.

EDDIE CANTOR, comedian:

The Bible — Oliver Twist
Main Street — Huckleberry Finn
Life Begins at Forty

LILLIAN D. WALD, noted social worker, Founder of Henry Street Settlement:

I am not ignoring your question; on the contrary, I have thought a good deal about it. But I am sure that no five books could be all-sufficient for several years. Needs are not static. A poet or philosopher might be lost for that time in study or in contemplation. Please try someone less involved in the world that is.

WALT DISNEY, creator of Mickey Mouse:

White House Cook Book
Boy Scouts' Manual
Joe Miller's Joke Book
Webster's Dictionary
The Bible

DON MARQUIS, author and humorist:

One of the books would be a copy of Shakespeare's plays, and the other four would be books by myself, which I am too modest to name more specifically.

PS. I dragged in Shakespeare in this relation because it is conventional—or it might seem conceited if I made all five of the books my own.

LEWIS E. LAWES, warden of Sing Sing:

Since I would obviously be still in the prison game, I'd take:

Les Miserables — Shakespeare
The Bible — David Copperfield

Last, but not least, Anthony Adverse. That would probably take me five years to absorb.

HERVEY ALLEN, author of *Anthony Adverse:*

The Bible — Odyssey
Iliad — Milton's Poems
Arabia Deserta—Doughty

BOOTH TARKINGTON:

Plays of Shakespeare
Pepys' Diary
Joan of Arc—Albert Bigelow Paine
The Collectors—F. J. Mather, Jr.
Plutarch's Lives

LOWELL THOMAS, explorer, author, radio news commentator:

Here are the five books that are first to pop into my mind:

Combined Russian grammar and abridged dictionary.
Unabridged English dictionary
Oxford Book of English Verse
The Bible
Best textbook on Astronomy

Another good idea would be to take five of my own books and rewrite 'em. If you ask me next week, my list will be different!

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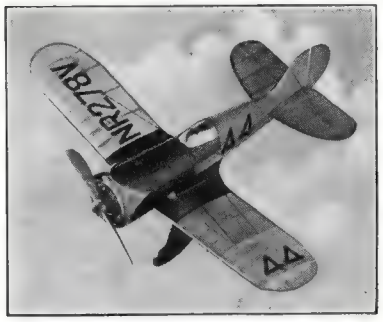

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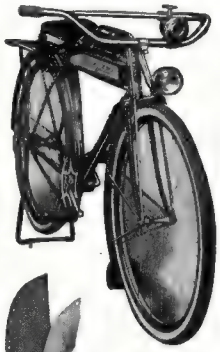

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interrupted his rhapsodies to say with a touch of simple surprise. "But she wanted me to. She's as honest as a piece of glass, and it's worried her a good deal. She has this feeling about you, Vic—you know she admires you a lot—and she has the feeling that you'll understand."

"I do," Vicky said, finding her voice with a little effort.

"Now, here's the whole thing," Quentin resumed with relief. "You know her and you know me. She's not—I'm going to be quite frank about it and admit that that was the first thing I thought of—but she's not the mistress type. That's an awful thing to say of an—an exquisite woman, but I have to say it to give you the situation. Nobody takes any liberties with *her*. A couple of weeks ago when we dined in town together and came down here—"

"I remember. The night before Christmas Eve."

"That was it. I brought her home that night, and we went in to the little study back of the drawing-room over at their house, and I think we talked for four hours. She'd say, 'We must think of Vicky—we mustn't do anything to hurt her!' That day when I came home and found her here—'member? Christmas Eve—I said to her, 'Why, you crazy little thing, you mustn't come over here—you mustn't do things like this!' And she said, 'This is just what I must do, lover. Vicky mustn't ever feel that anything's strange or wrong.'

"I mean," he finished, "that she thinks of things like that. She's got a heart as big as a barn. And I'll be darned if I know what to do!"

VICTORIA was silent for a while, looking fixedly into the fire. Then she said temperately:

"You feel that something must be done?"

Quentin sent her a startled glance.

"Well, gosh, Vicky, she can't go on this way, you know. Her life over there is simply hell; that's what it is. Morrison never has appreciated her, he's completely wrapped up in his own troubles, and what has she to live for?

"We've tried to kill the thing," he went on, as Victoria neither spoke, nor raised her head from her thoughtful contemplation of the fire. "We've said we wouldn't see each other," Quentin said. "Today—I saw her today; she said—and if you'd seen her you'd know she meant it, too! She said, 'We aren't going to take anything away from Vicky—we didn't ask for this to happen to us—we're just trapped!'"

"What do you want to do, Quentin?" Vicky asked at last, in a temperate, expressionless voice.

His tawny, rumpled head was sunk in his big hands; he spoke hopelessly:

"I don't know. I told her today that I thought you'd jump at taking a couple of the kids off for a holiday—France, maybe."

Her world was tottering about her; she heard the hurricane shrieking in her ears, breathed the rush of smothering dust, felt the good earth shake. But Victoria spoke quietly:

"I couldn't take all six children to Europe. It wouldn't be good for them, and it would cost a fortune!"

"Not if we closed this house."

"But we own this house!"

"I know. But it's darned expensive to run, and I tell you I get awfully tired, Vicky. Mock Suey and Anna and Nurse and Claus and all of them—it's a responsibility! You wouldn't have to take all the children. You could take—say, Susan and the baby."

"And what of Gwen and the boys?"

"Gwen's big enough for school."

"But she dreads the very idea."

"She'd get over that—they always do And Serena'd keep an eye on the little kids She adores babies—says she doesn't understand 'em when they get older, but she loves 'em when they're little!"

"You mean leave them here in the house with Nurse and a cook and take the others off to Europe?"

"Well—" His tone was dubious, faintly irritated. He was still tumbling his hair with restless fingers. "We could make some arrangement," he said. "What I mean is, it doesn't seem fair to have you here slaving yourself to death for the kids, when—when things have changed so. There's no use of three people being unhappy, when with a little common sense everyone'd be satisfied.

"This is as much a surprise to me as you, Vick. It came to me like a thunderbolt, the other day, when she told me what it meant to her. She said she wished she never had met me—she actually said that.

"Now, I owe her—I *owe* her some consideration about it. She'd got some rights in this matter. It's too bad when it happens this way, but the only thing is to be honest, and to work it out for the best for all parties."

"This," Vicky said in her soul, "is just about one thousand times harder than I thought it possibly could be! Is he losing his mind?"

"A woman who feels as deeply as that, you don't know what she'd do if she got desperate," Quentin was saying seriously, as she said nothing aloud. "It's—it's almost pitiful to see it, Vic—it makes a man feel like a fool to say it, but it's pitiful how she cares for me, and how like a kid she is about it! 'It hurts!' she said to me the other day. And she'll ask me what I had for dinner, and how my headache is, and everything. She says she's been waiting for me all her life."

Victoria glanced at him without speaking, glanced back at the dying fire. Quentin said, with a bashful laugh:

"Does this sound like an awful lot of tommy-rot to you?"

"I'm awfully glad we can talk of it honestly, Quentin."

"And you do believe that it doesn't in the least affect what I feel for you and the children, Vic? I mean—that's separate. It's simply that you come to a time in your life when you've got to be fair to all hands."

"You mean that you want a divorce?"

THE instant she said it she knew that it was a mistake. She should not have been the one to introduce this word. But at least it seemed to be no shock to Quentin. He said, with a half-smile for the fire:

"She says she simply hates the word. She was divorced once, and the idea makes her sick. I suppose it makes any decent woman sick."

"I suppose it does," Victoria said dryly. "But I thought Gita's father died?"

"He did. This divorce was after her first marriage, when she was only sixteen. She ran away from school—it was all a mis-

take, and it crushed her—she said she turned from child to woman overnight. She's never had any girlhood. Yes, then afterward she was married to Gita's father, and he died a few years later, in China. She met Morrison there."

"Whatever you decide to do, Quentin," Victoria said, after a moment, standing up as an indication that the conversation was over, "count on leaving me here with the children. I couldn't leave any of them—it would only mean expense and trouble for you. I'll stay here—I'm glad we've talked about it, anyway, and I think I'll go up to bed. Good night."

"I think you're a tremendous sport to take it this way. Let me talk to her—she'll work it all!" Quentin said.

The library door closed; there was no other answer.

"He's a genius, of course," Vicky said to herself, against the surge of pain in her heart, as she went slowly upstairs in the big house that of late had seemed so wintry and desolate. "He's a genius, and geniuses have times of not knowing what they're doing or saying! Everyone says that Quentin is in a class by himself—he's temporarily out of his mind; that's all!"

SHE looked across at the Morrison house; its tiled Spanish roofs and balconies, its oaks and peppers, were brightly lighted by the cold January moon.

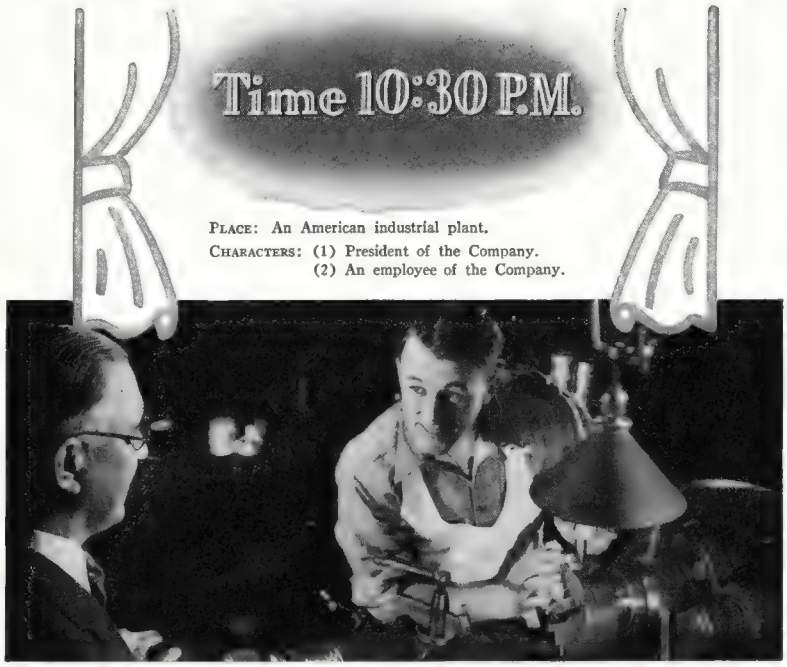
"All right, Serena," she said half aloud, apostrophizing the dim light that shone in the window she knew to be Serena's window. "All right—wait for him to telephone. He will. He said five minutes ago that he'd empty the ash trays and lock the doors, and that always means he's going to telephone you. Let him tell you he's had a 'talk with Vicky, and she was surprisingly sensible,' and say, 'Ah, lover, then maybe we can begin to plan tomorrow!'

"But from now on it's my will against your admirable little-girl innocence, Serena. He'll never get free of me, for I'll never consent to it. He'll never marry you while I live, and I'm not going to die! I'm going to be right here, and after a while you'll give in because there's nothing else for you to do. You're his now—you've all you're going to have from him—the rest is all mine! I'm the wife, and my children are the children, and I can wait. I'll know it all—I'll be pitied, and women will hint things to me, and I'll keep still!

"Quentin can come to me for his freedom some day—he will. He'll come to me and ask me if I'll consent to a divorce, and I'll say 'No.' He'll argue that there's no use in having three people miserable instead of one—I've heard that before. I know all about that. And because I love him, and he's my husband and not yours, and because of the future that belongs to me and my children, I'll still say 'No.' He shan't ruin his life for you, or mine either. It's his business to straighten out bones that are rotten and twisted, and mine to take care of him and his home and his honor, and just because he goes crazy for a while isn't going to cost him everything we've built up together!

"You take your day, Serena—go ahead! Take a year, take two years. Flatter him, and meet him for lunch, and take his presents, and hate me. Hate me because I won't give you your way. But in the end I'll win!"

(To be continued)



PRESIDENT: *What are you doing here at this hour of night? No one has authorized overtime.*

EMPLOYEE: *I'm working on my own time, sir. There's a tough job coming up tomorrow and I want to be ready to handle it. I hope you don't mind.*

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Listen: This very night, at 10:30 P. M. and later, *that* man (multiplied by many thousands) will be working *on his own time* so he may do a better job for his employer tomorrow. Of course he expects to benefit ultimately because of it—isn't this the fundamental principle of individual progress in American industry? But the point is, he is making an investment in himself that must pay dividends to his employers before there is any change in his own pay envelope.

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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

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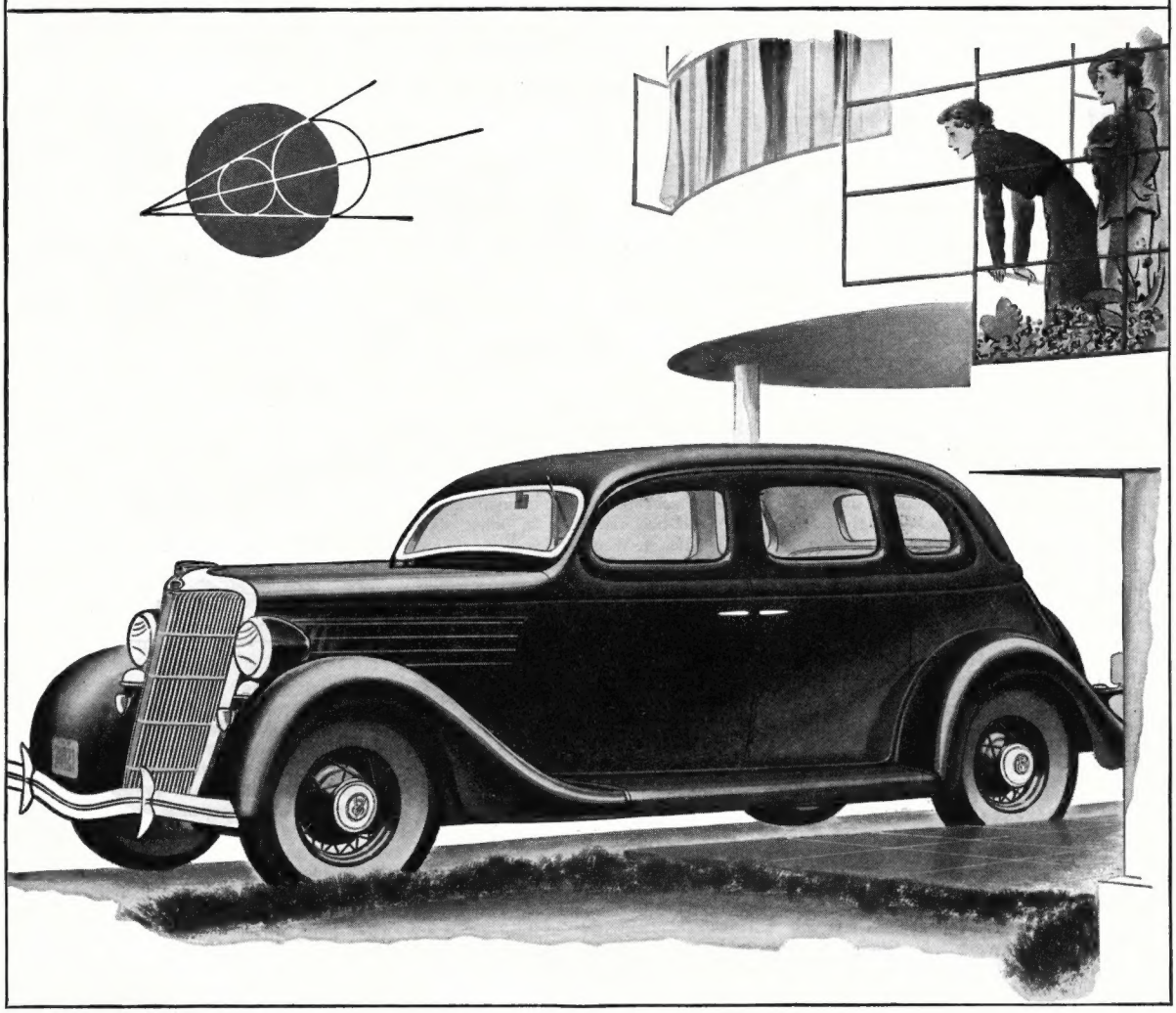
THE NEW FORD V·8 FOR 1935



Beauty—Comfort—Safety . . . and V·8 Performance

ALL FOUR of these features of the New Ford V-8 for 1935 reveal important progress in automobile design and manufacture. . . . You note the modern spirit of the car in its distinctive, flowing lines. It is reflected also in its remarkable riding comfort, especially in the back seat. This is due to a fundamental change in weight distribution, new seat position and new, longer springs of unusual flexibility. You ride nearer the center of the car—forward of the rear axle. The lengthened springbase is a further factor in the comfort of the New Ford V-8. . . . The wider, roomier bodies are all-steel and all body types are equipped throughout with Safety Glass at no additional cost. Other safety features are new ease of steering and the improved quick-stopping brakes. . . . The story of Ford V-8 performance is told on every highway, on every hill, and at every traffic light. Owners' figures on cost of operation and up-keep show that the Ford V-8 is the most dependable and economical Ford car ever built.

What the Readers Say

Youth and the Machine

PHOENIX, Ariz.—I am a young man, 28 years old, and have recently been a candidate for public office. As my platform, I promised to close up the saloons and liquor dives; to prosecute all crimes vigorously; to enforce the dairy law of my state, and thereby save for my fellow dairymen about 20 per cent of their profits; to enforce the alien land law of my state. I promised, above all, a good, clean, honest administration, and I meant what I promised. I came in fourth in the primaries, receiving only a smattering of votes. The man who got the nomination had no platform. He is an admitted failure, and said, himself, that he wanted the office merely for personal gain. He is admittedly a friend of the vice element and was openly backed by that element. . . . Well, what's the answer? Mine is that honesty did not pay in this campaign; that apparently the only way to win a public office is to use the machine, which is composed of greedy politicians.—L. R. F.

Hubert Kelley contributes to this issue a fine article on the Youth Movement in politics. Read "Youth Goes Into Action," and take heart.

Air

BALBOA, Panama, C. Z.—Every reader in my squadron agrees with me that you have a very good magazine. But—may I please criticize just this once?—*I Don't Go Out With Sailors*, by Ruth Burr Sanborn (Nov.), isn't up to THE AMERICAN'S standard. I know the Navy, and I'll say it isn't at all true. The dialogue was terrible. Sailors of today's Navy probably know more and use more correct diction than the average civilian. Most of us are high-school graduates, some with a year or more of college. I have yet to hear such rotten English as was used in the story. I know, for one, that if the girl behind the counter used such language I'd never try to make her go out with me. We may swear more than is necessary, but even that we do with a certain air.—C. N. A.

But even the girl behind the counter decided in the end that the Navy was "real edjacational."

Original

MANHEIM, Pa.—Again THE AMERICAN wins first honors for originality by printing a most interesting article transmitted by radio from Little America. *Months After Sundown*, by Charles J. V. Murphy, in the November issue, is a fine addition to my collection of pictures and clippings of the Byrd expedition.—Miss E. B.

Random Shots

Coronado, Calif.—The only women that have a nobility of soul are our mothers and older women-folk.—C. A.

Bridgeton, N. J.—Why not print something that will make the world better?—Miss E. C. H.

Kenmore, N. Y.—I have no doubt that obscene books were published years ago, but at least they were recognized as such and had no place in polite society.—Mrs. A. W. A.

Jacksonville, Ill.—Why are CCC camps created for boys, while girls are left jobless, moneyless, and often homeless and hungry?—M. E. T.

Rockford, Ill.—You make one big mistake: Religion does not seem to have a place in your magazine.—E. M. J.

Hayward, Calif.—Democracy is when a hick Congress is elected through mass hysteria and passes radical laws.—A. H.

Blanca, Colo.—The lowest, most despicable thief is one who tries to steal a home from little children.—Miss A. G. K.

City

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was delighted to see one down-trodden city-dweller speak out at last (Mr. R. R. D. in your Reader's Page). We do get a little tired of hearing that the homely virtues are exclusively the property of those who live on farms. The average New Yorker does not spend every evening in a night club. He does not live on a diet of caviar and champagne. He is not a menace to morals. Most of us work hard, make a little money, have a little fun, lead quite sane lives, and manage to be reasonably happy. What more can you ask of any man—rural or urban?—K. L.

Country

CUMMINGTON, Mass.—I want to register my objections to Mr. R. R. D.'s letter in the November Reader's Page. How he can sneer at people who live on farms, when he lives in Brooklyn (which is probably the most desolate section of any large city in America), I cannot understand. Farmers are the backbone of the nation. We live decently and work hard—supplying city folks with their food.—L. C.

Watch your step, L. C. Remember what Manager Bill Terry of the New York Giants said about Brooklyn and what happened to him?

Red Tape

OMAHA, Nebr.—Isn't it about time we started cutting red tape in government? Out here in Nebraska, we voters recently dumped one house overboard, and adopted a unit state legislature of from 30 to 50 members. Why shouldn't this procedure be followed in other states and also in the United States Congress? It would save money and speed up legislation.—T. S.

Maybe. But in the last quarter century many efforts have been made to pass such measures in other states. Vermont had a single house for 59 years, but abandoned it in 1836. Many political scientists are enthusiastic about the idea, and point out that lawmaking bodies of many city governments have operated successfully on a one-house plan.

Adventurers

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Last night, just after finishing Richard Halliburton's delightful *Royal Road to Romance*, I picked up the August number of THE AMERICAN and read Thomas Sugrue's *Just a Tourist*. The contrast was nauseating. Both adventurers set out in quest of the same thing. Halliburton found it and brought it back alive in the pages of his book. But Sugrue—flat, insipid! Why can't THE AMERICAN give us a *real* adventurer? And while I'm on the subject, there seems to be a little disagreement between the two gentlemen. Your Sugrue states that the world's smallest republic is San Marino, located on the northeastern coast of Italy, with a population of 13,000. Halliburton claims that the oldest and smallest republic is Andorra, high up in the Pyrenees, with a population of 6,000. Now, which of these gentlemen, I ask you, is correct?—Miss M. A. S.

Tom Sugrue is correct. Andorra isn't a republic, being only semi-independent. It has remained under the joint suzerainty of the French State and the Spanish bishops of Urgel ever since 1278.

Gem

MARTINEZ, Calif.—All the colorful, talented, saintly, and sinful characters of fiction, with their brilliant, exotic, tragic, or startling careers have always made me and my life seem colorless and useless. Then, in the back of the October issue of THE AMERICAN, I discovered *It's Smart to be Natural*, by Ransom Beckwith. I bow to a literary gem.—Miss E. R.

Don't let the exciting saints and sinners discourage you. As Scattergood says, "Nobuddy kin be's good as he aims to be; and nobuddy kin be as bad."

Calico Anniversary . . . Second Year

"Here's to our Golden Wedding"

. . . AND THE EXTRA DELICIOUSNESS OF THIS PEERLESS AMERICAN WHISKEY

It is indeed reassuring to see the way American taste . . . after trying one thing and another . . . is rediscovering the delicious difference in this exquisite old favorite. Its ingredients . . . nothing but our own country's richly flavorful grains. Its distillers . . . the real "Old Hands" of the whiskey business. Its average age . . . 4 YEARS OLD. A real American whiskey . . . distilled, barreled and bottled in the United States according to the finest American traditions.

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GOLDEN WEDDING
REGISTERED BRAND
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ONE PINT
RYE
Whiskey A Blend
-ALL STRAIGHT WHISKIES-
Every drop of Golden Wedding was distilled and stored in the U. S. A. Our great reserves of fine whiskies give Golden Wedding its mellow, full-bodied flavor and exquisite bouquet.
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*Every drop of Golden Wedding is ALL whiskey. A blend of selected straight whiskies . . . the youngest whiskey (in the Rye blend) 6 months old, and 8 months old (in the Bourbon blend) . . . and the *average* age 4 YEARS OLD. The price is well within the means of every purse.

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...wrote Martin Johnson

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Nairobi, Kenya Colony
British East Africa

July 12, 1934.

Coca-Cola Company,
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Our airplanes have made it possible to get many unusual and remarkable pictures of life in the jungles. And we know you'll be interested in "the shot" of one of our rest periods, with the baby elephant, Toto Tembo, we captured and tamed, insisting on a bottle of Coca-Cola for himself.

Very truly yours,

Martin Johnson

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